

The Musical Quarterly

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

TITLE-PAGE

AND

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Vol. VI, 1920

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

The abnormally increased cost of printing and publishing THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY obliges us to revert to the original terms: \$3.00 for yearly subscriptions, 75 cents for single numbers.

These rates will go into effect at the end of March 1920 for new subscriptions and for the renewal of expired subscriptions. They will not, of course, affect unexpired subscriptions.

The decision to revert to the rates which obtained in 1915 was not reached without misgivings. We realize that the budget for cultural expenses of a considerable number of our present subscribers may not permit them to continue as subscribers on the new basis. We regret that we shall have to lose their support which we have valued highly. On the other hand, we hope that the great majority of our subscribers will find it possible to remain faithful to the MUSICAL QUARTERLY which they know to be a costly contribution to the cause of good music in America and which never was, never will be, never can be, nor ever was intended as a *paying proposition*, commercially speaking.

In behalf of G. Schirmer, Inc.

THE EDITOR.



THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1920

NO. 1

A NEW MUSICAL OUTLOOK—AND THE WAR

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

THERE are those who profess to have seen in the great war the death of all of that which is recognized as art. Particularly they felt that music had suffered a set-back, which to them appeared to be disastrous and far-reaching. They proclaimed the indifference to concerts, the difficulty experienced by artists in finding easy access to fortunes, the necessary abandonment of the soul satisfying arts, before the onrush of armament and all that it includes.

Those who see in that way, are either blind or near-sighted. The signs which they discerned were authentic; their significance was very contrary to their anticipations.

As a matter of fact, the war gave an impetus to music and the other arts which crowded into a few months the equivalent of years of effort. To put the matter bluntly, it seems as though the war was the best thing which ever happened to music.

The necessities of the mammoth conflict, unearthing every available aid, discovered for music its potency and admitted the rightful virtues so long denied it. Strange as it may seem, music had been very much maligned, stripped of its powers, made to serve a very narrow sphere, snubbed by the millions who knew not what they did, and generally forced into an inactivity which lessened its usefulness in thousands of ways.

Before the war, the number of people in attendance at concert-halls and operas, constituted a little less than two per cent. of our total population. Since the war began the percentage mounted perhaps to fifteen per cent.

I do not wish to exaggerate, nor is it my intention to give a wrongful impression. Hence, this article will be in the nature

of a first-hand impression of the new outlook on music and the war's connection in bringing the ideal rapidly to actuality.

* *

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It would be Arcady to my way of thinking, to have music and art and beauty always everywhere. If everybody loved music, and could have it without stint, that very condition would presuppose a state of happiness which would be part and parcel of social and economic peace.

To be sure, a warlike nation is not a musical nation, nor will a people too deeply concerned with commerce be enthusiastic supporters of the arts. Where inequality of labor and capital exists, art appreciation starves. Yet, to turn the reverse of the coin: the introduction and the fostering of music and the arts is to hasten the best in social and economic conditions.

But away with academic discussions. To the heart of the subject, as music goes to the heart of the subject! Music was given to the people of the earth that they might all enjoy of its sweets. No less widespread than the air we breathe, it was never intended that music should become the property of a few, surrounded with templar mysteries and philosophical theorems.

Music, which makes hearts light and gives dismissal to woes, —music which was created to solace the weak and the sick, the troubled and the oppressed, music which is the world's best preacher because it never deals in words or deeds, but in something you cannot express, as subtle and spiritual as the rarest love which goes straight to the soul of man—music was always intended for all mankind. Operas were not written for a fashionable audience in a single opera house in a city of six millions. Beethoven did not live for a few to hear his symphonies and his sonatas.

Perhaps it was because music is so beautiful that from the very beginning cliques have attempted to monopolize musical appreciation. Operas were produced in magnificence and foreign tongues. Snobbery and fashion became part of the performances. Kant and cant entered into an art intended to be made of filmy simplicity. Theories and mathematics and geometry built up in a single melody!

Not so very long ago, a certain noted musical critic proclaimed this democratic idea to the world: "Music is for the sacred circle. It is a limited circle and naturally all who are not in it, are ignorant and illiterate."

To be one of that sacred circle, it was necessary to adore Wagner and shiver at a chord of Debussy, to sneer at the popular, limit yourself to the prescribed composers, deal in fine distinction of performances, and then you belonged.

With the world divided into two parts, less than two per cent. being of the elite and over ninety-eight per cent. being of the low-brow contingency, traditions naturally were made over night. Millions gladly admitted they were not music lovers. They couldn't stand opera. A symphony orchestra would drive them mad. "No, I'm low-brow alright, give me my ragtime and I'll be perfectly satisfied. Lead me to the vaudeville; and no thank you, I couldn't possibly use the passes to the concert."

Those who mingled with the musical population and their progeny have kept alive the little music world, peopled with its artists, composers, critics, listeners.

Those who were outside kept moving away, encouraged by the critics, artists, listeners, etc., while popular music grew worse, taste was lowered, operas came into worse repute, and music seemed more than ever of little use to a man or a woman who has no fads. (You cannot go by musical reviews. They mean nothing because they represent the few).

To be sure, all through history, there have always been thinkers who sought to better conditions, who sensed the unfairness of the thing and realized the need for a readjustment. Every nation and city had its musician who wanted to give music for the people. Many schemes were tried of reducing the prices; and making the concerts "pops" helped a good deal. But two essential needs were always overlooked.

The first and most important step in order to regain the people's confidence and kill those foolish superstitions concerning music, is to go among the people with the music and show them. The new idea is not to sit down and wait for the crowd to come to the concert-hall, but to carry the concert-hall to the crowd.

The man who said he did not like music, had not heard music in the right way. Music is a taste which needs only to be acquired. With some it may take a little while longer than with others, but experience has taught me that the average person needs but two or three real concerts to get the liking. Once the taste is in the soul, the hunger for music becomes almost insatiable. I have known people to go almost as insane in their desire for music as the dope-fiend seeking morphine, or the drunkard who needs his alcohol. Recently I went away on a camping trip—I was determined to forget my ordinary thoughts and live out in the open.

Though, to be sure, every brook and rustle of the trees carried a melodic message to my ears, though the birds were singing and the several in our party insisted unconsciously on humming and recalling bits of opera and the like—just the same, I realized an uncomfortable gnawing at my vitals for the need of a good hour of musical entertainment.

There is a man of my acquaintance, a head waiter by vocation and a music fan by avocation, who would sooner give up his meals than his music. In the camps I have been accosted by men who tell me that they are going mad for a concert; and one soldier at a musicale in Camp Dix, said "I'll have to go to the lockup for this. I had to come down, although I'm supposed to be working in the kitchen to-night. I couldn't miss this music." And this very fellow confessed he only acquired the liking since he had been in the army.

Then, if all that is needed to make music-lovers is to hand out samples of music, the plan of operation seems comparatively simple. And it is. For the last three years I have been following the doctrine in a big way. Wherever an organization had an auditorium and an audience, I have been arranging free concerts. Mind, they are free. They are not popular priced concerts. They are handed out freely to any interested enough to look in. A little taste is all we ask them to take; the rest is easy.

Let me show what I mean. The Young Men's Christian Association or the St. James Church, or the Marathon Social Club have regular meetings, where three hundred,—a thousand, two thousand meet. They have entertainments, they have dances, they have parties, they do not object to an evening of a new kind of *entertainment*.

If it were called a concert they might rebel—the hall might be empty. But an entertainment is different. Anybody wants to be entertained, but few wish to be educated and uplifted. If you can bring about your social work without the people knowing it—then you are getting somewhere. Homeopathic methods—sugar pellets with no taste of medicine, and very light in effect.

So an entertainment is arranged with the director, who talks and writes about it, until the place is jammed on the very first night. And how to tell the dreadful truth to the audience, now?

Here is a specimen talk of mine to a specimen crowd, at Evening School—it is in the Car-Barn section of New York City—the toughest, crudest aggregation of individuals you can imagine, mostly Irish, red-cheeked, cheeky, good-humored and lovable as can be.

I'm awfully glad to be here. I know we're going to have a good time. Last night we were over to Camp Dix, and there were some fifteen thousand soldiers. They told us to remember them to the folks back home, especially the ladies. They said if they could they would follow us around everywhere. They seem to like our little entertainment. I hope you will, too.

Now, I want to tell you a strange thing. We are supposed to do the entertaining, but as a matter of fact I am going to depend on you to do at least half of it. Let's forget we are in a big hall. Let's pretend we're in a parlor—your place at home. Let's have a little music. Here's Miss Smith, who is a famous singer. She's generally paid two hundred dollars a night. You've probably heard her on your phonograph, but the real thing is better, even though a famous violinist narrates the story of a man who told him he sounded just as good as "his phonograph record." I'm going to ask Miss Smith to do a song you all love, "Annie Laurie."

It's beautiful, isn't it? You can hear it over and over again. The oftener the better. That's the difference between poor songs and good songs. The difference between great music and the popular ragtime. Of course we all like ragtime, and the popular music. It's pretty. Anybody who says that ragtime music is no good is a snob. Don't mind him. He's a fool. When you hear a good ragtime song your feet start to click, isn't it so? You've heard of the Metropolitan Opera House. Here's a secret. Some of the best times those opera stars have is when they have a little ragtime in private. A big foreign conductor—his name is Artur Bodanzky—told me that ragtime music is wonderful. He can't hear enough of it.

But the difference is that ragtime music is only good for a little while. I'll bet you don't remember the songs you knew a year ago. Girls, you'll agree with me that the songs you had on the piano six months ago, you're sick of now.

Please, dear reader, remember that I am not talking to a collection of your friends. I am addressing the lowest of low-brows, really becoming the missionary of music in the wilderness, and actually accomplishing our purpose. I look ahead of my story. The facts come later. Let me go on with my talk:

Some people think of music as something you get in restaurants. A lady liked a certain piece of music because it was so loud, nobody could overhear her conversation. Opera she figured was an excuse for society ladies to wear their latest gowns.

Music is bigger than anything like that. It is for everybody as free as the air itself. When you come home tired and weary, from a hard day's work, the joy of a song or a simple melody, wipes out the cares.

Perhaps a little woman will nod her tired head and admit it is true.

How many of you have ever been to the opera? Tell me?

One hand is timidly raised.

Did you like it?

I loved it!

How many have ever been to real concerts?

There are three hands—think of it, three out of five hundred. Of course I have taken an extraordinary example. But here are the statistics on some fifty centres where all kinds of people have been covered, all nationalities, all walks of life. Half a million people, surely a fair basis for analysis. Never have I encountered an audience where more than fifty out of five hundred admitted to the charge of attending concerts or opera.

But behold the change, as the samples are tasted and liked. In my car-barn centre, at the fifth concert, I learned that fifteen people had tried the opera and rather liked it. Forty had essayed a paid concert and confessed they had their money's worth. At the end of a year, almost half of my five hundred listeners, were in the lists of music lovers.

But let me return to one of those early evenings, those first communions of free music.

Great music is something you get much out of. It isn't simply pretty sounds. It is a series of pictures, a set of definite actions, a continued story. All you do when you hear music is to set your imagination at work. Most people have no imagination. Most millionaires haven't any, but the Irish generally have more than their share of it—(indeed so have the Greeks and Italians and French and Americans).

What is the piano and the violin saying to you? Would you like to hear the soldiers as they march over the top? (Here the pianist plays a martial air, with the bugle calls plainly evident.) Would you like to hear a mother singing her baby to sleep, with the sound of the rocking cradle?

The audience quickly catches the idea. The method of describing actions with music which quite closely approximates it, appeals to them. But now turn the method upside down. Play something and ask the audience to "interpret" it for you. Here comes the wonder. The fresh little chap with the red cheeks says Schubert's "March Militaire" is the sound of soldiers marching on parade. The girl with the chewing gum (which she chews in time) is quite sure that Chopin's "Serenade" is a young man proposing to his lady. The audience laughs at the responses. But it's like a game. An interesting game; without them being aware of it, they are listening intently to classical music.

To be sure a gentle reproof is needed occasionally, such as when we remind the fellow who holds his ear at a coloratura's high note, that there have been some listeners we met, so narrow-minded

that they thought a beautiful voice was all within the register of the average person—whereas, indeed, florid singing is a rare and priceless gift. In fact, we tell of one young man who was so narrow-minded that he laughed at Galli-Curci (everybody knows and reveres that name to the veriest gamin on the street), and once a man was so devoid of good taste that he thought Caruso was rotten and afterwards when he was told it was Caruso, then he blushed all over.

This is the kind of entertainment which greets the unsuspecting audience, given in sugared form. To it we add community singing. We hand out a musical tonic. Everybody sings regardless of a good voice. Bad voices do not matter, we inform the audience, the principal need is to open the mouth and let the sound out. It is a great medicine—throws dignity and woes to the winds. And this “tonic” becomes an important part of the proceedings.

There are many sidelights to the sample concerts. Injected into the talks are suggestions about the phonograph.

You ought to have one, if you can afford it. If you get a piano, don't get anything cheap. A piano is a lifetime possession. It's worth considering seriously. If you used to study piano or singing, start again. Not for professional work unless you wish, but for the fun of it. Your children, my friends, don't give them the handicap of growing up without music. Home music means children staying at home. And it's a useful advantage to be able to play or sing.

Children are the most tractable music-lovers. They love music. They interpret the compositions without regard to traditions. Being devoid of self-consciousness they do not hesitate to tell you just what Beethoven's “Moonlight Sonata” means to them, even if it sounds like the waterfalls up in the country. In the schools, our concerts are now the fun period, developing an appreciation of music and of musical performance.

If all the children were to have the weekly concerts enjoyed by my young friends, in fifteen years, when they grow up, you could not find enough concert-halls and opera houses to seat them all, nor enough artists to furnish the recitals, operatic performances and symphony concerts.

This brings out my contention that musical propaganda has been all wrong, unless it approached the subject from the people's point of view. Forget the artists and musicians and composers—they will take care of themselves when the demand for their services is indicated. Art flourishes when there are people to appreciate it. Old Athens represented a universal art-loving centre.

Oberammergau made the Passion Play a success because everybody in the city was heart and soul in the work. The American city of Bethlehem has made of its Bach Choir a master-organization because it has been a community in love with music.

Take an ideal case. Suppose the City of Obgob represented a hundred per cent. of those who understood and loved to hear good music. Enough concert-halls and opera houses would be needed to house them all. There would be a great demand for artists and composers in Obgob. Young children growing up in the atmosphere of melody would be encouraged to dream out the gentle ideals of most childhood. Poetic infancy would be permitted to develop. Not only musicians would grow in every home, but painters, sculptors, writers, actors, would sprout everywhere. Around the musical heart, would come the renaissance of all the arts. Being infatuated with beauty, minds would be diverted from material woes, capital and labor struggles would lessen, prisons would go out of business.

Of course, it would be Arcadia!

But because perfection is impossible, is no reason why something approximating perfection might not be attempted. Hence, the spread of musical appreciation becomes the duty of every force for civic and private betterment. Nation, state and city should lend a hand. Educational, church and private workers should aid. Make music lovers.

And here is where I bring in the amazing facts concerning the war as the maker of music lovers.

In the camps and on the other side, concerts were demanded by the soldier population. I can only tell what I have seen myself, in camps in the East, watched carefully since the beginning of the war. The United States Government having observed the usefulness of community singing as a mower down of class distinction, introduced the idea into the camps. Every camp had a singing leader. His job was to take the men when they arrived and as often as possible thereafter, and make them happy. "Get them singing." A raw recruit when he first heard a singing leader saying, "Now, boys, let's sing," either would sneer or snicker. "Hell, is this what we came here for: to fight or to play mama's games?"

But once the fun of it was felt, the men carried on their "sings" all the time, on the march, at drill, at work, after mess. It was a great diversion. And diversion they needed, God knows. Fellows taken from the city where every step meant diversion, found themselves cooped up. So they turned to the

first entertainment they found. They turned to music because they could not help it. And the phonograph—what a gift to the soldiers! At first they would try the dance songs and pass by the classical sounding records. But a few evenings and in desperation they give up those empty sounding melodies and essayed an operatic aria. And they used it again and again, and unconsciously the realization of good music was accomplished.

Then came the big entertainments in the huts and the auditorium. Vaudeville stars thinking they knew the mentality of the men, burst forth with the very songs that were discarded from the records. Of course, looking at the women and the men and their dancing was good fun. But when artists appeared and sang and played good music,—something substantial you know,—it was best of all. Among themselves, the soldiers and sailors would sing popular music. But when they listened to artists they wanted the best there is. I have analyzed the conditions, and have found that Misha Elman, the great violinist, made a bigger hit than the prettiest girl from the Follies; that Paul Althouse, the tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, was infinitely better applauded than the best buck-and-wing dancer on the Keith circuit; and that Florence Macbeth, the soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, was given more encores than a whole jazz band. Now, further—Elman playing the Sarasate "Gypsy Airs" was listened to more profoundly than when he did Dvořák's "Humoresque;" Althouse in "Vesta la giubba" from "Pagliacci" brought down the house, and Speaks' "When the Boys Come Home" was applauded but mildly in comparison; Macbeth made the rafters ring with applause for the "Titania" aria from "Mignon" much greater than when she sang "The Rosary."

There is the case of Harold Bauer, the celebrated pianist, who declared that soldiers do not like classical music, (for they didn't listen to Mr. Bauer). The great virtuoso had lost sight of one important thing. He had an audience of soldiers who had never attended a piano recital such as he gives in Æolian Hall in New York. They needed the view-point of understanding. That is why I always used the same tactics with the soldiers which I followed with the civilians. Create a state of mind receptive to good music; create a curious anticipation to interpret the harmonies; make the listeners keep their minds at work all the time. The reason why some concerts were not successful is that audiences had nothing to do. Now they must think all the time.

Would you think that an audience of ten thousand soldiers on a hot, blazing night in August would sit indoors for two solid

hours, silent as a tomb? Not for anything, you would imagine. Yet the entertainment which held them, consisted of a piano and violin recital, such as would have been programmed for the most serious concert-audience in the world! Think of it! Among the men, were those from farms and factories, city and hamlet, workers of all kinds. Many of them never had any use for music. Many of them had never known the slightest bit of classical melody.

They were driven to listen, true. But they were not driven to stay, nor to come again. And if you want to learn what those classical concerts have meant to hundreds of thousands in Camp Dix, Camp Upton, Camp Mills and other places, read the camp papers, ask the soldiers, ask the welfare workers, read the letters you have probably received from your friends. On the other side, General Pershing sent for song leaders and asked for concerts, and noted artists went "over there" to give opera and symphony works near the front line trenches.

The one purpose was accomplished. Men were made happier. Not only among the soldiers and sailors, but among the war-workers this same work was carried on. One instance will suffice to show what music did to increase the output of ammunition. In South Amboy was a leading establishment housing eight thousand workers, turning out fifty thousand shells a day. Laborers mingled with professional men, twelve tongues made the place like Babel. Music acted as the melting pot. The day after the first concert, the superintendent reported that the output had increased ten per cent. over any other day in the history of the plant. The officials attributed this phenomenal result to the new life and enthusiasm which had been instilled into the men and women by the concert. Concerts there meant more shells!

It created millions of new listeners, new boosters, new "customers."

It will bring results for art, in the next ten to twenty-five years. The people everywhere are breaking down old traditions. Instead of being for the clique and the few, music is coming into its own, to help, solace and brighten the lives of many. Artists, you are coming into your own, too! Composers, you are soon to be the friends of millions. Good music, you will shortly displace in popularity the popular music.

Vaudeville managers are sensing this evolution. You now find opera stars, violinists, harpists, doing a "high class" act, and they are being received with louder applause than the cheap acts.

The Society of American Singers finished last Spring a successful season in New York of opera in English. It was the first

successful venture of the kind. Those who wished to keep music for the few, resented giving music in the vernacular. But last season, English succeeded. A new kind of audience made its appearance—not society folks but real people, who came to listen and went away humming and whistling. We are entering upon the Era of the People's Art!

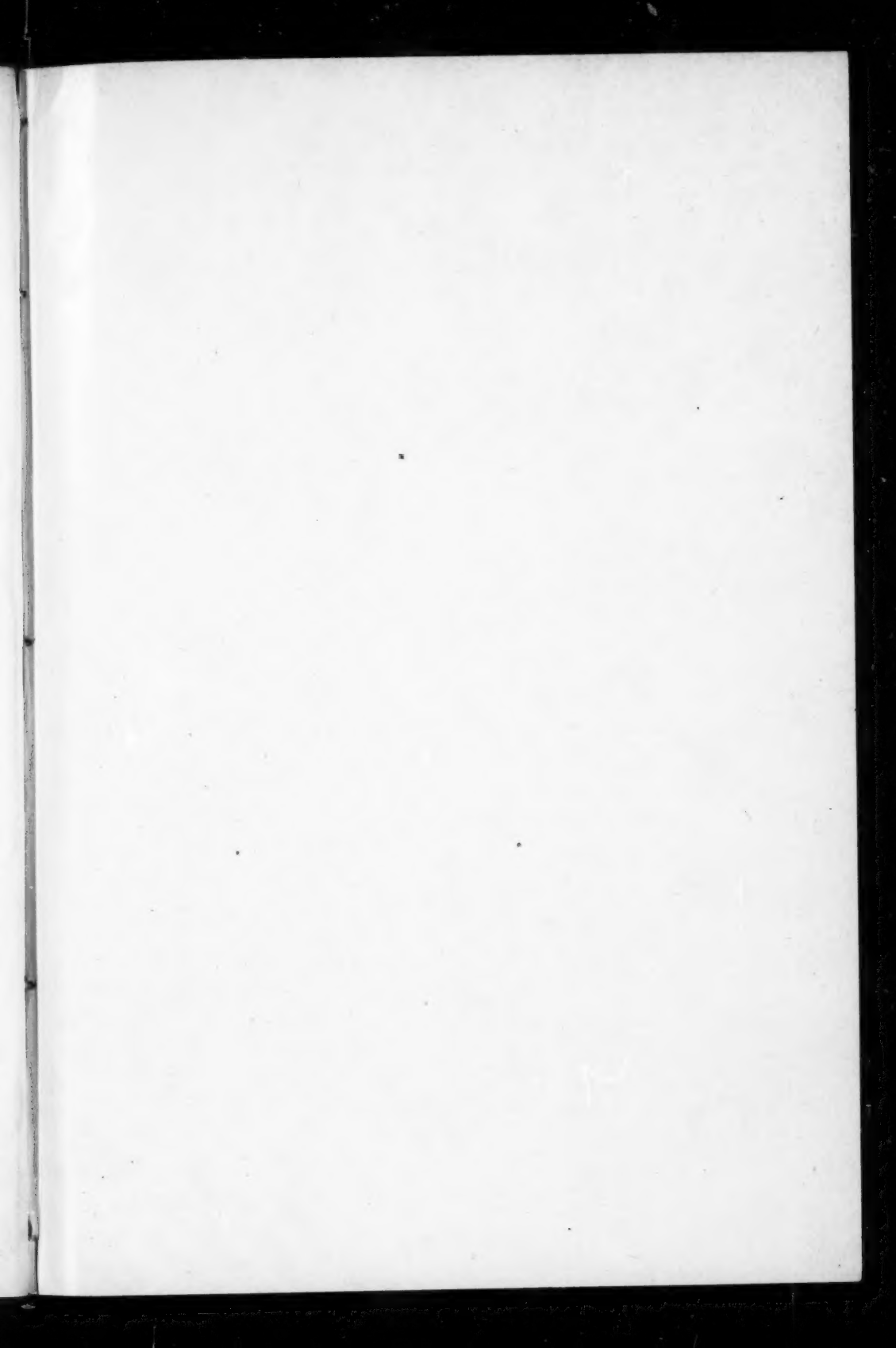
THE RECENT RISE OF CHAMBER MUSIC IN ENGLAND

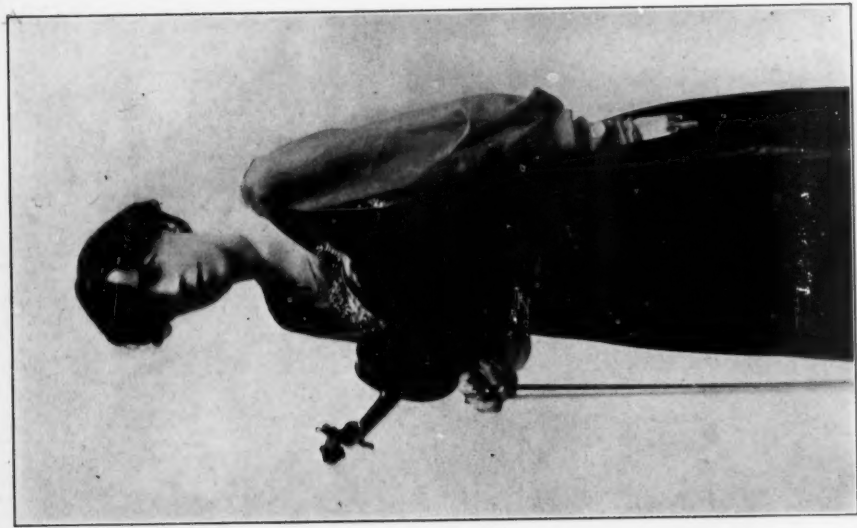
By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

ONE of the most striking features of the rapid development of music in England during the last twenty years has been the rise of a really great school of Chamber Music composers—a school that will bear comparison with any on the Continent of Europe, including those of France and Russia, to which, however, it bears a certain affinity.

To trace this to its original sources it is necessary to go back several centuries, to the days when music took a more intimate and less formal part in the life of the people. When a 'chest of viols' was part of the furniture of every well-appointed house, England led the world in chamber music as in all other kinds of music. Morley, Gibbons, Dowland, Lawes, Lock, Byrd, Bull, Purcell and many others, left behind them works which in their way still remain masterpieces of the most intimate of all forms of music. To them many of our contemporary composers still turn for models of form and for examples of restraint in expression, as well as for thematic and emotional inspiration.

Then came a period of foreign domination or foreign leadership, brought about by the political conditions which established Handel at the English Court. This period left the country nude of anything in the way of chamber music, and almost nude of anything in other forms so far as any real creative activity was concerned. The accession of Queen Victoria coincided with a renewal of activity, both creative and executive, in which, however, German visitors and immigrants had a large share, and in which, also, German influence was paramount. So slow were the British people in realising their own innate musical feeling in all respects that only twenty years ago, or less, surprise was expressed in many quarters that some of our young composers were able to tackle successfully the requirements for effective string quartet writing and playing. The attempts then made were not only excellent in themselves, but were the first fruits of a movement that has spread with remarkable rapidity, not only in superficial extent, in the number of works produced, but in the depth





Miss Gwynne Kimpton
Founder and Director of the London Strings Club



Sam Wridgley
Founder and Organizer of the Bradford Free
Chamber Concerts

of character of those works, and still more in the popular capacity for appreciating all classes of chamber music.

It is the necessity for restraint and self-control so characteristic of chamber music that makes some critics of music and musical life regard chamber music as something peculiarly suited to the genius of the British people. Only a short time ago there were people who thought this restraint was being lost by the British nation, but the circumstances of the Great War, with all the varied emotions to which its trials and its triumphs have given rise, have been a means of showing that this is not the case. In this respect the War (whatever it may have been in other respects) has been an aid to the revival of chamber music. It has not been the cause of the revival, but it has been one of its most strengthening factors. While the unthinking and shallower sections of the population have turned to revue and musical comedy, the thinkers and the deeper feeling sections have turned to the quiet, strong emotion of chamber music, and some natures have even been able to appreciate both styles.

To this revival there have throughout been certain external aids, of which we must take notice if we are to realise at all fully what has been done.

First among them has been the determination of many of the younger instrumentalists not to allow themselves to be beaten by even such eminent foreigners as Joseph Joachim, Adolf Brodsky and Johann Kruse and the quartet parties formed by them and bearing their names. Some such attempts have been going on for a long time, starting as long ago as 1836 with Joseph Dando's Quartet Concerts and continued by those of John Ella of "Musical Union" fame. Until recent years these attempts have been feeble and spasmodic. An honorable exception to this is the enterprise of Mr. Sam Midgley in founding, forty years ago in the great woollen manufacture town of Bradford, a series of Free Chamber Concerts. These have continued up to the present, attracting thousands of people, and have included in the programmes early performances of such works as Mackenzie's Pianoforte quartet, Parry's E minor Trio and Elgar's recent Violin sonata.

We think of string quartets first of all, because both in composition and execution they are at once the basis and the pinnacle of the most difficult and the most intimate of all forms of instrumental music.

The foreign, or foreign-led, quartet parties named, created a small but very enthusiastic public, which thronged the smaller concert-halls all over the country whenever and wherever they were

to be heard. In quite a considerable number of provincial towns there sprang into existence societies of which the objects were those, first of hearing the best players and combinations of players, and secondly of encouraging their members to play the best both of classical and modern works for two or more instruments. These societies in their turn led to the formation of a number of more or less permanent quartet, quintet and trio parties, both amateur and professional, and incidentally provided a number of engagements for professional parties already in existence or which would probably have come into existence without such encouragement. London came into line later, but since the outbreak of war it has done much to make up for lost time. Quite readily come to mind as leading organisations the Rawley Briggs, John Saunders, London, Arthur Catterall, British String Quartets and the London English and Harmonic (ladies) Trios, several of which certainly compare very favourably with any which have come from abroad.

In this matter the two ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have given a lead, though unofficially. Oxford has for well over a century and a half had its "Music Room" where concerts of all kinds have been held. In the year 1872 there was started the Oxford University Musical Club, one of the objects of which was the provision of chamber music played by the best available professional parties. A secession from, or an adjunct to this Club came into existence in 1884 in the foundation of the Oxford University Musical Union, with the more intimate purpose of encouraging the performance of such music by members of the University. From the first this had a great success, and something like a couple of dozen amateur string quartets have played, each several times at the meetings, besides many other combinations. An early development was an Ensemble Class, which under the late G. H. Betjemann and others, has performed very useful service.

Cambridge came into the field a little later, somewhere between 1886 and 1889, when the Cambridge University Musical Club was founded with precisely similar objects to those of the Oxford University Musical Union. Cordial relations were quickly established between the two, and from 1890 onwards it has been the rule that each of the two societies should provide a complete programme once a year in the clubroom of the other.

It is impossible to estimate the value of the work of these two societies in the encouragement, among the most influential circles of English society, of a love of chamber music in its proper

place away from the necessarily more or less sordid atmosphere of the professional concert-platform. A direct issue of their work was the foundation in 1899 in London of the Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club. The fortnightly meetings of this club have maintained the traditions of the parent clubs and have extended the work by including vocal chamber music in the programmes. The club-house is a rendezvous for all types of music-lovers whether resident in London or visiting there.

Another club in London which has done and is doing a splendid work is the Strings Club. This was founded in 1902 by several pupils of Mr. Alfred Gibson who felt keenly the loss of the chamber music provided by Messrs. Chappell's popular concerts which were then discontinued. Mr. Gibson was elected President on the suggestion of Dr. Joachim who declined the office as he thought it should be filled by an Englishman. The club consists chiefly, but not entirely of ladies, and many hours each week are spent in the rehearsal of trios, quartets and quintets. These rehearsals are carried on under the direction and advice of Miss Gwynne Kimpton, who was one of the founders, and her assistant Miss Frances Marshall. There is an extensive library both of parts and scores, so that a thorough and intimate knowledge of the works practised is readily obtainable. The mere attendance at some of these rehearsals is a splendid lesson in all that appertains to the interpretation of both classical and modern chamber music.

It was only indirectly, at any rate at the first, that native composers were encouraged, and that by the performance of works of established reputation such as Stanford's D minor quartet or the Sterndale Bennett Trio. Direct encouragement of the composer was left to well-to-do amateurs who could afford to devote their time and energy as well as their money to the study of interesting works without having to keep an eye on the box office.

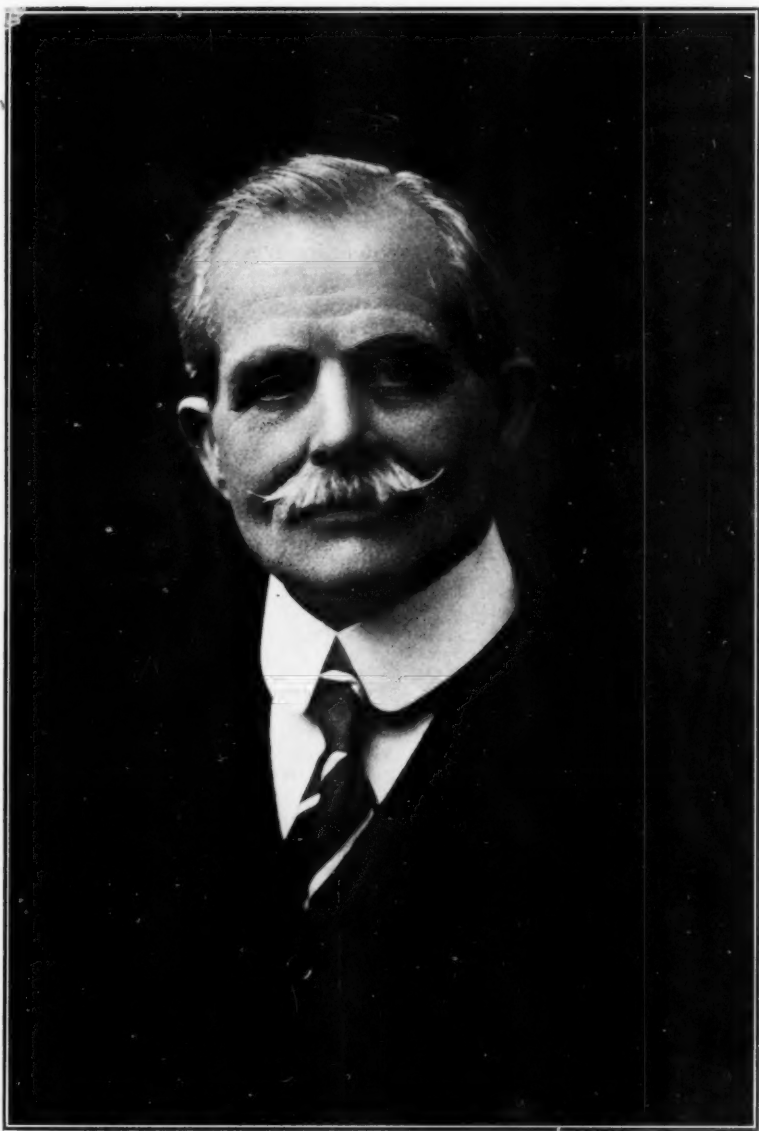
On the forefront of these, by reason not only of his lavish expenditure in prizes and publication costs, but also by his personal efforts to obtain public hearings and first rate performances of works of merit, is Walter Wilson Cobbett. Himself a very able violinist, he was able to bring a technical knowledge and ability far above that of the ordinary amateur to bear on the work he set out to do. His first competition, which took place in 1905, brought forward a number of works, perhaps not of the highest rank, but all of musicianly character and displaying much promise, by composers who almost without exception have justified, and some of them more than justified, the hopes which these works caused to be held out for them. Since then Mr. Cobbett

has promoted competitions for almost every possible form of chamber music for stringed instruments, whilst the latest went forward a long step by offering a prize for the best English made violin. This competition drew no less than fifty-six instruments, the prize winners being heard for the first time at a popular concert given in London on January 4, 1919.

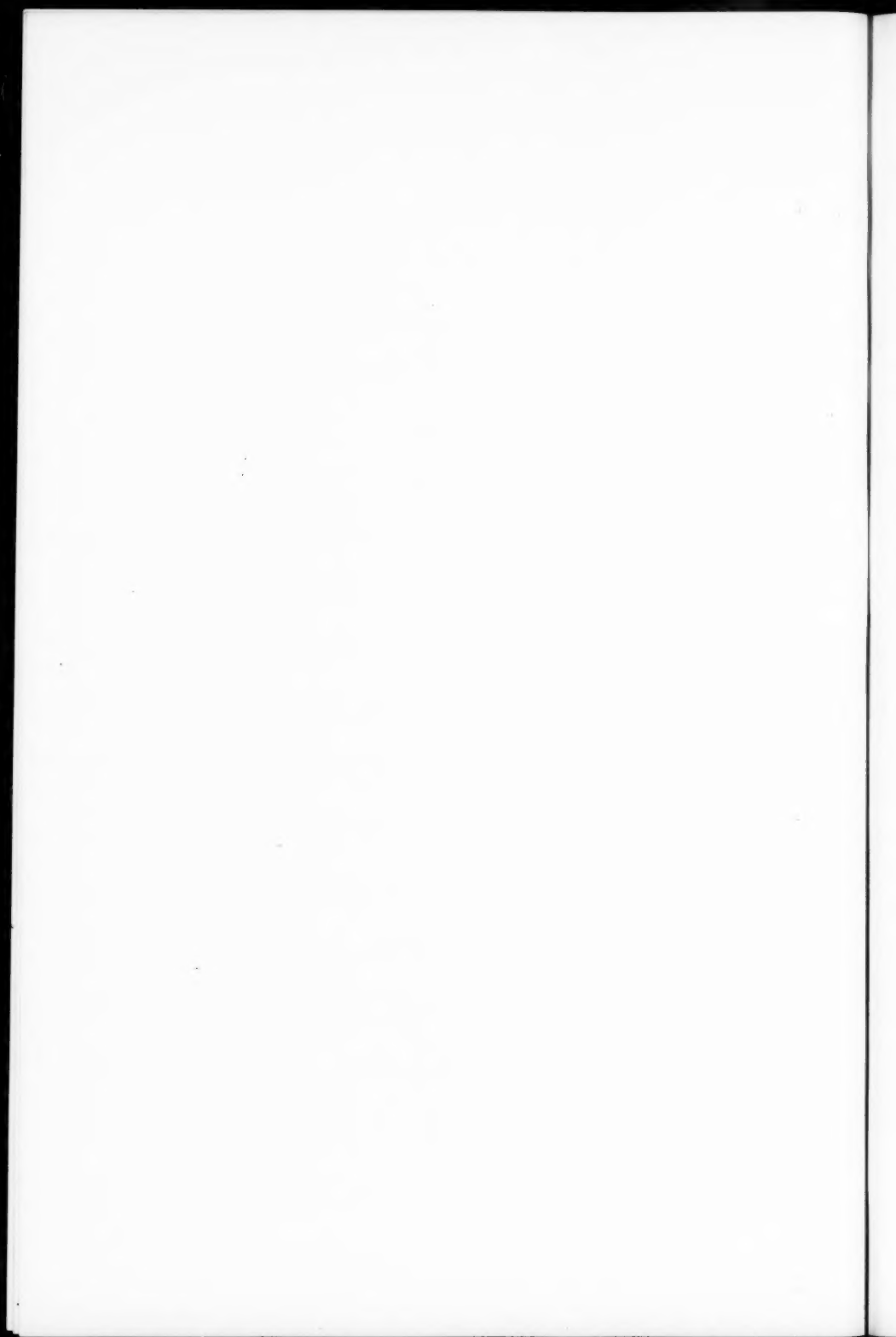
Two facts have been brought to light by this competition. One is the splendid capacity for good work which British luthiers possess and the other their lack of training in methods and principles. The violins submitted were of a very varied quality and some of them took but a few moments examination before being finally rejected. Generally the standard was a good one, however. One of the points to be observed by competitors was that the instruments should be suitable for chamber music playing; and this was generally carried out. Of five instruments selected for final choice all had a bright "soprano" tone, sharp but without harshness, and only one of them had a single "wolf" note. The fittings in nearly every case were poor, suggesting the self-training of the maker, and the wood of the bodies was thick. One wonders in this connection whether the forests of America and Canada may not yet become a fruitful source of suitable wood for these purposes. To encourage and assist in the training of future makers of these instruments Mr. Cobbett is proposing the foundation of an Academy of Luthiers, or, as suggested to him by the present writer, the endowment of departments for this purpose in the technical schools. This next competition is a Phantasy in which there will be a correlation of chamber music with dance rhythms.

In addition to all this Mr. Cobbett has done splendid work by commissioning compositions from men well qualified to write them, and perhaps even more by supplying gratuitously to readers of that excellent little journal, *The Music Student*, an interesting supplement dealing with the subject of chamber music. He has also been the means of bringing into existence a Free Library of Chamber Music which at present is housed in the club belonging to the Society of Women Composers.

The late Lesley Alexander, did something the same in the way of competitions for wind instrument chamber music, though on a smaller scale and with less outstanding merit in the resulting works. Naturally some of the composers were the same as the prize winners in the Cobbett competitions; but the *genre* was not suited to the genius of the British composer, and the chief benefit of these competitions was the encouragement they gave to the study of delicate writing. The Palmer Fund and



W. W. Colby.
Jan. 1919.



also some of the personal efforts of Sir Ernest Palmer himself, have helped in a more general way, but have not been without benefit in this matter. This fund, like the Society of British Composers has been the means of publication of a number of excellent works.

The chief virtue of the Society of British Composers has been that it has helped the young composer to help himself. Its activities have gradually died down as the commercial publishers have found it worth while to take up the works of native composers, but in its heyday it was the means of bringing to light a number of meritorious chamber compositions which might otherwise have been lost in a too early oblivion.

Individual artists and concert promoters were slow in taking up the idea that British chamber music was worthy of a place in their programmes. Among the rare pioneers were Richard Walthew and Josef Holbrooke, both of whom, themselves composers, did much for their fellow composers by promoting special concerts or by including new works in general programmes. The former, being ambitious of fame as an orchestral conductor and having the ampler means necessary for promoting orchestral concerts did not devote his efforts so completely to chamber music, and latterly has found it necessary to suspend his concerts. Holbrooke, however, has devoted his energies as a concert promoter entirely to chamber music, first in London and for the last two or three years in large provincial centres like Liverpool, Manchester and Sheffield. It is one of his proudest boasts that he has never been content merely to give *first performances*, but has played new and deserving works several, and in some cases, many times. After the outbreak of war, Mr. Isidore de Lara, whose work in the past had been mostly in connection with opera, has helped with a long series of fashionable concerts in which modern British chamber music has figured somewhat frequently.

All these efforts have not yet led to that unity of conception and of style which results in the formation of a single consolidated school of composition, but have rather brought about numberless works in many styles. Still less is there anything in any degree distinctively national, such as exists with regard to choral music, and to a certain extent with regard to orchestral music. Those whom we generally regard as the most distinctively national British composers, such as Elgar, Bantock and Boughton, have generally ignored chamber music, or have employed it merely for their own pastime or study. To-day there is much variety, particularly of style, and, it must be confessed, sometimes an

entire lack of style. Most of the ablest of the younger composers of chamber music follow, consciously or unconsciously, the French and Russian schools, and we hear much of the music of such writers as Ralph Vaughan Williams, who is partly, and Eugene Goossens who is almost entirely French in style.

Amongst those who endeavour to be original or who seek their inspiration at native sources there is an undue tendency to gloom. This is to be accounted for partly by the natural morbidity of mind of minor artists who take themselves seriously, and partly by the archaic character of much of the folk-song which is being brought forward by collectors and enthusiasts and studied by the musicians of the country. Folk-song has not to any great extent directly influenced chamber music, though of course indirectly its influence has been felt very largely. Nevertheless some of the most successful works have been based on these melodies, and perhaps still more on the popular melodies of a generation ago. H. Waldo Warner's "Folk-Song Phantasy Quartet" (op. 18) is probably heard more frequently than any other chamber work by a young British composer, and is popular in the fullest and best sense of the term. It is a work which by itself is doing much to make chamber music the music of the people. The composer is the viola player of the London String Quartet and has written a number of other pleasing works, none of which, however, has seized the public fancy so fully as this one. It is not a work of great depth of feeling or of rare originality, but it is melodious and admirably constructed in every respect.

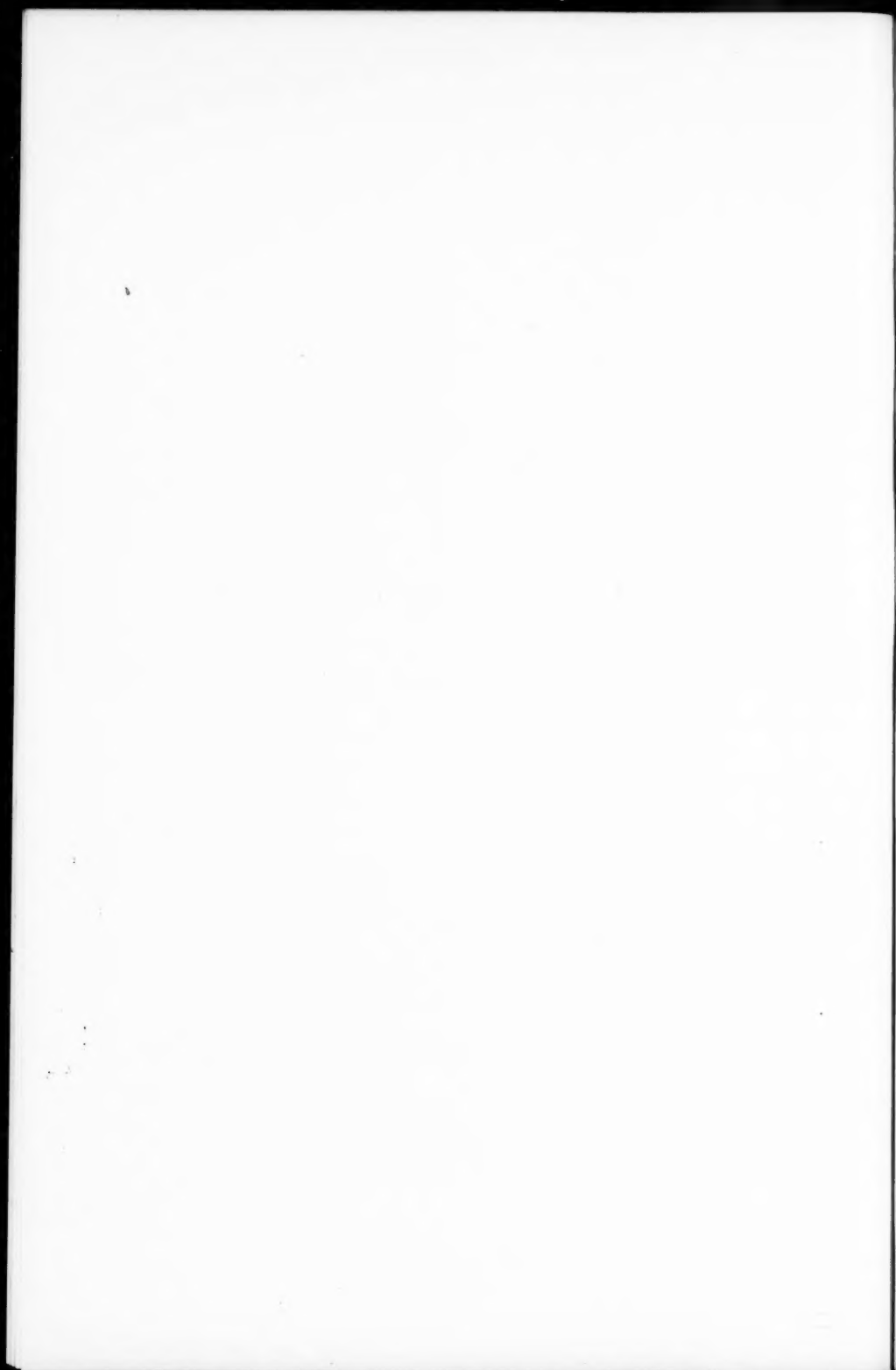
Akin to it, but based on modern melodies, is Frank Bridge's Quartet in two movements on "Sally in our Alley" and "Cherry Ripe." Bridge was one of the first of the many prize winners under the Cobbett and other schemes, and wisely took advantage of the position this gave to him. With a distinguished name, though not in any way related to the two well-known organists, "Westminster" Bridge and "Chester" Bridge, who first gave to it its distinction, he seems likely to add still greater lustre to its repute. Like Waldo Warner he is a violist as well as a violinist, being at one time intimately associated with Joachim in that capacity. He took rapidly and easily to the Phantasy form when it was suggested by the Cobbett competitions, and he has produced a string quartet, a pianoforte quartet and a pianoforte trio under the title of "Phantasy," besides other works in which a similar controlled freedom of form is displayed.

The "Phantasy" was actually an invention of Mr. Cobbett, who sought a form which should combine brevity with variety,



The Philharmonic String Quartet

(Frederick Holding, Thomas Peatfield, Raymond Jeremy, Cedric Sharpe)



and freedom of structure with definite principles of form. Both the construction and the name are derived from those of the old English "Fantasy" which was a favourite in the golden age of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in this country, and the "Fancies" of a century later. These older forms are brought up to date in matters of thematic treatment and by the combination in miniature of the three or four movements of the larger sonata form. Though not always one of the most original, Bridge is in many respects one of the most striking of those who have devoted much of their energy to chamber music. In it he finds a means of expression for many very beautiful thoughts. He has, too, a very considerable grasp of musical structure, which, while not being without its danger in occasionally tempting him to build with less worthy material, adds greatly to the force of those works of which the material is of the right kind. Technically his string writing is a model of its kind. Besides the works already named the most noticeable of those for several instruments is a Sextett for strings which is still in manuscript.

Senior to Bridge at least as a composer if not in age, is John B. McEwen, whose string quartets in classical form were some of the early fruits of this revival of chamber music. He is a professor of harmony at the Royal College of Music, and as a composer has proceeded by slow degrees from a strenuous and somewhat stormy youthful manner to a quiet introspective style in early middle life. His idiom is essentially Scottish, even when describing his impressions of travel in the Romance countries.

The spirit of Programme Music has spread but slightly to the domain of chamber music, though it has not avoided it altogether. Music in which there is a sense of the picturesque, or which has been inspired by the external circumstances giving rise to certain emotions is not so uncommon. Eugene Goossens (the third generation of the same name who have been operatic conductors) one of Sir Thomas Beecham's sub-conductors, has been particularly successful in this. He is much younger even than most of those who have won the prizes already mentioned, but seems to have arrived at a comparatively matured style at an early age. He is distinctly a follower of Debussy and Ravel, but with a considerable degree of originality. His two very picturesque sketches for string quartet *By the Tarn* and *Jack o' Lantern* have had a well deserved vogue. They not only utilise the full capacity of the string quartet for light descriptiveness, but achieve an atmosphere which is absolutely just. An earlier Quartet dedicated to three colleagues and delineating their

characters, and *Five Impressions of a Holiday* for flute, violin and harp, come within the same category. It is somewhat curious that while so much of his active work has been in connection with the stage (though at one time he was also a member of a quartet party), Goossens' creative work is all of a delicate character and quite opposed to anything theatrical or even dramatic, in style. He has written other quartets, duets for violin and piano and 'cello and piano, and some very effective impressionist songs.

Joseph Speaight, though not so original a composer as is Goossens, has written a number of striking works, his "Shakespeare Sketches," *Cobweb, Moth, Mustard, Puck, Queen Mab Sleeps, Titania* and *Ariel* combining whimsicality and even humor with more serious musical qualities. Another composer of the same stamp, though somewhat more robust, is Herbert Howells, who while still a student at one of the big London schools of music is displaying both talent and industry that augur well for the future. He has had published by the Carnegie Trust a piano quartet in A minor which represents in its three movements three different aspects of the Hill of Chosen, a prominent figure in the landscape of his native county of Gloucester. It is a work which by its originality and by the fact of its being wholly and intensely programmatic, and quite successfully so, introduces new thoughts and new methods into chamber music. In a different way, too, does his quartet based on children's stories, *Lady Audrey's Suite*, produced at one of Isidore de Lara's concerts, but which does not seem to have attracted the attention it deserves.

McEwen's "*Biscay*" Quartet and Holbrooke's *The Pickwick Club* are also programme works, of widely different types. McEwen's work is redolent of the sea, while that of Holbrooke is one of remarkable humor of a somewhat heavy type.

Many of these works are as difficult as they are effective, and require nothing short of virtuosity for their proper execution. Of the last mentioned the composer himself has said that "Certainly four instruments have never had such a difficult task," while the difficulties of Speaight's Shakespeare Sketches are just as great.

Probably the greatest mistake that British composers of chamber music have made is that of putting into it more than the form will carry; of using the string quartet or piano trio as a kind of miniature orchestra. The infinite delicacy of treatment and the intimate refinement of thought which belongs to chamber music has been largely lost to the British people during the period of heavy commercialism when musical Teutonism in its lowest

forms reigned supreme. By slow degrees only it is being restored, and consequently many works of a striking character are produced which do not appear to be in their natural element. One of the most prolific composers of this type of music is Holbrooke, whose chamber compositions have been overshadowed by his other works and consequently somewhat neglected. Another fairly obvious reason for this is that chamber music appeals generally and first of all to those who are themselves musicians. It requires only a small degree of musical acumen to realise at a first or second hearing that such works as Holbrooke's *Diabolical Quintet* (diabolical chiefly in its cleverness), fine in conception and treatment as they are, are not essentially chamber music in the more precise and artistic sense of the term.

An interesting type of music which has evolved from the many efforts to obtain new and more varied effects is that for voices, singly or in parts, combined with several instruments. These are in most cases chamber music in intention and in effect, many of them being of an extremely delicate and intimate nature. By far the best known are the various numbers of Vaughan Williams' *On Wenlock Edge*, Song Cycle for tenor voice, string quartet and piano. These are of so delicate a character that the slightest tendency to robustness, much less to roughness in voice or instruments, entirely mars their effect. They have set a lead, however, which is being followed tentatively by other composers, but which has not yet produced great results. A number of songs for the same combination by Holbrooke are well conceived, but are more robust and dramatic, so that they scarcely fall within the category of chamber music. Walford Davies did somewhat the same with his setting of Browning's *Prospice* for baritone voice and string quartet. This was an early work, and with his *Six Pastorals* for four voices, four strings and piano he attained a more distinctively Chamber style. Still later he has written a Suite for Six voices, strings, two flutes and piano of which, however, I have had no opportunity of judging the effect.

The viola is an instrument that has been sadly neglected and ill-treated in the past, and it is to the credit of many young British composers and executants that it is taking its place as the equal of other instruments. Mr. Lionel Tertis, who is an exceedingly fine executant and has taken a leading place among propagandists of its qualities, claims that "the British library of Solo Viola music is the best in the world." Certainly it is a fine one, and comprises works by practically all the composers already named and many others. Benjamin Dale's long Suite for Viola

and Piano, with its lovely "Romance" has become a classic. The same composer has written a still more interesting work from the experimental point of view, in the shape of a *Short Piece for Six Violas*. It is a whimsical little study of viola tone and technique, but naturally fails somewhat as a purely musical work owing to the necessary lack of tonal variety.

York Bowen's Fantasy Quartet for four violas has much the same qualities and defects. More effective are the solos for viola and the combinations of that with other instruments. Viola, Harp and Organ, (or Piano); Viola, Oboe and Piano; Violin, Viola and Piano, are not at all uncommon combinations, and the works composed for these and similar groups are growing in numbers. Of course there is a large number of works of all sizes and forms for Viola and Piano, but these, like solos for other instruments, lie outside the scope of the present article. Suffice it to say that the characteristics of the instrument are being so thoroughly studied and exploited, that, whether it is ever accorded the place which Mr. Tertis claims for it or not, British composers are at least certain of treating it as an individual instrument of great capacity and not merely as a filling-in between violins and 'cello.

Chamber music for wind instruments does not claim the same attention as does that for strings, while that for combined wind and strings is equally lacking in significance. The late W. Y. Hurlstone, Holbrooke, Edmondstone Duncan, Bowen, Walthew, and others, have all put forward interesting works for some of the many varied combinations afforded, but none which will compare in artistic importance with their other works.

If one were to try to account for the success in these days with regard to chamber music which has been achieved by British composers (though such a matter cannot be accounted for entirely by logical methods), one reason that could be given is that so many of the composers are players and so many players composers. Many of them are by profession teachers and orchestral players, and they take up the study of chamber music as an entirely personal matter; as a hobby, it may be said, but with a difference. Few people will allow a hobby to interfere with lucrative employment, but these composers and executants will refuse well-paid engagements and have even been known to risk the loss of valuable connections, rather than lose their quartet or trio practice. Moreover, the study of chamber music has drawn amateurs and professionals together in a way that nothing else could have done. Apart from the real and simulated patronage to which it gives rise, there is a fraternity between chamber music players even

closer and more entirely artistic than that which exists between orchestral players. The intimacy of art in this matter is leading to a fuller appreciation of the men who make it, and consequently to a fuller understanding of music itself of all kinds. The revival of chamber music is one of the finest auguries of the future musical life of the British people.

THE MACDOWELL COLONY AT PETERBOROUGH

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK

A GROUP of scientific and dogmatic gentlemen once argued solemnly and emphatically that it would be impossible for a vessel propelled by steam to cross the Atlantic Ocean. It had never been done before; it could not be done now. Unfortunately, however, in the very midst of their arguments, word came that one of these "new-fangled" steamships *had* crossed the Atlantic. I have always regretted that I could not have been there with a pocket kodak to take snapshots of those conscientious objectors arguing against the possibility of a thing that was happening.

"Well, what is the moral?" asks somebody. Of course, there must be a moral and there must always be somebody that wants a moral. So I am going to give the moral first, as a sort of introduction to this article. Here it is: Don't argue that a thing can't be done until you find out first whether it *has* been done. And even then don't be too sure, for some one might do it. The world moves swiftly nowadays!

And if you ever hear a little group of conscientious musical and literary objectors arguing, with the cocksure tone so common to musical and literary objectors, that no creative art can ever come out of a "colony," you can silence their arguments by the simple question: "How about the MacDowell Colony at Peterborough, N. H.?" If they know anything at all about the MacDowell Colony, they will be forced to qualify their objections with "Well, of course, *that* is the exception!" And if they *don't* know anything about the MacDowell Colony, you can tell them how the dream of an American musical genius has come true and what a radiance it sheds upon the lives and work of American creative artists.

In an article in the *North American Review*, felicitously called "The Peterborough Idea," Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, once amusingly narrated his scorn of "colonies" when a friend first suggested the possibilities of the MacDowell Colony.

'Does a friend of mine talk to me of 'colonies',' wrote Mr. Robinson, 'when I tell him that what I want is a commodious house in the woods,

preferably with a cement floor, and with no one to bother me between eight or nine in the morning and six at night?"

"Do you know anything about the place?" he ventured, I thought, a little timidly.

"No," I said, "except that it is a 'colony'; and that's enough."

"Do you believe," he rejoined, "that Edward MacDowell would have encouraged the kind of 'colony' that you seem to have in mind?"

I had to admit that such a belief was a difficult one to entertain; and I succumbed to the extent of listening to him while he painted again the picture that was in my dreams.

Well, Robinson went to Peterborough, stayed tentatively at the MacDowell Colony and surrendered unconditionally. The glamorous charm of the place; its ideal conditions for sustained creative work; its never-failing inspiration even surpassed the picture that was in the poet's dreams. Thenceforth, the "Peterborough Idea" became *his* idea, as it had been MacDowell's—and as it is everybody's who has ever visited this inspiring centre of creative energy.

"America lavishly supports some of the artists who have 'arrived'—with a strong preference for those with a European reputation, or record, as the case may be," wrote Benjamin Baker, in an article on the MacDowell Colony in the *Boston Transcript*. "But the art, or the artist, must be properly introduced: the product must be duly certified; only established trademarks are recognized. We dodge the problem of how the trademark is to establish itself without our help during the period of development."

That is the real Peterborough idea—to help the creative artist to establish his "artistic trademark"—so to speak; to give him an inspirational boost up the discouragingly tall ladder that leads to creative success in this country; to help him during that crude and crucial period of development when so many careers are blighted through lack of understanding and sane sympathy.

And the MacDowell Colony is doing this very thing to-day and has been doing it for many years through all sorts of vicissitudes and discouragements that would have broken the will and spirit of the strongest man, but have utterly failed to shake the serenity of a broad-visioned little woman who believes in the MacDowell Colony and its mission so greatly that she has imbued men and women throughout the country with the same faith and devotion. That little woman is Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of America's most bountifully gifted composer. She is the genius of the place. She is the indomitable person who has made the colony in the heart of the New Hampshire woods an

assured fact. She has turned Edward MacDowell's seemingly Utopian dream into a concrete thing of logs and stone and brains. To-day, thanks to her, the Peterborough idea is closer to the Bay-reuth idea than anything in this country. It is a spring from which bubbles a constantly increasing volume of music. Directly or indirectly, its inspiration has had a bettering influence upon the traditions of American musical art.

It was quite by accident that MacDowell discovered the charms of Peterborough as a place where "dreams untold" might be told to the world in terms of music. He was passing through the quaint little town with Mrs. MacDowell, and its old-world atmosphere and spirit of unruffled repose made him love it. He stayed on—and on—and finally decided that he would make Peterborough his home. Mrs. MacDowell shared his enthusiasm, and "Hillcrest," that lovely old house where Mrs. MacDowell still resides, became their abode until the composer's death in 1908.

While living at "Hillcrest," Mr. MacDowell also conceived the idea of building a log cabin in the deepness of the woods, where he could go and bury himself with his beloved piano and work at his compositions uninterruptedly throughout the day. The log cabin was built on a spot looking out upon the changeful beauty of Mount Monadnock, across a sea of pine-trees that made music when the wind played upon their boughs. It was, as MacDowell himself so poetically described it, "a house of dreams untold, it looks out over the whispering tree-tops and faces the setting sun."

Most of the pieces for his "New England Idyls" had their inception in this almost primitive spot, where the tinkle of the composer's piano sounded like fairy music in the depths of the woods carpeted with pine-cones by the loving hand of Nature. The voice of an inquisitive blue jay, or the chattering of squirrels in nearby trees, were the composer's occasional accompaniments. And there he translated his dreams into wonderful melodies. The inspiration of Peterborough woods is in his "Keltic Sonata" and "Sea Pieces."

Then, as he worked and dreamed in this idealistic atmosphere, there came to him the idea of sharing the inspirational ozone of the place with other eager spirits longing for creative freedom. MacDowell was a director in the American Academy at Rome, and the great advantages derived from it by American painters, suggested the plan of a colony in this country for creative workers in the various allied arts. Not a conventional colony to serve as a mutual admiration clearing house, but a colony where men

and women of real talent might work for the joy of the working and eschew all "shop talk."

The more MacDowell thought about it, the more enthusiastic he became and, during the first summer of his illness, this idea became an obsession with him and he talked about it constantly to Mrs. MacDowell. She assured him that his plans would be carried out and his faith in her was so great that he at once ceased discussing the project, certain that his devoted helpmate would make his dream a reality. And she did! In the summer of 1908, before the composer died, the MacDowell Memorial Colony was founded, and it has been continued along the lines suggested by MacDowell.

Mrs. MacDowell's plan has always been to carry out her husband's ideas and ideals rather than bring glory to the MacDowell name. The Colony is in no sense intended as a monument to MacDowell. Its atmosphere is singularly free from the taint of musical propaganda. This is so thoroughly understood by the members of the Colony that they refrain from asking Mrs. MacDowell to play any of her husband's music, although she is a finished musician and one of the most sympathetic interpreters of MacDowell music in this country.

To illustrate the independence of the Colony and its members: Last summer a rather naïve Boston woman, possessed of more money than tact, extended to Mrs. MacDowell an invitation for the Colony workers to have tea with her at her summer place near Peterborough. It was a composite invitation, as it were, and immediately brought a polite but firm retort from Mrs. MacDowell.

"I am not the Colony," she said. "The Colony does as it sees fit. While I should be delighted to have tea with you, I cannot speak for the Colony. It isn't done. However, if you want to invite *individual members* of the Colony to your tea, it is for them to decline or accept—*individually*."

And that point of view is rigorously adhered to. The working members of the Colony—and they are hard workers—are not partial to piffle and pink tea. They go up to the MacDowell Colony with ideas crying for release, leaving twaddle and tea behind, and return to the city bursting with health and with finished manuscripts to vouch for their summer's work.

Such composers as Arthur Nevin, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Henry F. Gilbert, William Henry Humiston, Rossetter G. Cole, Mabel W. Daniels, F. Marion Ralston and Edward Ballantine; such writers as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Hermann Hagedorn,

Josephine Preston Peabody, Ridgely Torrence, Margaret Widemer and Abbie Farwell Brown, and many equally well-known painters and etchers, have done some of their best creative work at the MacDowell Colony during the past few years and have publicly acknowledged their indebtedness.

The MacDowell Colony is, unfortunately, still unendowed, and it owes its continued existence to the brave and untiring efforts of Mrs. MacDowell, who travels from coast to coast every winter, giving piano recitals of her husband's music in order to raise funds to insure the Colony's maintenance for another year. If the Colony were to cease to exist to-morrow, it would already have justified its existence an hundredfold. The idealistic and imaginative seeds that it has planted in the hearts of creative workers in all the arts, will blossom into flowers that will permeate with their fragrance the future music and literature of America. And no work, particularly during the aftermath of the world war, could be of greater spiritual import to our country.

THE NEW ITALY

By G. JEAN-AUBRY

TO begin with, it is only fair to remember that there is no nation on earth so misjudged, musically, as Italy. I concede that it was not without difficulty that the world was brought to recognise creative musical qualities of countries like France and Russia, and that, generally speaking, contemporary Spanish music is not yet studied with the interest it deserves; but, as regards Italy, the situation is still more singular.

No one in this world, even the most devoid of musical taste or even of interest in musical art, would be disposed to think that the Italians, as a people, are absolutely without musical expression; on the contrary, one gladly grants them to have facility, innate melodic charm and unfailing dramatic force, and numerous hearers continue to flock to theatres where Italian singers appear in Italian opera. At the same time, however, it may be said that it is exactly these people who largely contribute to the most erroneous ideas as to the real musicality of Italy, past as well as present.

One is easily disposed to think that one has done justice to Italy after having made the acquaintance of a few operas by Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni, although it must be stated at once that these represent only the most mediocre and perishable part of Italian musical expression. Granted that such works have proved long and profitable successes, that famous tenors continue to use them as a foil to their triumphs; granted that in certain towns the glory of Verdi equals that of Wagner; but to judge musical Italy exclusively by its operatic creations of the second half of the 19th century, would be equivalent to judging French literature of the last century by the novels of François Coppée, English literature by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, or Russian music by the one and only Tchaikovsky.

It must be recognised that the success of Italian opera, from Donizetti to Mascagni, was not attributable only to the fact that it gave the public a form of art which made little demand on intelligence and culture, but that it was then actually the only Italian musical expression which could be heard.

What happened in Italy, in the domain of music, during the 19th century, is analogous to the happenings in French musical

history during the same period. There was a rupture of true tradition and gradually a theatrical virtuosity,—fascinating but inferior,—gained the upper hand at the expense of works of admirably artistic qualities. Rameau, Gluck and even a great part of Mozart's work was outshadowed by Meyerbeer and the Italians.

The fact, however, is still more curious in the case of Italy than in that of France, for at the beginning of the 19th century, two geniuses like Rossini and Bellini, still retained some of the virtues of the great Italian tradition; the former by the verve that animates his music, the latter by the purity of his melodic line which, without showing much variety, is at least touching and dignified. But, after these two, began the deluge of insipidity, gross effects and superficially pleasing virtuosity. The contact between Italy and the great symphonic and chamber music movement, which swept over the whole world during the 19th century, was completely broken.

And yet, the country that shut itself into theatrical conventions without any real humanity, was the same Italy who for centuries before, had successively given birth to every musical form. From whichever side we may study the sources of modern musical inspiration, we invariably find that they have sprung from Italian soil: the vocal polyphony of Palestrina, the liberation of secular keyboard music by Frescobaldi, the creation of the music drama by the Florentine "Camerata" and the astonishing Monteverdi, the invention of the symphony and the sonata by Corelli and Scarlatti, or of the *opera buffa* by the Neapolitans and the delicious Pergolesi,—all these modern musical forms are rooted in that part of the world.

The rupture began towards the beginning of the 18th century and was to last for more than a hundred years; to-day the veritable Italian tradition is so travestied by the vogue of the post-Rossinian theatre, that the new generation who are now once more taking up the principles that were in olden times the glory and the fertility of musical Italy, are accused of copying foreign methods, and see themselves confronted with a chauvinism that is as fierce as it is ignorant.

It is easy to understand the impatience of young Italians to-day, when they are forever opposed by things of the past. They are living in a country where music and ruins always seem to be used as argument against every innovation. Young artists who feel life surging within them may well lose their patience when they see foreigners visiting their country solely for wedding trips

to Venice or to see the moonlight on the Coliseum. One can even appreciate that this irritation has reached the boiling point in a violent nature like that of Signor Marinetti, who wished to see all the museums burnt down rather than that they should merely serve as barbarous oppositions to every new idea.

It is not necessary, of course, to go to such an extreme, comprehensible as it may be, for it is not Italy's real past with which the reformers are confronted, but a relative past, a poor, shoddy and conventional past. We all have within us a past of two categories: the one of our fathers and the one of our mothers. The past of our fathers is robust, a little cold sometimes, but free from sentimentality and retaining the pure beauty of simple lines, a past of heroic virtues of either a moral or an intellectual order, virtues to which we cannot always attain, but which always remain in our thoughts as model, and teach and encourage us to live up to them. And there is the past, also, of our mothers, an accumulation of little habits, often charming and agreeable, but timid, reticent, and full of sentimentalities and small matters of routine. Those who wish to open up fresh fields have to close their ears to the counsels of an excessive cautiousness left within us by those influences of the past, lest they should grow accustomed to live, as it were, in rooms that would soon become musty and stuffy.

Such is, briefly, the moral situation of the young generation of Italian musicians, and it is for these reasons that they show, at the same time, so ardent and intelligent an affection for their real tradition and so violent a contempt for the recent past with which they are opposed, and which is nothing but a parody of that tradition.

To most people, even in Italy, Italian music means tunes played on the mandoline, restaurant music, gross realism devoid of human emotion, and obvious and insipid melodies accompanied by tremolos. The great past is completely forgotten. Who among the general public remembers to-day the poignant simplicity of Monteverdi, the purity of Caldara, the infinite variety and exquisite spirit of Domenico Scarlatti, or the spontaneous and refined charm of Pergolesi? And yet, what lessons, what visions and prophecies, and what delights are not to be found in these works which neither our indifferences nor our forgetfulness has robbed of their freshness.

Who, further, remembers now that at the end of the 16th century Orazio Vecchi conceived and fashioned in *l'Amphiparnasso* a "harmonic comedy," that is a tentative beginning of musical

comedy in madrigal form? How could we read to-day with anything but satisfaction and astonishment the preface to the "Representation of Soul and Body," where Emilio dei Cavalieri announces two centuries and a half before Wagner the dramatic theories of Bayreuth, and even greater ideas, in the following passage:—

Every detail must be perfect and particularly so the singer's articulation. The size of the hall must suit in proportion his recitation and therefore should not hold more than a thousand people, who must all be seated for their own satisfaction as well as for the sake of maintaining the desirable silence. In a too spacious hall, indeed, the singer cannot make the public understand his words, thus entailing the necessity of forcing his voice, with the result that it loses much of its expression, and that the music becomes tedious for the hearer who is unable to catch the words. In order to be invisible, the instrumentalists should be placed behind the scenery. It is advisable to change the instruments in accordance with the change of the feelings that are to be expressed. It is also thought desirable that such entertainments should not last longer than two hours.

Another preface worthy of being re-read to-day is that which Jacopo Peri wrote for his *Eurydice* in 1600, and wherein he propounds principles of lyrical declamation which are simply those used later, according to their different temperaments, by Rameau, or Gluck, or Claude Debussy. He recommends the study of the inflexions of the human voice in various emotions, in order to attain to a lyrical declamation following as closely as possible the intonation of the speaking voice of a person in a certain state of mind or swayed by such and such an emotion of a similar nature.

The perusal of these documents and others, such as are found collected in the excellent work of Solerti, "The Origin of the Music Drama,"¹ will show to what a degree Italian music of the 19th century has abandoned the simple and lofty artistic principles, which had led to its establishment from the 16th to the 18th century.

Symphonic art, born in Italy, disappeared almost at the very moment when it began to fertilize so gloriously Austrian and German music, and the taste for melodrama held exclusive sway over the musical forces of the peninsula. Curiously enough, the only two Italian musicians of the 19th century who cultivated chamber music, absolute music without any theatrical influence, lived away from their country almost all their lives; Maria Luigi Cherubini in France, and Muzio Clementi in England. This seems like another proof of how unhealthy Italian atmosphere had become for symphonic music.

¹Bocca, publisher, Turin.

Without wishing to attribute too much importance to the influence of political events upon the evolution of art, and without pretending to build up any theory whatever from these two examples, it cannot be overlooked that, as French music became really conscious of its existence after the Franco-German war of 1870, so did the formation of the union of Italy seem to have played its part in the awakening of a national musical conscience in that country. With that difference, however, that while France already began to free herself from the influence of German symphonists or to transform their methods, the precursors of the musical *Risorgimento* had first of all to devote their activities to making known in Italy German music from Beethoven to Wagner, to teach the public, and to prepare the foundations of an edifice of which only to-day we see a few elements appear.

These precursors thereby showed not only great penetration, but real courage, and if their works do not appear to be long-lived, it is nevertheless impossible to deny them the appreciation they deserve. These men were Giovanni Sgambati (1843-1914) and Giuseppe Martucci (1857-1909).

It is scarcely surprising to see Liszt present as sponsor, as it were, at the birth of modern Italian music, through his influence on Sgambati. In the domain of musical thought, Liszt, as it is easy to demonstrate, is the central figure of the 19th century, or at least of its second half. Without mentioning his influence on Wagner, who borrowed from him more than one theme and more than one idea, Liszt has awakened the musical consciousness of almost every country which has seen the appearance of a really individual and valuable school during the last fifty years. It is therefore not surprising that the man who hailed Glinka as a prophet and who first discerned the greatness and wealth of the Russian School, who encouraged Grieg as well as César Frank, who helped Camille Saint-Saëns and through him the French School, who advised Albeniz, from whom the musical renovation of Spain has mainly sprung;—it is not surprising that it was precisely this man who became the master of the first worker at the musical *Risorgimento*.

Sgambati was Liszt's pupil during the latter's stays at Rome. At that period Liszt was considering, among numerous projects, the reformation of Italian church music, and he believed that he had found in Sgambati the young disciple of that reform. If, however, he did not succeed in reorganising the performance of church music on better principles, he credited Sgambati with the most unflinching musical taste destined to bear its fruit.

The works of Sgambati do not testify to a very profound originality, but they can still be listened to with profit and pleasure; they show a taste for simplicity, sound technical knowledge and an instrumental expression that owes nothing to the stage. Giovanni Sgambati, an admirable pianist and extremely cultured personality, was an excellent teacher and in this respect he exercised a healthy, vital and lasting influence on the young generation. He must be regarded as the founder of the modern Italian symphonic school. Giuseppe Martucci, on his part, led the campaign as conductor and as pianist, and he became the most ardent champion of Wagner in Italy and of the greatest among the German classics, the knowledge of whose works was in need, at that time, of being spread among the amateurs of Rome, Milan, Turin or Florence, in order to accustom the Italian public once more to the various forms of musical expression and thus to lead it back again, through these foreign composers, to the great Italian School of the past, which had influenced them and upon which the tentative steps of reformers were going to be based.

The movement, initiated by these two composers, began to spread fairly rapidly. Their first follower to be mentioned, is Enrico Bossi, born April 25th, 1861, the present Director of the Santa Cecilia Conservatoire in Rome. His eminence as organist has perhaps unduly outshone his qualities as composer. His Oratorio "Joan of Arc," his two violin and piano Sonatas, and his Trio, are works of perfect construction and attractive clearness. His work is unequal enough sometimes to prove disappointing, but without being a composer of the first order, he certainly deserves attention and the attractiveness of his work is never mediocre.

Another composer of the same generation to be mentioned, is Ferruccio Busoni, born April 1st, 1866, whose reputation as pianist is universal, but whose compositions also deserve consideration. His *Elegy*, his *Fantasy on Indian Themes* for Piano and Orchestra, his two Sonatas, are works that reveal Busoni as supreme craftsman. Unfortunately, it must be said, the composer's inspiration is not generally on the level of his technical accomplishments; if the works of Ferruccio Busoni offer a most interesting study with regard to the instrumental ingenuity which they contain, there is too often a lack of real sensibility and we find ourselves admiring their intellectual rather than their spiritual qualities. It would be futile, moreover, to look for true Italian character in Busoni's work; the great pianist has, as one knows, lived away from his country nearly all his life and he has been

somewhat deeply influenced by the great German classics. Nevertheless it is interesting to see how an Italian has assimilated certain notions which were then very new to most of his compatriots.

With Enrico Bossi one might also mention Giacomo Orefice, whose work is fairly strongly impregnated with French influence; its delicacy of accent and expression is a proof of a refinement that leads us a long way from the gross effects so dear to the "verists." There is, further, Leone Sinigaglia, born at Turin on August 14th, 1868, who was one of the first in our time to endeavour to draw real musical inspiration from Italian folk-song. He has indeed used some Piemontese themes with the happiest results, as for instance in the *Danze piemontesi* and the *Rapsodia piemontese*. He has also shown, a little too timidly perhaps, a desire to go back to the comic tradition of the 18th century in certain works like his overture to Goldoni's *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*.

There remain to be mentioned Alberto Franchetti, born at Turin on September 18th, 1860, who has written, among other works, an interesting Fantasy for piano and orchestra; and Bazzini, the celebrated violinist, too well-known as the author of works of mediocre virtuosity like *Ronde des Lutins*, but who deserves to be better appreciated in other, shorter, but often very delightful works.

However worthy of attention the composers just mentioned may be, they all belong to a generation which is still greatly influenced by the German classics. Sinigaglia himself was a pupil of Brahms and of Dvořák, Bazzini shows in his works traces of Weber and Schumann and the influence of Beethoven and Brahms reveals itself in the works of Enrico Bossi. The task of the more recent generation consists in the emancipation of the Italian school from German influence and the efforts to re-establish a true national character. The energy and the faith shown by these workers of the first hour had the almost immediate result that concert organisations sprang up in all the larger Italian towns, offering the public a hearing of symphonic and chamber music, Milan, Turin, Florence, Bologna, Naples, Venice, Parma, gradually established orchestral societies or string quartets who gave performances, the number of which increased steadily until the moment of the outbreak of war. In the case of some of these organisations, even the war did not interrupt their activities. In 1914, Italy counted more than fifty concert societies and had at their head an organisation worthy of serving as model to the best part of similar associations in Europe and America. It is the *Augusteo* in Rome, the emanation of the fourth centenary of the

Santa Cecilia Academy, and which, thanks to its administration and the generosity of Count Enrico di San Martino, has played an enormous part in the education of the Italian musical public and created a renewed interest in music in Italy.

Not only is this due to the Augusteo Orchestra, a hundred strong, and whose every concert is guaranteed a dozen rehearsals, thus assuring it the best possible performances of classical and modern works, either under the direction of its appointed conductor, Molinari, or under that of foreign conductors chosen among the greatest; but what in our view is still more valuable, is that the breadth of outlook in Count di San Martino and of the amateurs, who surround him, ensures the admittance of accepted works, of classical and modern music that is not, or no longer, discussed, but often also of the newest, the most audacious and the most disputed works. In this respect also can the Augusteo be held up as an example to the pusillanimity of most orchestras and their conductors.

It would be vain to pretend, after this, that the Italian public as a whole has completely altered its taste of the last fifty years; the lovers of absolute music are still in the minority, but a minority that sees every day an increase in the ranks of its adherents. All this activity, whether of concert organisations or of composers, has created an interest in absolute music that only thirty years ago nobody would have suspected, and Italian musical life, with an admixture of Latin ardour, and Italian pugnacity finding a pretext in it, has taken an animated turn as yet hardly sufficiently recognised abroad.

While this curiosity for absolute music, or at least for music removed from melodrama, increased, melodramatic composition gradually began to lose its footing. The vogue of Puccini and his rivals cannot, of course, be quelled in one day, but it is nevertheless significant that the trio of Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni has practically no successors in public favour. Neither Italo Montemezzi nor Riccardo Zandonai have succeeded in renewing the public interest in the musical stage, and one might almost say that their lack of success is all to their honour. These two composers, in fact, gifted with undeniably higher musical taste than their immediate predecessors, did not succeed in captivating the masses, and yet they have not that strong personality which irritates the general public and wins the favour of the chosen few, as was the case with French operas of so diversified types as *Carmen*, *Louise*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Ariane et Barbe Bleue*, or *Penelope*, in the course of the last forty years.

Midway between true musicians and the general public, neither Zandonai nor Montemezzi have succeeded in fully pleasing either section. They suffer from the disadvantages of a transitory period and from the corruption of exhausted musical forms which require a great personality to remould them and invest them with new, living and profoundly human expression. It is, however, significant, that a composer like Zandonai, the author of operas such as *Conchita* and *Francesca da Rimini* should have begun with a symphonic work, *The Return of Ulysses* and written recently a symphony, *Primavera in Val di Sole*.

But real novelty and the living sources of Italian musical art must be sought elsewhere. It is among the pupils of Sgambati, Martucci and Bossi that we find the ideas and the works which one can rightly call the Italian school of to-day. The term "Italian School" must not be used in the wrong sense; in the contemporary musical production of Italy one must not look for any strict cohesion or an obedience to common principles, nor even a sort of narrow *entente* of very different temperaments, as in the case of the *Five* at the beginning of the Russian musical renovation. The Italian School is, in reality, the ideal union of very divergent personalities, born often under contradictory conditions, but who have in common not only a spirit of innovation, and that sense of nationalism which does not end in the appearance of picturesque facility too generally approved by Italian and foreign audiences.

These young people show varying tastes in their predilections, even when it is a question of Italian music but they have in common the feeling for Italian tradition in music. One among them may incline towards Monteverdi, another more towards Scarlatti; one may admire Bellini for whom another may show nothing more than respect, but they all combine a knowledge of the Italian past with that of the most modern forms of musical expression.

We have here a movement of very recent growth, but one of which the import will become more and more tangible.

The first manifestation by the young Italian School as a group dates only from 1914, but the fact that it occurred before the war is a sufficient proof that it was not a case of a political mood and that it was not born of one of those currents of patriotism begotten by the war, which in the domain of art are not always of a kind to deserve encouragement.

It was in Paris, on February 14th 1914, that the first concert of the young Italians took place. The very short manifesto preceding the programme was signed by the names of Ildebrando Pizzetti, Vincenzo Tommasini, Francesco Malipiero, Alfredo

Casella, Giannotto Bastianelli, Vincenzo Davico, and Giuseppe Ferranti.

This manifesto said:

A vast musical movement, rooted in the most diverse directions, is to-day taking place in the whole of Europe. Following the footsteps of Russia and France, who were the first to dare open up a road beyond apparently insurmountable barriers, old and new nations, some (like Hungary) barren of tradition, others (like Spain) with a more or less glorious past, began one and all to contribute to that enhancement and that perfection of tonal language which appear to constitute the chief aim of present-day musical researches. And Italy, in spite of the lethargy which has blighted the natural development of the 17th century melodrama, smothered the germs of 18th century chamber music and dried up (or almost) the sources of folk-song,—Italy, too, strives to vanquish its apathy and to participate in the European movement. This concert, devoted to the works of a few young Italian composers, the oldest of whom is 33 years of age, is being given in order to prove the birth of a new musicality in our country, a musicality which, while desiring to remain united to the other young European schools, intends nevertheless to retain as intact as possible its national character.

I was present at that concert. The works were unequal and it could not be expected that a group of seven young people could present nothing but absolute masterpieces to the public. But from the whole concert and from some of the works in particular there was left the impression of a peculiar accent which foreshadowed a national personality ready to emerge. The few years which followed, troubled as they were by the war, have shown that this first impression was right and that Italy was really destined to contribute to the musical life of Europe not only curiosities, but delicate or powerful, attractive and personal works.

The three outstanding figures of this young generation have so far remained those who already in 1914 appeared as such, although they have still made great strides forward since; they are Ildebrando Pizzetti, Alfredo Casella and Francesco Malipiero. The study of their works and the comparison of these three natures alone would be sufficient to demonstrate the variety, the richness and the interest of this young school.

Ildebrando Pizzetti was born at Parma in 1880 and he has, at the beginning of his career, paid a tribute to his native city by affixing to several of his works the name of "Ildebrando da Parma." He studied at the Conservatoire of that town and did not at first reveal in his compositions a very noteworthy personality. The two facts which first drew attention to him were some remarkable critical studies published in Italian reviews, especially in the

Rivista Musicale Italiana, mostly devoted to modern French topics; and his collaboration with Gabriele d'Annunzio as composer of incidental music to *Nave* and *Pisanelle*. To tell the truth, it did not there seem as if the union of d'Annunzio and Pizzetti would be conducive to the detachment of the young composer's personality; even to-day, with that personality fully revealed, it differs in more than one respect from that of the author of *Trionfo della morte* or *L'Innocente*. Even as the art of Gabriele d'Annunzio is complex, wavering, fleeting and a little perverse, so is that of Pizzetti simple, pure and sane; but then these characteristics are also to be found in d'Annunzio's work, though not in that part of it that is the most famous or the best known abroad, but in that wherein he is more strongly guided by Italian tradition and wherein he is less "æsthetic" and more direct, as in certain descriptions of nature in his early novels and, above all, in some of his poems.

Although he was born at Parma, one feels inclined, on studying the works of Pizzetti, to believe that he is a native of Messina or Palermo, or even of somewhere near the traces of Syracuse. His work is not Italian in the sense of the modern Italian characteristics usually encountered; it suggests in some ways antique Sicily. It combines traces of Hellenic antiquity with Italian *renaissance* traditions and it is not merely his use of old Greek modes that gives his music a peculiar colour.

Neither violence nor real technical innovations must be sought in Pizzetti's work. His music is, on first acquaintance, a little cool; it does not entrance, but it compels. Where it is at its best, its effect is lasting, such is its simplicity; that rare simplicity which expresses just what is needed.

In order to find easily accessible examples of Ildebrando Pizzetti's personality, one need go no further than his five songs: *I Pastori*, *La Madre al figlio lontano*, *San Basilio*, *Il Clefta prigioniero*, and *Passeggiata*. Had he written only these five songs, indeed had he written nothing but *I Pastori* and *Passeggiata*, they would be sufficient to make the name of Pizzetti linger in the memory of those who love pure music. The melodic line of *I Pastori*, the truth of accent, the certainty of the declamation and the emotional atmosphere of this work, are its irresistible features.

The intellect of Pizzetti, which predominated at first over his emotional powers, has gradually acquired more balance, and this will be still more apparent in the work he is now engaged in, a tragedy entitled *Deborah*. One may expect from contemporary music more unexpected sensations and more cunning audacity,

but if one wishes a musical work to possess beauty and purity of line, fulness of expression without false rhetoric, dignity of attitude and a certain prudence in its development, one may study the work of Ildebrando Pizzetti without fearing disappointment.

The moral position of Ildebrando Pizzetti is to-day firmly established. Having held, for some time, the post of professor of composition at the Florence Conservatoire, he became director of that institution and he is perhaps the only living composer in the peninsula who enjoys the privilege of being at once respected by both the defenders of the music of yesterday and of to-morrow.

Apart from the works already mentioned, the most representative specimens of Pizzetti's art are his tragedy *Fedra* after d'Annunzio and two small choruses, *Per un morto* and *La Rondine*, the latter of which particularly is a little masterpiece of freshness and grace.

It is not a very long way from Turin to Parma, and yet, I do not know if in the present-day world of music there are another two more divergent natures, both in their methods and their tendencies, as Pizzetti and Alfredo Casella.

Alfredo Casella, born at Turin in 1883, is a personality in Europe and one of the most curious and striking figures in the musical life of to-day. He pursued his studies in France, in M. Louis Diémer's class at the Paris Conservatoire; but this venerable and prudent professor must to-day be well-nigh terrified at the sight of the bird that emerged from the egg he hatched years ago.

Alfredo Casella knows more about music than most men of our days; gifted with a prodigious facility for assimilation and an astounding ease of reading at sight, excellent pianist, competent conductor and scrupulous professor, he has stored in his memory the music of all ages from its origin; it is impossible to catch him by mentioning to him a work he knows nothing about. He knows every treatise and every rule; he could astonish any scientific society by his erudition; but, as it happens, this man of cold appearance, this precise dialectic, this experimentalist with all the tonal combinations, is the most revolutionary spirit possible, if the word is employed in its most legitimate meaning. There is in the world of music no innovation that could escape the infallible eyes and ears of Casella. He was one of the first passionate advocates successively in the cause of Debussy, Mahler, Ravel, Stravinsky and Schönberg; he assimilated their ideas and drew new deductions from their principles. Casella's intellectual activity alone would be sufficient to ensure this young man the admiration he deserves.

However, this marvellous faculty of understanding everything, and understanding it immediately, is a heavy burden for one who strives to express himself creatively; there is an everlasting strife between Casella's sensibility and his insatiable curiosity. Born at an epoch when musical innovations are incessant for all those who do not wish to specialise in any one school or country, he had to fight terribly hard to detach himself from all the forces that drew him in different directions.

One might feel inclined to imagine that his long stay in France would have left a French influence in him more strongly marked than any other. Not so, for even in Paris there is nothing more cosmopolitan than Casella; no sooner than a young composer has shown, if one may say so, the tip of his ears in one of the corners of Europe, Alfredo Casella has already discovered him; he has already examined, weighed, sifted and valued what such a young composer has brought with him, and understood whether the result is in the nature of an asset to the musical expression of to-morrow.

Although Alfredo Casella is still quite young, it seems to me legitimate to see already two different periods in his work, even as their unequal merit seems to be a kind of ironical revenge of destiny. Before 1916, in effect, he had already published several works of incontestable value, such as his Symphonic Suite *Le Couvent sur l'eau* and his *Notte di Maggio* for voice and orchestra; but there came into his life an event which had, to my mind, a most fruitful effect on his work. While Alfredo Casella lived in Paris, he was in contact with the music of the whole world, but when, in 1916, circumstances caused him to live again in Italy, as professor of the piano at the Academia Santa Cecilia in Rome, he came into contact, not only with the young Italian music, already known to him, but with his country and his own inborn nature, which had up to that time been somewhat submerged by his inexhaustible curiosity.

What Casella has written since his return to Italy is doubtless superior, not only in volume, but in personal quality, to what he had composed during his stay in France. Whether in the *Heroic Elegy* (to the memory of Italian soldiers fallen in the war) for orchestra, or in piano works like the *Sonatina*, or in his nocturne *A notte alta*, there are visible signs that Casella has found his own nature.

The personality of Alfredo Casella is decidedly not attractive in the sense in which the attraction of Italian music is conventionally understood. It is not so much grace as force of expression

that must be sought in his work. His art is inflexible, tense, sobre, of a sobriety that is often disconcerting.

There is perhaps no other country where a personality like that of Casella would cause greater surprise than in Italy in its present state of things. This became at once apparent at the performance of the *Heroic Elegy* in Rome, where the work given at a concert at the Augusteo, unchained such a storm of angry protest as had probably not been witnessed for centuries at a concert in Italy. It was as tumultuous a gathering as the one that marked the first performance of Igor Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in Paris. The result was that attention was at once drawn to this young composer, who did not trouble about pleasing the public, but pursued his way careless of the reception given to his music in various quarters, where it either astonished, revolted or annoyed the hearers.

It is most difficult to dispute the merits of a man whose knowledge is beyond a shadow of doubt, and it is so much easier for those who refuse to listen to innovations to declare that an original artist who ignores the rules, does not know them or anything about his craft. Unhappily for these detractors, Alfredo Casella has previously given so many proofs of his musical science and of his virtuosity even, that it is impossible for them to doubt his knowledge.

Every adversary of this young musician who happens to be a composer himself and to possess a vestige of personality may be assured that Casella could write his music better than himself. Among Casella's works, indeed, there are the two amusing and ingenious collections entitled *A la manière de . . .*, where the methods of Wagner, Brahms, Fauré, Debussy, d'Indy and others, are so cleverly imitated.

These two little books are so delightful that they should not be unknown to any musician, but they were in danger of doing their author more harm than good; they made an easy pretext for his adversaries, who could not reproach Casella with ignorance in music, to assert that he was only capable of reflecting the work of others and that he was at best merely a clever imitator. His latest works, however, have disarmed such criticisms; the finale of the Sonatina and especially *A notte alta* are works that attest not only technical accomplishments, but a personal sensibility.

One must be guarded against the word sensibility; those to whom it conveys merely a synonym for sentimentality, will not have grasped its meaning. But those to whom it means that faculty to create a perfect accord between sense and spirit which

gives equal pleasure, or at least equal interest to both, will discover the real personality of Casella. A somewhat disconcerting circumstance, however, it must be said, is that the most pointed and the coldest, not to say the most ascetic sensibility of our time, should have sprung up in a country wherefrom one generally expects more suave grace or more passion.

If Casella the composer alone deserves to be reckoned among the most remarkable figures of the young Italian School, his merit is still enhanced by his work for the propagation of his country's music.

If that School has succeeded in forming an organisation, if it has penetrated into foreign countries, if its diffused energies have joined forces, it is owing to Casella. From the first days of that movement, he was its very soul; he has pressed into its service his gifts as apostle and performer as well as his methodic and indefatigable activity. His labour has brought him more opposition than sympathy, but he is one of those to whom the cause means more than the approval of the public. During four years of activity, even though somewhat hindered by the war, Casella has succeeded in forcing the young Italian School upon the attention of the musical communities of centres like Rome, Milan, Paris and even Madrid.

After the first experiment in Paris, in 1914, Alfredo Casella founded in Rome, on the model of the Parisian *Société Nationale de Musique* a *Società Nazionale di Musica*, with the object of grouping together the young Italian musical elements, as it had been done in France after the war of 1871. But, as might have been expected, the first tentative led nowhere; it was soon recognized that the result of attempting to band together Italian musicians only, would certainly mean an assembly in which mediocrities would predominate, and where nothing but sterile chauvinism would be fostered. At the end of a year Casella, with his critical penetration, could clearly see that the proposition was not sound, and the *Società Nazionale di Musica* transformed itself into the *Società di Musica Moderna*; a transformation which had the advantage of excluding the company of reactionaries and of allowing the works of the young Italian School to be presented next to those by modern foreign composers, thus giving them points of comparison.

It was especially in 1917 and 1918 that Casella exercised his activity. He organised concerts by the *Società Italiana di Musica Moderna* at Rome, Florence, Bologna, Milan, showing the works of young Italy side by side with those of Debussy, Ravel,

Gabriel Fauré, Stravinsky, Manuel de Falla, and others. But he was not content with the efforts he made in his own country. On February 15th 1917, the *Salle des Agriculteurs* in Paris, which had already been the theatre of his first manifestation in 1914, once more harboured the young Italian music, under the patronage of the *Société Française des Amis de la Musique*. On the preceding Sunday at the Grand Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, one of the "National Matinées" had been devoted to modern Italian music, and the orchestra of the *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire*, under the direction of André Messager and Alfredo Casella, performed works by Sinigaglia, Pizzetti, Martucci, Respighi and Casella. After that, there were chamber concerts in London, Lyons, Marseille and Nice, and, once more in Paris, under the auspices of the *Union Intellectuelle Franco-Italienne*, on February 7th 1918, a concert was given, preceded by a lecture wherein Casella exposed the aims and the characteristics of the young composers of his country.

At the same time the *Società Italiana di Musica Moderna* began to publish a journal, *Ars Nova*, where Casella's pugnacity came to light more than ever. The numbers of this little publication contain articles by nearly all the "advanced" Italian composers. Next to these, as if in defiance of his adversaries, Casella places, under titles like *Pensieri*, *aforismi*, *paradossi*, *ecc.*, or *Ariettes oubliées*, or *Sciocchezze*, *spropositi*, *enormità*, *ecc.*, thoughts approved by the young school, troublesome quotations from well-known critics, and absurd contemporary propositions about old musical works whose value has since become indisputable. Alfredo Casella is a dangerous adversary; he does not gesticulate and is never carried away, but he does not easily give in and it is impossible to exhaust his cool tenacity.

This is a rough outline sketch of the personality and the attitude of this young Italian composer; and are they not of a nature to command attention?

But Italian music of to-day boasts of a third personality who reflects perhaps more strongly and more originally still its character. It is G. Francesco Malipiero.

G. Francesco Malipiero was born at Venice in 1882. He studied at first under Enrico Bossi at Bologna and he followed his master to Rome after his election to the post of Principal to the Conservatoire. Having subsequently lived for some time in Vienna and in Germany, Malipiero returned to Italy, living now at Venice, now at Rome and now in the country at Asolo, the village where Robert Browning spent part of his life. In a kind of

retirement, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of ancient Italian works, modern French music, the Russian school from Moussorgsky to Stravinsky, and the experiments of the young Hungarians. Nothing in music remained unknown to him. He became a prolific composer, feeling his way among various tendencies; in 1905 he wrote a symphony *Sinfonia degli Eroi*, performed in Vienna in 1912, then a quartet, an opera, a violoncello sonata, a work for violoncello and orchestra, but nearly all this has since been destroyed, for these youthful efforts are disowned by him to-day.

It is towards 1910 that the real personality of Francesco Malipiero begins to become apparent. Already, however, in the *Sinfonia del Silenzio e della Morte*, dating from 1908 and performed at the Colonne-Lamoureux concerts in Paris in 1917, one could trace an interesting spirit, clever orchestration, fascinating subtlety and attractive sensibility; but this was merely a beginning.

There are artistic natures who reveal themselves suddenly, like Claude Debussy, Moussorgsky or Maurice Ravel, and there are others who hesitate for some time. Malipiero was one of the latter, but to-day his personality is past a shadow of doubt.

In works for the piano, like his *Poemetti lunari*, written in 1909 and 1910, some characteristic traits of his inspiration and a very peculiar atmosphere make their first appearance. The first two of those *Poemetti* reveal at once the pliability of this young genius, who passes easily from grave or religious sentiment to elegant and spiritual grace which conjures up the most delicious aspects of the Venetian soul. The fourth of the *Poemetti lunari* is, in its way, a little masterpiece of grace and emotion united. In the sixth it is made patent that a young composer nowadays can remain profoundly Italian without becoming insipid.

From these pieces up to the recent large works, the evolution of Francesco Malipiero has progressed logically and profoundly. His nature is not grave and supercilious like that of Pizzetti, nor sharp, sobre and penetrating like that of Casella; at the back of Malipiero's disposition there is a radiating sensibility, a passionate soul craving expression, but knowing the dangers and the commonplaces of romanticism and avoiding them at all costs. The Italian critic, Guido M. Gatti, whose insight is greater than that of any of his countrymen, has well summed up the essence of Malipiero's nature in describing it as "the classical idealism of a restless romantic spirit."

The ardour of Francesco Malipiero is so vivid that I cannot find its equal anywhere in modern music. There is more refinement in Maurice Ravel, more violence in Igor Stravinsky, more

grace in Manuel de Falla,—but I do not see that any composer of to-day has more heart. In any form of art the heart is perhaps the most fundamentally necessary factor and that which secures a work the most lasting affections, and the manner in which Malipiero expresses his feelings is such that it places him next to Ravel, Albert Roussel, Stravinsky or Manuel de Falla, the best among composers of his generation.

The work of G. Francesco Malipiero, part of which is still unpublished, though it will not remain so much longer, comprises five sets of piano pieces, *Poemeti lunari*, *Preludi autunnali*, *Barlumi*, *Poemi Asolani* and *Maschere che passano*, written between 1908 and 1918; three books of songs, *Sonette dei Fati* (seven songs on sonnets by Gabriele d'Annunzio), *Cinq Mélodies* and *Keepsake* (three songs) set to French words; four symphonic works, consisting of the two sets of *Impressioni dal vero*, *Pause del silenzio* and *Ditirambo tragico*; a dramatic work, *Sette Canzoni*, and two ballets, *Pantea* and *La Mascarade des Princesses captives*; there is, besides, a small orchestral work, *Armenia*, based on four Armenian folk-songs.¹

This list represents the last ten years of this young composer's output, and the progress that can be traced from the first works to the latest holds out the definite promise that, if many among them are of the first order, they will be followed by others equally successful.

Francesco Malipiero's music is not in any way systematic; it is not subjugated to any theory. It presses into its service the most modern as well as the most ancient forms of musical expression, according to its needs; but, new or ancient, all those forms are, as it were, remoulded by the composer's own force. There is in his work a singular power as well as the most simple grace; but their impression, whether powerful or graceful, is irresistibly fascinating. It is impossible to hear the works of Malipiero without being struck by them. To tell the truth, it is not so much astonishment as an inexplicable grip they cause, they take hold of us like a trance or an obsession. Sometimes their impression is that of an anguish caused by a dream, confused at first and then revealing realities which are more than real. An ardent nature like that of Malipiero might find the means of expressing his feelings violently by the mere use of orchestral resources, tone-colour, or harmonic cunning; but he belongs to a

¹With the exception of *Preludi autunnali* (Paris: Rouart, Lerolle & Cie), *Poemeti lunari*, *Cinq Mélodies*, set I of *Impressioni dal vero* and *Armenia* (Paris: Maurice Senart & Cie), and *Pause del Silenzio* (Bologna: Pizzi & Cie), the works by Malipiero mentioned are or will be published by J. & W. Chester, London.

race with traditions, to a country which, in its finest expressions possesses a perfect sense of style. Thus his classicism struggles against his impulses, and out of this struggle comes the fundamental personality of Malipiero.

Some of Malipiero's works are strange, but not for the mere sake of being so. They are like everything that is new; but once the first impression of weirdness has worn off, it is the profound humanity of these works and their admirable proportion that strike us most. Whether it is a piano piece, a song or an orchestral work one is looking at, one never finds unnecessary development and wearisome length. The sequence of his ideas and the succession of his evocations are always subject to a logic that is never aggressive, but ever profound and unfailing. To Malipiero the musical material is not a kind of indifferent mixture, to be portioned out into certain compartments, but a material ready to be carved or modelled according to the idea he wishes to express. Compared with the dogmas of academic theory, his compositions show absolute freedom, but one feels behind it all how each subject determines its particular form with a science which is not taught by the schools.

There is always apparent the desire to express the utmost with a minimum of means, which is the invariable point of view of genuine Latin tradition. The genius of Malipiero is troubled, but not after the fashion of the romantics; I should rather compare him with Baudelaire in his most restrained and classical manifestations. There is the same desire to make sounds convey the utmost they are capable of, to express the most poignant aspects of our modernity by means almost as simple as those employed by the artists of the 17th century.

It is difficult to find, among the piano works written during the last ten years, a page of more direct and refined charm than the first of the *Preludi autunnali*, nor a more simply moving one than *I Partenti* in *Poemi Asolani*.

Among his songs those set to French words, are particularly worthy of attention, especially *Chanson Morave* and the set entitled *Keepsake*. The simplicity, the truth of the lyrical declamation in *Light* and *Song* would be difficult to surpass, and the impression of torpor suggested by the accompaniment to *Stream*, clearly show the amount of creative power possessed by Malipiero, even within the narrow bounds of a song.

Nevertheless it is more particularly in his orchestral works that this young composer is at his greatest. His art is always profoundly symphonic: he has an unfailing sense of sonority; he

uses the orchestral colours with remarkable dexterity and truth. In the succession of orchestral works also the same growing inclination towards simplicity becomes more and more apparent. Still, the two series of *Impressioni dal vero* already are remarkable by the absence of any profusion or heaviness. Nothing could be clearer and more lucidly direct than the construction of these two suites.

In the first he pictures three birds, *Il capinero, Il picchio, Il chiù*, their character, their surroundings, without resorting to the procedures of imitative music, but by a subtle portraiture of their atmosphere and their attitude: and he does this with an immediately engaging grace and a delicacy of touch. In the second set the aspects become broader and human emotion forcibly manifests itself. In the dialogue of *The Cypresses and the Wind*, he paints not only nature, but the emotions engendered by nature in the breast of a poet. In the *Colloquy of Bells* Malipiero diverts himself with audacious sound combinations, just as he does with rhythms in the last movement, the *Rustic Feast*; both pieces, specially the first, bear the stamp of his own enjoyment.

Malipiero's sense of rhythm is developed in a way peculiar to himself. The finds of the Russians in this respect have spoilt us to such an extent, that we think it difficult to find new combinations and almost impossible to go beyond the inventions in *Le Sacre du Printemps*. As a matter of fact, there are endless new combinations to be found yet in other directions, and following different paths. The angular lines of the young Russians have nothing in common with the supple Latin rhythms of Malipiero. There are ample proofs of this in *Pause del Silenzio* and in the Ballet *Les Princesses captives*, that delicious Venetian *turquerie*, which it is to be hoped, will soon be given the stage setting it deserves.

But if only one of Malipiero's works were to be preserved, the one which would deserve the distinction more than any other, is *Sette Canzoni*.

The *Sette Canzoni* are a work for the theatre, or at least for some kind of a stage, fairly short, and consisting of seven episodes, which take place while the seven songs are sung. With the exception of these songs, supported in some scenes by a chorus, the action is purely mimic. The seven scenic episodes dispense with the conventional recitative as well as with the acting by the singer. The actor sings a song which, without at all resembling the tendencies of the "verist" opera, would be sung by a real personage in similar circumstances.

There is no sort of link, except the musical connection, between these seven scenes; they are independent of each other and their actions are limited to themselves; but with a sure sense of balance and climax, Francesco Malipiero has distributed them and fastened them together by a symphonic part.

A blind man and two lovers; a sexton who sings a comic song while ringing the tocsin and a part of the town is on fire; a young girl praying at her dead mother's bedside, while her lover sings to her outside and, exasperated at receiving no reply, bursts into the room, only to find himself joining in the girl's prayer; such are the simple, direct scenes upon which Francesco Malipiero has constructed his music.

This work is, in my opinion, one of the masterpieces of the young musical generation of any country. One has to go back to *Boris Godounov* in order to find so impressive and simple a musical action and such novel and moving melodies. There is full life in this, without preference for realism, but life strong or graceful by turns, spiritual, sober and everywhere abundant without artificial effusion. The scene of the mad mother who awaits the return of her son and does not recognize him when he arrives, is of a musical quality as violently poignant as the strongest scenes in *Boris* or the most moving in *Pelléas*.

The *Sette Canzoni* have the supreme virtue of all great works:—harmonious simplicity. Never, at any moment, does the ingenuity of orchestration or the curious sonority detract from the humanity of the work. New in its scenic conception, new in its musical treatment, it appears to me to be the most complete realisation of Malipiero's artistic aims. There are in it all his qualities, his predilections, his inclinations, his sense of proportion.

A work like this defies analysis. One can only describe it outwardly; the essential content which is enfolded in the musical matter is so directly *musical* that it escapes the bounds of the literary vocabulary.

For the text of these songs, Francesco Malipiero has made use of some beautifully plastic and expressive old Italian words and he has rendered with perfect truth their minutest meaning.

This work is of a nature to show the problems of the lyrical stage in a new light. The scheme of these seven unconnected scenes is not, after all, more revolutionary than the scheme of 19th century opera, even that of Wagner. It is simply another step in the direction of the will to simplify things which guided Moussorgsky in *Boris*. What results could the continuance of this

new utilisation of the stage for lyrical purposes yield? It is impossible as yet to predict any development; but Malipiero has achieved what he aimed at. What reception will be accorded to this work when it is produced? I cannot imagine that it will fail to receive,—from those who like a work to possess the two virtues of artistic truth and novelty,—the warm reception which its original beauty deserves.

I am henceforth quite ready to subscribe wholeheartedly to the opinion expressed by M. Henry Prunières, who recently said the following of Malipiero: "I do not think that Europe holds to-day a more absolute, great and powerful musician than he", and of *Sette Canzoni*: "This is a work written for the stage on a new plan, aristocratic in form and popular in inspiration; a work full of life, imagination and strength, the creation of a genius who knows no law but that which he imposes upon himself."¹

It may be safely predicted that the name of Francesco Malipiero will be, in a few years, one of those most familiar with lovers of really original music; and it is to be hoped, since he has not yet attained to his fortieth year, that he will give us many other works. But several of those already written by him would suffice to keep his name alive beyond the memory of our generation.

The three composers I have just dealt with would sufficiently prove that the young Italian School includes a variety of powerful figures. But, interesting as these three personalities are, they are not the only ones worthy of attention and modern Italy is almost as rich in number and in quality as the contemporary French School.

Among the other representatives of all that is best in Italian musical art, Vincenzo Tommasini, born at Rome in 1880, must be mentioned. Although he studied composition with Max Bruch in Berlin and the violin with Joachim, he also recollects having worked at composition with Falchi in Rome. and above all, he has obeyed his own refined, prudent and attentive nature. To the stage he has contributed his delightful comedy in one act, *Ugual Fortuna*, to chamber music a string quartet which is one of the best examples of modern Italian chamber works, to orchestral music his two *Nocturnes*, which have been heard, not only in Europe, but in the United States. He is, moreover, an enlightened critic and has written, among numerous essays, the first one that appeared on Claude Debussy in Italy, at least twelve years ago.

Vincenzo Tommasini proved his knowledge and perfect taste for old Italian music when he wrote the charming Ballet

¹Monde Musical (Paris), March, 1919

The Good Humoured Ladies based on sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti, which remains one of the most brilliant achievements of the Russian Ballet. The manner in which Tommasini has orchestrated and grouped together these pieces fully justifies this adaptation of piano music to the stage, an experiment which is but rarely crowned with success. He has succeeded in making the music of Scarlatti dear to many who did not know it before, and to strengthen the conviction of those who, like ourselves, have always considered this composer as one of the most important musical personalities of all times.

Ottorino Respighi born on July 9th 1879, at Bologna, is the author of a violin and piano sonata, a number of songs, a symphonic poem *Fontane di Roma* performed frequently in Italy and heard also in London, at Queen's Hall. He is one of the rare Italian musicians who have been directly taught by Russian composers, and he became, in fact,—after having studied with Torchi and Martucci at Bologna,—the pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov in Petrograd. At present he is the principal of the Royal Academy of Santa Cecilia in Rome. Other works from his pen are a lyric poem *Il Tramonto* for voice and string quartet and several operas including *Re Enzo* and *Semirama*. The latter, performed at Bologna, contains a symphonic "divertimento," the *Dance of Aurora*, which has been repeatedly performed at concerts, including one of the "Matinées Nationales" at the Sorbonne.

Another composer of the same generation, Carlo Perinello, born at Trieste in 1875, must be mentioned. Much attached at first to German musical traditions, he has entirely changed his manner of late, all to the good of his personality, and he has shown himself as a powerful musician, especially in his chamber music, and more particularly in a string quartet and in three songs on words by Palazzeschi. He is at present professor of harmony at the Milan Conservatoire.

Gino Marinuzzi, author of a *Sicilian Suite* for orchestra and a symphonic poem *Sicania*, represents Sicily in this movement of renaissance. He was born at Palermo on March 2d 1882. There are also two operas, *La Jacquerie* and *Barberina* to his credit, Giuseppe Ferranti, born at Plaisance in 1889 and who studied composition with Gatti in Milan, is the author of several valuable works, among others a string quartet, a piano sonata and an overture for orchestra. Giannotti Bastianelli, born at San Domenico da Fiesole in 1885, who devoted himself to literature at first, has published several volumes of excellent criticism and wrote a string quartet and a symphonic poem. Vincenzo Davico, born at

Monaco in 1889, studied partly at Turin and partly at Leipzig with Max Reger, and has composed several chamber and symphonic works.

An essay on contemporary Italian music must include yet another two young composers, the youngest of the group, though neither the least attractive or the least personal. Victor de Sabata and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco.

Victor de Sabata, whose work has been interrupted by illness these last few years has been the only musician of our time, I think, to give to the world a symphonic work of real value at the age of seventeen. Apart from that symphony, he has written some piano pieces and an opera *Il Macigno*. It is difficult to say at present, whether these youthful promises will be followed by other fulfilments, but this is at any rate to be hoped.

Mario Castelnuovo, who is no older, occupies a still more important place by the quality and novelty of his works. He was born on April 3rd 1896 at Florence, where he became a pupil of Ildebrando Pizzetti, none of whose essential characteristics, however, he appears to reproduce.

The originality of Mario Castelnuovo is incontestable. He is one of the very rare young Italians who have escaped the influence of Claude Debussy, a fact which alone would serve to stamp him as an exceptional figure. Debussy's influence, in fact, has been considerable and on the whole generally salutary with the Italian generation who began to compose towards the beginning of the present century; but the attraction of this admirable French genius should not become a fetish for composers who have something of their own to say.

In his very first work, *Cielo di Settembre*, which dates from 1910, i. e., from a time when Mario Castelnuovo was but fifteen, and ever since, the expression of this composer cannot really be said to follow the traces of any particular master; if it is true that there are vestiges of various influences, it is equally true that none of them predominate tyrannically, as is usually the case with the first works of a musician.

Ildebrando Pizzetti has in no wise tried to impose his own views upon the young man, whose first essays he guided. He has communicated to him an artistic conviction which was already deeply rooted in his own nature. He instilled into him, further, as it would appear, the virtue of expressing in the simplest possible manner his emotions and impressions. But while the work of Pizzetti always preserves an almost classical gravity, the nature of Castelnuovo induces him to condense still more the simplicity

of his master. His nervous temperament makes him attempt to express his thought in a few strokes, and he has more than once been extraordinarily successful in this attempt.

The best proof of this is found in his two piano pieces, *Il raggio verde* and *Lucertolina*; the latter, still unpublished, is to form part of a little series of "Natural Histories." *Il raggio verde*, inspired by the Tuscan legend according to which the setting sun, at the moment of its extinction, throws out a green ray which is said to be the exhalation of the astral essence, is one of the most delightful pages of modern piano music and one of the most personal, as regards not only the writing, but the feeling behind it. It is one of the works wherein the achievements of impressionism are happily blended with an emotion such as a musician of the romantic period might have felt, and this mixture of two diametrically opposed tendencies gives this short but intrinsically important work a peculiar quality.

However engaging *Il raggio verde* may be, it is still surpassed by the two sets of *Liriche brevi* which Castelnovo has just published, both of which, *Stelle cadenti* and *Coplas*, date from 1915. They are, in a sort of way, counterparts, *Coplas* being composed on Spanish texts, while Italian words form the basis of *Stelle cadenti*. But in both sets Castelnovo has endeavoured to combine the most popular, traditional and intimately national expression with the most refined resources of modern musical technique.

The Spanish texts of *Coplas* are little poems of two or three lines wherein popular fantasy, irony or emotion has condensed a remark, a stroke, or a desire. These words alone are delicious, like this for instance:—

Señor Alcalde Mayor, who chastisest the thieves, do not chastise thy daughter (the beloved of my heart) though she steal hearts,

Or this:—

Why are they throwing you into prison? Oh, Sir, for nothing at all; because I have stolen a rope (by your leave Señor Alcalde), because I have stolen a rope. with four pairs of mules,

Or this one:—

When the judge asked me how I manage to live, I replied "By stealing" (This is the truth). I replied "By stealing, just as you do."

Or this delightfully, gracefully, ironic one:—

As the rose-tree has a rose, as a carnation plant has a carnation, so a father has a daughter and one wonders why.

One can judge by these examples alone how these words lend themselves to variegated expression and what a number of after-thoughts they contain. Mario Castelnuovo has not been content to resort merely to the conventional Spanish rhythms for their colouring; he really grasped the Spanish soul and found that mixture of ardour and reticence, that quality of silence and cold humour, not generally recognized and which gives Spain that dramatic faculty which is unique among modern nations.

More even than *Stelle cadenti*, the *Coplas* are destined to keep the name of their young author alive. One is unable to analyse such short works and one cannot find any useless development; the appropriate setting of each of these texts is of a disconcerting congruity, and the dexterity with which the musician has conveyed, in the piano part, the right atmosphere, would be almost alarming, were it not that it is more than a question of mere dexterity and that both *Coplas* and *Stelle cadenti* are full of real emotion, of reassuring humanity, and that they are, so far from being only the ingenious pastime of a young intellect, the prudent expression of a sincere sensibility.

For the sake of completeness there remains to be mentioned the name of Francesco Ballila Pratella, who calls himself a futurist composer. Born at Lugo di Romagna in 1880, he was, in spite of his futurism, the pupil of the least revolutionary of Italian musicians, the composer of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Pietro Mascagni. Although Pratella left the Pesaro Conservatoire in 1903, it was not until 1910 that he began to show personal views in a manifesto concerning futurist music published in Milan, afterwards pursuing the aims of futurist principles by means of lectures throughout the peninsula and articles published in small magazines. Up to the present moment it is difficult to see what exactly these ideals consist of: his first work, *Futurist Music* for orchestra (*Hymn to Life*), performed in 1913, occasioned a protest in the artistic circles of Rome, though compared with the literary indignations of Marinetti it was but a straw fire.

As long as we have not heard the work which Pratella is writing now, *L'Aviatore Dro*, we shall be unable to estimate the application of futurist principles to the stage, and we are told to reserve judgment of futurist music. However, Pratella's *Trio* and *Romagna*, a cycle of five poems for orchestra on folk-songs of Romagna and Emilia, show a real knowledge of his craft, and although perhaps he does not deserve quite all the often excessively laudatory epithets dispensed by his friends or benevolent prospectuses, his works at any rate deserve study, if one wishes to

have a complete knowledge of the various tendencies which Italian music of to-day follows.

The abundance of names and works quoted is a sufficient proof of the present creative activity in Italy. Prophecies on this subject are fortuitous, but there is no doubt that the comparison of what Italy was ten years ago and what she is now, is all in favour of to-day.

Unlike what happened in France during the modern period, where young composers resolutely turned their backs upon the stage, only to revert to it casually, the young Italian musicians (with the only exception of Alfredo Casella), have tried and are still trying to abolish the antagonism between the theatrical and symphonic music. They obey therein a national inclination which it would probably be futile to reject. It would seem already that certain works, like Pizzetti's *Fedra* and *Debora* or Malipiero's *Setti Canzoni*, have succeeded in bringing back once more, in a new sort of way, real music to the stage. The twilight of the "verists" has set in and their disappearance is only a question of time. Although *La Bohème*, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Tosca* are still favourites, it is already the singers that appear in them rather than the works which are the main interest. In ten years nothing will remain of these works but gramophone records and the exhalations of barrel-organs. None of the works of Mascagni, of Leoncavallo, of Puccini even, contain a shred of the musicality of a Donizetti or a Verdi, slender as this often is; their works will suffer the fate of all sham creations, where sincerity of soul and humanity are sacrificed to shallow effects. And while these hastily built structures begin to crumble, one can once more see real artists reappear and grow, artists like, each in his own way, Monteverdi, Domenico Scarlatti, Bellini, or Rossini. In the new contact with their older works, the decadence of Italian music during the second half of the 19th century, will become still more apparent than it does to-day, and one will understand how much will-power and ardour was needed by those who set out to contend with this flood of mediocrities that threatened to ruin for ever, in the very land of its birth, true musical art.

Italy to-day possesses a considerable force which is fit to reconstruct her musical greatness; she has young composers full of erudition and warmth, pugnacious and discerning critics (in the front rank of whom I must name Guido M. Gatti, who, in Turin, looks out for all the most interesting and original aspects of European music and speaks of it with much wisdom); she possesses admirable orchestras like the one of the Augusteo, many

chamber music societies and even a public which, though still somewhat limited, grows from day to day.

The renown of the Italian School will probably have, during the forthcoming years, a less blatant display than it had at the end of last century, but it will certainly be of far greater depth. The disdain with which musicians, brought up on the classics and the Wagnerian drama, looked upon Italy only ten years ago, is no longer justified to-day. In the admirable, passionate rivalry, into which all the musical nations of Europe have taken their stand during the last thirty or forty years, Italy takes to-day a more than honourable place.

Those who are not content with discovering works only when they have become public property, and who enjoy the supreme satisfaction of new discoveries, will do well to turn to Italy, where the germs of beauty are becoming visible, and where many of them will blossom forth into splendour and swell the æsthetic treasures of the world.



Sophie Arnould
(From the portrait by Greuze)

SOPHIE ARNOULD

(1740-1803)

By FRANCIS ROGERS

ALTHOUGH most, if not actually all, of the great singers of the eighteenth century belonged to the Italian School, there were a few both born and trained in France, whose art was so admirable and striking as to assure them a well merited place among the immortals. Of these none is so worthy of remembrance and so completely typical of her country and her time as the fair and frail Sophie Arnould.

Madeleine Sophie Arnould was born in Paris. According to her own story, the year was 1744, and the exact place the very room in which Admiral Coligny had been assassinated on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. For many years Sophie was accepted as a reliable authority on these points, but later investigators, among whom Edmond de Goncourt (who wrote an entertaining biography of her), have discovered that in reality she was born in 1740, in the Rue Louis-le-Grand, only two or three minutes walk from the Théâtre Français.

Her parents were of the *bourgeois* class, but her mother possessed such unusual energy and intelligence as to win for her the admiration and friendship of some of the chief intellectual personages in France, including d'Alembert, Diderot and Voltaire. Sophie inherited her mother's excellent mental qualities and at the age of twelve was mistress of both Latin and Italian. She was taught also both dancing and singing and even as a very little girl pleased everybody with her singing. Voltaire wrote most approvingly of her delightful songs and of the graceful manner with which she bore herself at her first communion.

She received some instruction at an Ursuline Convent, but her talent and beauty early attracted the favorable attention of Madame de Pompadour, and when she was only sixteen the King made her a member of the opera. Nothing good can be said of the moral standards prevailing at the Paris Opera under Louis XV, but Sophie's parents were unable or indisposed to prevent their daughter from accepting so dangerous an appointment. As for the girl herself, she said quite frankly: "To enter the opera is to go to the devil—but what of it? It's my destiny."

She studied the music of her rôles with a Mlle. Tel; Mlle. Clairou, the famous tragedian, taught her how to play them. In 1757 she made her début in a *ballet divertissement* called "L'Amour des Dieux." In extant records of the performance we find mention of her vivacity and charm, also of a becoming lilac costume, but not a word about her voice or singing.

Probably even then, when she was still only a girl in her 'teens, her voice was the least striking of her many gifts. Fortunately for her, the French have always held "*l'art de bien dire*" and histrionic skill in much higher esteem than the possession of a beautiful voice. This preference rendered possible to her a brilliant career which in any other country would have been impossible. The voiceless singer is to be found in France only.

Of her own voice Sophie wrote: "It is rather agreeable in quality and, while it is not really resonant, I can by means of good diction make it carry even in the largest halls." This was probably the best that could be said of it; the worst was said by a critic who described it as "the best asthma he had ever heard."

Whatever the defects in her voice, for twenty years Sophie was the undisputed queen of the Paris Opera. She created all the new feminine rôles of importance and exerted a great influence on the conduct of the entire opera-house.

In an epoch of unblushing license she was notorious for her innumerable love affairs. De Goncourt calls her "*la seule courtisane de l'âge d'or des filles*." Every gallant in Paris paid court to her and a catalog of her victims would be quite as long as the famous list of Don Giovanni himself. Her most important affair of the heart was with a young nobleman, le Comte de Lauraguais, to whom she bore three children and with whom she maintained an enduring *liaison*.

She lived in the greatest luxury and by means of her extraordinary intelligence and personal charm gathered about her the most learned and witty men in Paris, the most brilliant city in the world. In her salon were to be met such world-famous men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Benjamin Franklin, Beaumarchais, Diderot and Helvetius, in addition to many a lesser light in literature and science. Women with reputations to worry about might and did avoid her company, but the other sex unanimously condoned the irregularity of her life for the sake of her stimulating conversation and ready tongue.

This tongue of hers was far-famed for its wit, or, as we should put it now, for its sharpness. French authors still repeat admiringly her brilliant retorts and characterizations, which, while they

are entirely devoid of what we call humor, were as penetrating and clean-cut as the thrust of a rapier. Two instances of this wit will serve our purpose here. Once, when a stupid beauty was complaining of the importunities of her lovers, Arnould said to her, "Why, if you really wish to be rid of them, you have only to open your mouth and speak." Again: she met a physician, who, in making his round of professional visits, had with him his gun on the chance of being able to pot a rabbit by the way. Arnould stopped him and remarked, "You are sure of bagging your patients one way or the other, aren't you, Doctor?"

Such as she was, she was exactly to the taste of the Parisians, who admired, petted and spoiled her without stint. Nearly voiceless, as she probably was, her operatic impersonations were enthusiastically extolled. Her dramatic gifts must have been of a very high order, for David Garrick said she was the only French *tragédienne* who spoke both to his eyes and to his heart, and Gluck declared that without the potency of her declamation his *Iphigénie* would not have been accepted in France.

Her early successes were achieved in French operas that now have been relegated to the limbo of almost complete oblivion. Among these, she was especially admired in Rameau's "Castor et Pollux" (recently revived at the Paris Opera). She reached the zenith of her career in Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide" (1774), "Orphée" (1774) (in which she sang the part of Euridice) and "Alceste" (1776).

The close of her career as a singer came unusually early. For twenty years she had been a hard-working singer, but she was still really young and by right should have been in active service for another ten years, but, unfortunately, an imperfect vocal technique, combined with careless habits of life, had already grievously impaired the freshness of her never-too-beautiful voice. In addition, too much success had made her careless of public opinion. In 1769 she had dared to treat with disrespect the all-powerful Du Barry herself, who in revenge had persuaded the King to exclude her from the opera. But the opera could not get along without her at that time and she was soon recalled, her position seemingly more secure than ever.

As time went on her enemies grew stronger and stronger, and finally in 1777, persuaded Gluck to allot the creation of the title rôle in "Armide" to Rosalie Levasseur, a young artist whose career was destined to be almost as brilliant and quite as scandalous as Arnould's. The affront was too heinous for the hitherto unrivalled prima donna to accept, and she immediately resigned

altogether from the opera. Her retirement was practically the end of her career as a public singer, for although she sang occasionally at court as late as 1788, she never again appeared in opera.

Her resignation on the operatic stage caused a great commotion in the musical world, because a considerable portion of the public still held that she was incomparable. A paragraph written at the time by an admirer throws an interesting light not only on her methods, but also on the perennial question of the relative duties of composer and singer. This anonymous writer says:

What sort of music is it in which Arnould is no longer first actress, where Mr. Legros [a tenor] loses all the charm of his lovely voice because he is granted neither cadence nor long-sustained tones; where recitative is as simple as speech. When Mr. Gluck takes the trouble not only to prescribe the inflexions of the voice, but also the duration of the notes and the movement of the music, is it not clear that the actress has nothing more to do? The reason for Arnould's failure in Gluck's operas is that she is too good an actress; because she is not free to lengthen or shorten her notes at will—in response to sentiment or physical condition. Subjected to the tyranny of the written measure, she becomes merely a figurant and her talent is superfluous.

Although Arnould's artistic career had come to an end, her celebrity as a courtesan was in no way impaired. She was still lovely to look upon, always exquisitely dressed, witty and sympathetic. In addition to her pension from the opera, she received from unnamed sources an income sufficient to support her luxuriously. She lived in elegant apartments in the Palais Royal, where every Tuesday evening her salon was the rendezvous for the finest minds in France.

In 1778 when Voltaire returned to Paris after his long exile, one of his very first visits was to Sophie, whom he had known and been fond of ever since her childhood.

Her attitude towards life was characteristic of most women of her type: the past gone, seize to-day; as to the future, who knows whether there will be one? She never gave a regretful thought to the follies of her youth. When Voltaire on his last visit said to her, "I am eighty-four and I have done at least eighty-four foolish things," Arnould replied cheerfully, "I am not yet forty and I have committed a thousand." In the philosophy of her old age she used to say of her youth, "*C'était le bon temps et comme j'étais malheureuse!*" (Those were the days, and yet how unhappy I was!).

As her years increased, her sources of income naturally began to dry up, although even so late as the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 she still had about her a circle of men who assembled

regularly in her salon to discuss the burning issues of the day. Another year or two and her affairs, like those of so many others, went completely to ruin in the national eruption.

For a time she withdrew from Paris and did not return till after the Terror. Her letters written during this period, despite their admirable courage and humor, show how hard put to it she was to find the wherewithal to support herself and her children. Finally, Fouché, Napoleon's Minister of Police, who had known and admired her in her happier years, secured for her a small pension, with which she established herself decently in a small apartment. That old age had not deprived her of all her early charm is attested by the fact that once again she was able to gather about her a circle of intelligent friends who took pleasure in her conversation.

Thus, humbly, but with admirable dignity and spirit, she, the embodiment of the witty, pleasure-loving and licentious epoch of Louis XV, survived into the consulship of the upstart man of action, Napoleon.

Death claimed her in 1803. As she lay dying she murmured to the priest who was administering the last rites, "I am like Mary Magdalen: much will be pardoned to me because I have loved much."

THE CHIMERA OF TRADITION

By CONSTANTIN VON STERNBERG

The dictionaries give the following definitions of "tradition":

- (1) The transmission of knowledge, opinions, doctrines, etc., originally by word of mouth, but now embodied in literature———.
- (2) beliefs and usages handed down from generation to generation———.
- (3) customs so long continued as to have almost acquired the force of law———.

THESE definitions, as such, are probably unassailable; but as they contain no hint in regard to the ethical value of tradition it may be permissible to investigate whether this time honored and much revered principle is still entitled to the pious veneration which less enlightened times—long past—were perhaps justified in according to it as to a safe Ariadne thread in the labyrinthic paths of life.

The highest ground from which tradition may be viewed is that of moral precepts which are transmitted through many generations in certain families, tribes and nations. Yet, a person's unquestioning obedience to such precepts for no better reason than that they are "traditional" proves neither that person's morality nor his virtue but only his indolent habit of following a course, not self selected, but prescribed by others that are no longer living and formulated under conditions which may no longer exist. For, moral ideas change not only with geographical localities but also with the times; even the *meum et tuum* has become somewhat unstable under the reign of trusts, profiteers and other, less disguised, bolshevisms. Hence, on the score of moral precepts the value of tradition varies with locality and time; its worth is, therefore, limited to conditions. Science recognizes no tradition; it never accepts inherited theories unless renewed tests have proven them true. In politics and in military tactics tradition is the rallying cry of those who screen their unreasoning opposition to progress with the euphemism of being "conservative." Recent world events have shown traditional forms of government and of military tactics to vanish, so to speak, over night, as soon as certain peoples were forced to face the question squarely whether these forms were still or no longer viable.

Illustrations like the foregoing—to which innumerable others could be added—are not arguments, of course; but examination will show them to rest upon one and the same basic principle namely: that *ideas* of a general nature cannot become traditional unless they have prevailed long enough in one generation to penetrate, and become fixed in the minds of those whom with fulsome flattery we typify as “the average man”—which, of course, he never is. By the time when this overestimated type of man has actually grasped an abstract idea it is likely to become a tradition, but it has also turned into a commonplace, a conventionality and it is then almost impossible to differentiate between convention and tradition; they are then the closest approach to a synonym.

In *rebus artium* it should be superfluous to argue against tradition were it not that the orthodox type of artist—usually the less capable the more orthodox—is still so numerous. They serenely ignore the circumstance that every poet, painter, sculptor, architect, composer and interpreter to whom the world conceded greatness was in a considerable measure a “tradition wrecker.” Even the silent *reading* of poetry—not to speak of reciting it—opens on this premise a vista of so prodigious a range as we can measure only with the help of at least a partial understanding of the mysterious workings of genius.

Any one who has read the *Odyssee* at the age of sixteen and reads it again at forty will no doubt admit to himself that at sixteen he was interested solely in the wonderful “story” while the symbolism, the deep “human” element, the unexcelled character delineation of Odysseus, Penelope, Nausikaa, Circe, Polyphemos, etc., did not come to his attention in the least. At forty he reads with different eyes and wonders how all this could have escaped him at sixteen. This growth of appreciation an individual experiences with the progression of years is, on a larger scale of time, entirely analogous to that of succeeding generations. Homer’s contemporaries have in all probability enjoyed only what pleased us at sixteen: the “story.” What was back of it; that for which the story was but a pleasing vehicle—to discover all that, was reserved for posterity and if some skeptic should ask whether Homer really thought of all the things we read now out of the *Odyssee*, we could reply only by saying that “Genius always built better than he knew.” We could say this safely because we have learned that the function of words is not limited to the uttering of conscious thought; that words, when grouped by genius, have also the power to express, *implicite*, subconscious meanings. The

"words" of the *Odyssey*—or, for that matter, of *Hamlet* or *Faust*—have not changed since they were written, but our sense of the intangible essence of language has grown more keen and has enabled us to read "between the lines" those deeper meanings which the words but veiledly intimated. Tradition, armed with the dignity of grammar, syntax and age, may flatly deny the existence of these deeper meanings, but are we not the richer by them?

In music it is precisely the same. Whether Bach or Beethoven were clearly conscious of the psychic processes reflected in their works, no one can say, except by—rather debatable—inference from biographical literature. They must, however, have *felt* what they expressed and it does really not matter whether their feelings have or have not reached their consciousness. While the postulate (I forgot who made it) that "genius creates unconsciously" is perhaps a little sweeping, yet, it cannot be doubted that during the *furor creans* genius is entirely under the irresistible sway of a *subconscious* impulse; it is only the working out, the elaboration, the technical-clerical part of the work that is done consciously and, alas, not always in complete justice to the primary, subconscious impulse.

Now, to penetrate a great master's work of art to its ultimate psychic meaning needs time, much time, usually more time than his contemporaries can hope to live. They can, therefore, not be in fairness expected to have followed the master into the depths of his soul, or only a short part of the way, however great and sincere their admiration and devotion may have been. The works of Beethoven, for instance, illustrate this very strikingly. After his death several "editions" were made by men who had known him well, personally, and being respected musicians to boot, their revisions were regarded as authoritative until new editions were made several generations later which showed rather plainly how very much his contemporaries, who made the earlier editions, failed to perceive, although they had the "personal tradition." But then—what was this tradition? Was Beethoven enough of a pianist to do full justice to his "*Waldstein*" or "*Appassionata*"? He was no doubt a good pianist, as pianists were rated before the advent of Liszt and Rubinstein (not to mention Josef Hofmann); but who, that has heard these men play Beethoven, will deny that he listened to a greater Beethoven than any of their predecessors could have presented? And this includes the master himself whose technic, when he wrote the "last five," was surely not equal to them. And—what about his piano? His "*Broadwood*"

was no doubt a fine instrument at a time when the sonority, the delicately responsive action, the very compass of a Steinway or Erard had not been dreamed of; but be it said with all due respect to the "Streicher" and "Broadwood" of Beethoven, if we could hear—say—the stormy last movement of the so-called "Moonlight Sonata" played on either of them, we should undoubtedly call it *cute* or may be *quaint*—. Yet, there are "artists" who actually wish to have the imperfections of those instruments, "for which the Sonatas were written," reproduced in order to be quite "true to tradition." The performing of Händel's music "as he wrote it" has been repeatedly attempted in England; but these presentations to modern, esthetically refined ears proved not only utter failures but were foolish to boot because Händel, himself, did not have his music played as he wrote it, for he always completed his scores by an accompaniment *ex improviso* on the organ or on the harpsichord and—not being a machine—he never did it twice exactly alike. Since there were in those days no graphophones to record his accompaniments there can be no exact "tradition;" posterity had, therefore, to rely upon its own judgment. Archeology has simply no place in the interpreting arts and the attempts to introduce it there look very much like trying to "set back the hands on the dial of time."

Critics, when praising an interpreting artist's performance, are fond of saying that he played "in the spirit of Beethoven" (or Bach, Händel, etc.) but—let us put our hand upon our heart and ask ourselves honestly—what do, what can we know of the spirit of Beethoven? Nothing but what the silent symbols upon the cold, staffed pages *suggest*—not *reveal*—to our mind! In connection with this it should not be overlooked that musical symbols have, outside of the merely technical, not nearly the definiteness of language symbols; but, despite the latter's greater preciseness of expression, the controversies about the psychology of Hamlet are still going on. (Poor, dear tradition!) Now, if Shakespeare could not put down his meaning with unmistakable exactness in plain English—and in such unmatched English as he commanded—how can we look for definiteness in musical script? There is good ground for the suspicion that all the talk about "the spirit" of the masters of the past, when not idle word mongering or gush (as it mostly is), amounts to no more than pedantic worship of a tradition which—ludicrously enough—did not come to the worshippers from the days when those masters were living, but merely from the time when this or that particular pedant was young; at which time he piously accepted as a true tradition what had

already changed a number of times. And rightly so, because the world is neither interested in a master's trifling imperfections due to paucity of executive media, nor in his concessions to the taste of his time for over-decoration by mordents, turns and kindred gewgaws, as in the case of Bach; not in the transient, but solely in the *permanent* thought-values of his works.

In the interpretative arts tradition can, therefore, have neither value nor even existence; it is not transmittable by script or print and as to "oral" tradition, any good lawyer will confirm that no two eye-witnesses ever describe the same event alike; in fact, when they do so, they are at once suspected of collusion. The perceptive power of our senses is fallible, alas! Those who claim that their particular tradition has been kept intact through a number of generations are—if honest in their belief—the victims of a fond superstition. Their slogan is: "when I go to hear the fifth Symphony I want to hear Beethoven, not Mr. A, B or C's personality." This sounds well enough and is usually said with an unnecessarily loud chest voice; but the question still remains open whether we can or cannot dispense with the personality of an interpreting artist. Is not art *un coin de nature vu à travers une personnalité* as Zola so felicitously said?

While speaking of personality it might not be out of place to ask why we go to a theater to see Hamlet? If we have never read the play before, we cannot expect to get more out of the performance than the somewhat slowly moving "story" and if we did read it before—and who has ever stopped after one reading of it?—then we know not only the play, as such, but we have also absorbed its philosophical and psychological bearing, according to our lights. Why, then, do we nevertheless go to see a stage performance of it? Are we prompted by the plebeian curiosity to find out whether Mr. A, B or C has properly memorized his lines and accompanied his recitation with the traditional gestures, dressed in the traditional costume? Is it not rather from the nobler motive of seeking mental stimulation by enquiring how Hamlet was mirrored in the brain of a great or at least well accredited actor? To hear our conception confirmed or to hear still deeper meanings revealed?

Just so, in the same spirit, do we (or should we) go to a recital or concert: not to assure ourselves of the adequacy of Mr. A's or Miss B's technic; not to hear their "professor's" superannuated conception aped, but to be interested by, and in, the player's own notions and ideas of the spiritual content of the composition he represents and if he adhere too closely to what may pass for

"tradition" we call it "academic" and wish we could in some unobserved manner slip out of the hall after the first movement.

There is no way of guessing at the "spirit" of a great master, say: Beethoven, except by studying his works earnestly and lovingly. What they tell us, individually, is what the master may have meant. With every thought of Beethoven that enters into our life we learn to perceive new shades of feeling; we fathom new depths; we gain new perspectives of life. With every additional work of his that we study we notice more and more the emotional advance over his predecessors; we marvel ever more over the manner in which, with simple means, he vitalized, spiritualized his motives and themes: the steadily growing expansion of his "forms" forces itself upon our attention and his Symphonies and Sonatas convince us through his powerful, unerring artistic logic. If a loving study of his works fails to reveal these things to us—tradition is absolutely certain to close our mind to them for ever and aye.

After all, a composition, a child of the brain, is in one respect very much like a flesh-and-blood child. So long as it is kept at home: so long as the manuscript stays in the author's desk it is, like the other child, subject to parental care and authority; but when it goes into the wide world on the express train of copper plate and printer's ink it has, so to speak, to earn its living: it has to have more in its inwardness than the world can drain in a few hearings and upon this store depends its career. Some of these brain children—let us drop the metaphor and call them works of art—become popular in the best sense but only in the generation of their birth; the very next one has no longer any interest in them. Others, however, are of stronger fibre; while they were admired by the light of candles and oil lamps, gas light made visible much that was not seen before and electric light revealed depths that astonished the world. And now "tradition," with periwig and buckled shoes, trips in, shakes its bony finger at us and tries to forbid us to see and hear more in those works than our forefathers did by candle light.

There are, of course, innumerable cases where electric light discloses the sad fact that our forefathers were deceived in an art work by a mere external sort of milk-and-blood doll face prettiness and by a specious intellectuality. Such works may nevertheless have had some slight merit—think of Steibelt, Thalberg, Herz, and a thousand others of that type—; they may even have had a trifling little message to deliver, but only for a few years; when these were past—they died! Their little life was spent and

any attempt at re-animation was a mere galvanizing experiment. The sturdier kind of art creations live on because they *grow* under the light of a new *Zeitgeist*: they do not lose by a new interpretation, they gain by it. It is thus that they prove their lasting vitality: thus that they unfold to coming generations what the past has failed to see in them: thus and thus alone, that they establish and maintain their claim to be regarded as "master-works."

Does this mean that such master works shall henceforth be the defenseless prey of every impious meddler? By no means! The gauntlet is here not thrown down to defend keyboard hussars, violin dandies and baton primadonnas, but to combat tradition. *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi!* The artist that ventures to brush aside tradition and to put in its place his own conception must first prove that he does not rank with the *bovi*; he must have settled the *Jovi* quality in himself! Having demonstrated his artistic right to a conception of his own, however, he need not trouble his conscience about tradition. For, tradition is, at the best, a mausoleum; it preserves bones, not spirit.

MUSICAL LANDMARKS IN NEW YORK

By CÉSAR SAERCHINGER

THE great war has stopped, or at least interrupted, the annual exodus of American music students and pilgrims to the shrines of the muse. What years of agitation on the part of America's first boosters—agitation to keep our students at home and to earn recognition for our great cities as real centers of musical culture—have not succeeded in doing, this world catastrophe has brought about at a stroke, giving an extreme illustration of the proverb concerning the ill wind. Thus New York, for instance, has become a great musical center—one might even say *the* musical center of the world—for a majority of the world's greatest artists and teachers. Even a goodly proportion of its most eminent composers are gathered within its confines. America as a whole has correspondingly advanced in rank among musical nations. Never before has native art received such serious attention. Our opera houses produce works by Americans as a matter of course; our concert artists find it popular to include American compositions on their programs; our publishing houses publish new works by Americans as well as by foreigners who before the war would not have thought of choosing an American publisher. In a word, America has taken the lead in musical activity.

What, then, is lacking? That we are going to retain this supremacy now that peace has come is not likely. But may we not look forward at least to taking our place beside the other great nations of the world, instead of relapsing into the status of a colony paying tribute to the mother country? Can not New York and Boston and Chicago become capitals in the empire of art instead of mere outposts? I am afraid that many of our students and musicians, for four years compelled to "make the best of it" in New York, are already looking eastward, preparing to set sail for Europe, in search of knowledge, inspiration and—*atmosphere*.

Atmosphere! That is the mysterious thing which every one concedes to be an indispensable requisite for artistic endeavor. But what is "atmosphere?" Is it a mysterious ether floating in the air of Paris or Vienna or Milan? Is it the reverberation of the

Bohemian life so beloved of the budding artist? No; it is a psychological state created out of the association of ideas; it is the spell of history, tradition and legend, cast over the mind as we wander in places hallowed by the memory of the great ones who wandered before us; it is the shadow of a romantic past, the echo of the receding tread of events that have staked out for us the heritage of the human spirit.

Have we no such traditions, no such events in our history, the memory of which could create an atmosphere about our own cities? Have we no landmarks of musical history that might conjure up thoughts of reverence and affection for our own past generations? Or have we merely neglected to seek them out, satisfied that our country is "too young?"

Too young! We were a nation when Beethoven was a child, when Haydn and Mozart were creating their masterworks. Some of our countrymen trace their American ancestry back to the days before Bach and Handel—to the very beginning of music as we understand it. And, what is more, we have evidence that the Americans of that time were quite aware of their great contemporaries, that they heard the music, of Handel at any rate—when it was a novelty!

Too young! Let us not forget that the first of our own composers was born nearly two hundred years ago,¹ that the first American composer whose works have survived to this day was born in 1792, twenty-two years after Beethoven,² and that by the middle of the nineteenth century at least one native American had won the plaudits of Europe as pianist and composer.³ And finally, that our foremost composer, dead these eleven years, ranks everywhere with the world's great romantic lyricists.

Where is MacDowell's monument? Will any one say that he is less worthy of one than Saint-Saëns, still alive? New York, his birthplace, has not done the slightest thing to commemorate that fact. Paris has its rue Bizet and its rue Berlioz, Bayreuth its Wagnerstrasse; every little town of Europe recalls the names of its famous sons in the names of streets, squares or parks. In New York the only memorials to musicians that I have been able to discover are a bust of Beethoven and a statue of Verdi. Not as much as a bronze tablet to mark the place of MacDowell's birth or of Foster's death.

I am sure this will change. It must change if we are to mobilize our potential "atmosphere" to some purpose. But as a

¹Francis Hopkinson, born 1737.

²Louis Moreau Gottschalk, born 1829.

³Lowell Mason.

preliminary we must awake to the consciousness of the traditions which we have. I shall endeavor, within the limits of this article, to make a modest beginning in retracing the footsteps of musical history in our largest city.

I

TRACES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MUSIC

Musical life in New York, from all indications, had its beginning in the very earliest days of the colony. The colonists, in fact, both Dutch and English brought their music with them from Europe. But this was so much a part of the intimate social life of the settlers that all details concerning it are left to conjecture. That music-making had become a public function by the beginning of the eighteenth century is more than likely, for almost the earliest newspapers that have been preserved, contain references to concerts. Whatever they may have been like we do not know, except that there were "a great number of ladies," an indispensable feature of excellence to this day.

In looking for traces of this eighteenth-century music in terms of brick and mortar we shall find little or nothing, but it is quite possible to fix the sites of some of the first American concerts or "consorts," of which Mr. Sonneck has found the records. Thus the very first one to be definitely announced in the newspapers of that day,¹ "for the Benefit of Mr. Pachelbell, the Harpsichord part performed by himself," took place on January 21, 1736, in "the house of Robert Todd, the vintner." This was on Broad Street, next door to Fraunces' Tavern at the corner of Pearl, familiar to every New Yorker as one of the few remaining landmarks of colonial days. No criticism of that concert has come down to us, for critics no doubt were scarce in those vernal days of music. So we do not know how the "private Hands" in charge of the "Songs, Violins and German Flutes" acquitted themselves, but that they could not have done so badly is indicated by the fact that on March 9th, the concert was repeated, tickets being advertised at four shillings each.

Subsequent concerts occurred in the same place, and some no doubt in the historic tavern next door. In those days one Holt was the landlord of Fraunces', and "Holt's Long Room" was the scene of many a theatrical and musical entertainment. By 1760, two musicians, Dienval and Hulett, had the hardihood to announce a series of subscription concerts in the *New York Gazette*, and these

¹*New York Gazette*, Jan. 6-13, 1736.

took place in the building which is the real ancestor of New York's concert halls—the City Tavern.

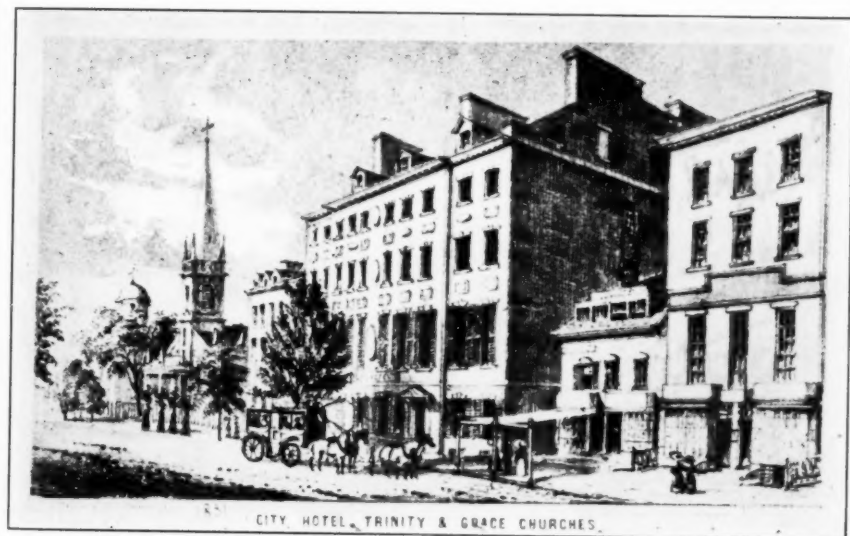
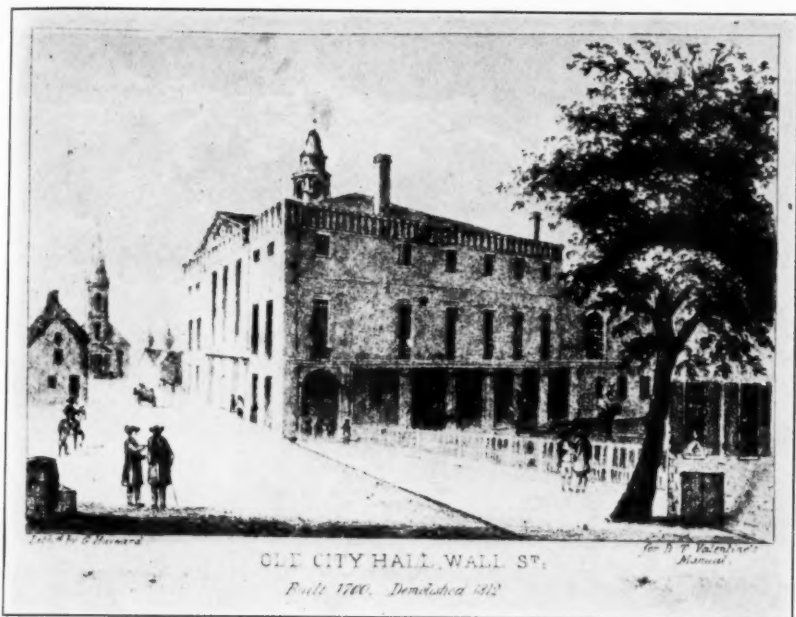
THE CITY TAVERN

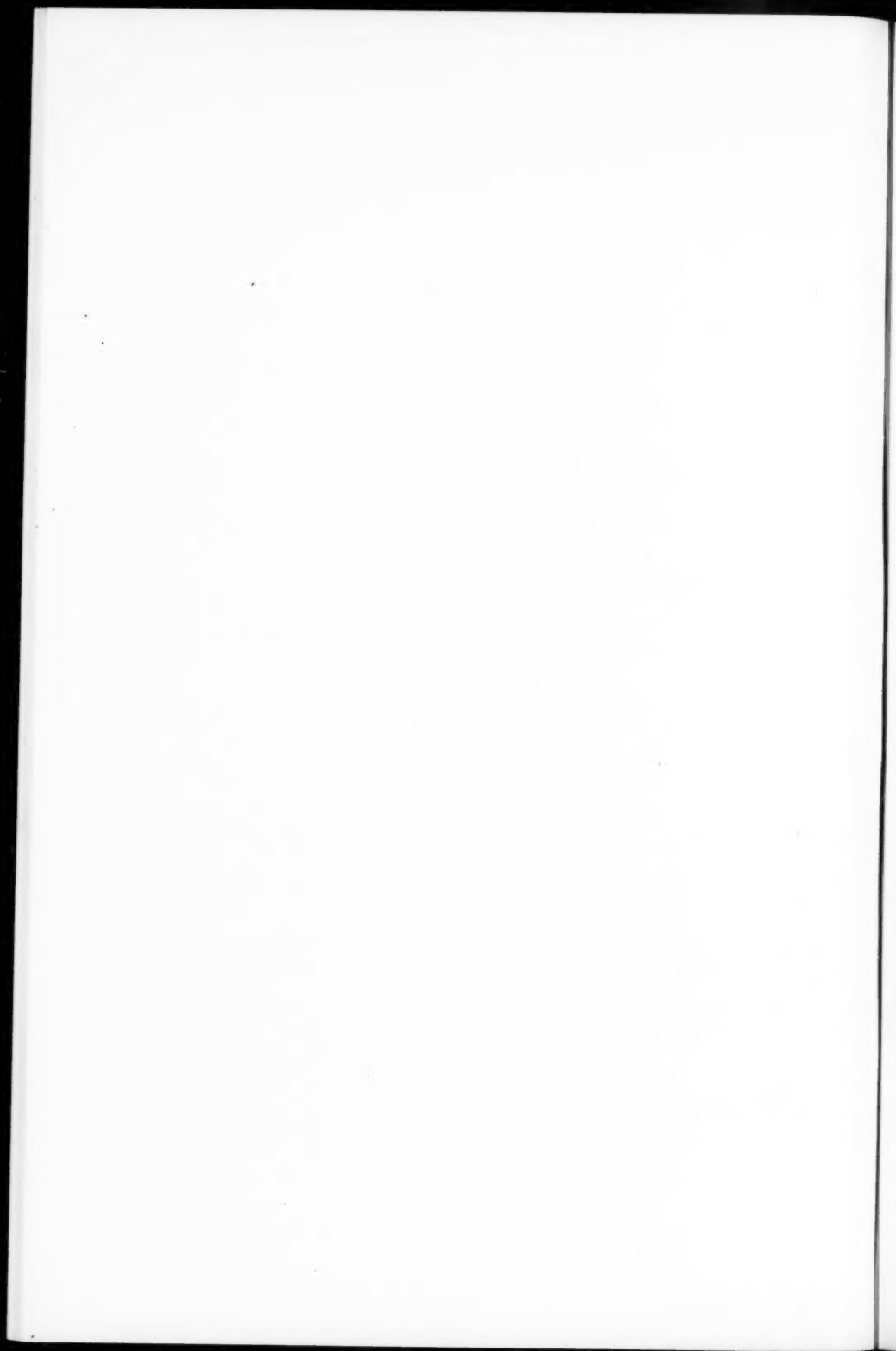
The City Tavern stood for over a hundred years at the northern corner of Broadway and Thames Street, on the site now occupied by the Trinity and United States Realty buildings. The original hostelry, erected in 1730, was known successively as the Province Arms, the New York Arms, Bolton's Tavern, State Arms, and City Tavern. Its successor became the City Hotel, or Tontine Hotel, being built by the Tontine Association, the fashionable club of the period. Here the musical life of the city was centered for several generations; here the first subscription concerts of which there is any record in New York were held; here the concerts of such early societies as the Harmonic, the St. Cecilia, and the Philharmonic (not the present one) took place. The Columbian Anacreontic Society gave its annual "Ladies' Concert" here, "in a style of superior elegance,"¹ and as late as 1826 the Euterpean Society held its annual concert and supper at the New York Hotel, with the co-operation of its Amateur Orchestra. Not until after 1847 did this venerable cradle of art give way to the encroachments of commerce: at last it was torn down and a business building erected in its stead.

When the musical history of the City Tavern began, with Messrs. Dienval and Hulett soliciting the "patronage of the gentlemen of the town" for their concerts, the tavern was under the management of one Willett, and the "Long Room" in which the concerts were given was spoken of as Willett's Assembly Room. In 1765 George Burns, a famous inn-keeper of early New York, succeeded Willett, and concerts were resumed by Hulett.² On this occasion of his second concert, October 5th, 1765, Hulett announced that the first violin would be played "by a gentleman lately arrived" (presumably from Europe) and "a solo by the same hand"—showing that in our reverence for European importations we have not changed much since that early day. However, the other instruments were taken by "the gentlemen of

¹*New York Evening Post*, 1802.

²In the interim, however, Dienval, Hulett's erstwhile partner, had given a series of subscription concerts in conjunction with a Mr. Leonard, at "Mr. Burns' Room near the Battery," by which was meant the King's Tavern, situated at Whitehall Slip (then connecting Whitehall Street with State Street near the Battery). With Burns's taking possession, the City Tavern again became the musical center of the city, and it is not unlikely that this old innkeeper was a real patron of music, as hotel-keepers have been, before and since.





the town"—an indication both of the nature of the concerts and the state of musical culture in the city.

The musical activities of the tavern seem to have languished under the next landlord, Bolton (1770-72), but under Hull (1772-76), Hulett's subscription concerts were revived on December 3rd, 1773. His successor, Hicks, was promptly turned out by General Pattison during the British occupation, and under its Royalist host, Roubalet, the Province Arms (as it was then called), became the center of the city's gay life. In 1782 we still find reference to the "subscription concerts at Roubalet's." Details concerning the nature of all these concerts, and some of their programs, are given by Mr. Sonneck in his authoritative study of the subject.¹ After peace was declared the tavern became the State Arms, of course, but its hall was more often referred to simply as "the assembly rooms," probably because of the fact that the Assembly Balls, the most fashionable social event of the time, were held there.² Under Joseph Corré, another famous host, the New York Subscription Concert, founded by William Brown in 1785, was revived at the tavern under the direction of Alexander Reinagle, a very popular musician of the time. When Joseph Corré relinquished his tenancy of the tavern in 1790 and started his own hostelry near the Battery, the New York Subscription Concert had its headquarters there, but the City Tavern soon regained its distinction as the city's real center of music.

In 1793 the Tavern, still owned by the son of its builder, Lieutenant-Governor James DeLancey, was sold to the Tontine Association, which tore down the old mansion and built a more modern hotel on its site. This was the finest hotel in America. It was the favorite meeting place of all the prominent societies, including the classic Assembly, and in it the treaty of alliance with France was officially celebrated. We may be sure that it was also the most favored place for concerts, by then of frequent occurrence. Almost to the end of its days the historic building maintained its place as the musical Mecca of New York.³

Another important building with early musical associations was the old City Hall, on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. One of the earliest concerts announced in the existing copies of New York papers⁴ took place "at the Court Room in the City

¹Early Concert Life in America, pp. 158 et seq.

²All such designations as "the concert rooms in Broadway," found in the newspapers of the period, may safely be taken as referring to the City Tavern.

³Cf. Sonneck: op. cit., p. 194 et seq.

⁴New York Post Boy, Oct. 2, 1749.

Hall" about the middle of October, 1749. A "*New Organ*, made by Gilfert Ash," was formally opened in the City Hall on March 8, 1756, at a "Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick. In which among a variety of selected pieces will be introduced a song in praise of musick, particularly of an organ; and another favorite song call'd 'The Sword that's drawn in Virtue's cause,' both compos'd by Mr. Handel. An *Organ Concerto*, compos'd by Sigr. Giovanni Adolfo Hasse."¹ This was the first recorded charity concert in New York, being announced "for the benefit of a poor widow."

THE GARDEN CONCERTS OF EARLY NEW YORK

A feature of eighteenth-century life that strikes every student of the period is the love for open-air sociability. When one looks at a Watteau garden scene or a Gainsborough portrait with its background of idealized landscape he gets the impression that nature in those days must have been especially kind. It is all so suggestive of balmy air and perfumed zephyrs. At any rate the people loved the open air, not only for sport and exercise, but for conviviality, for eating and drinking, for music and persiflage, for love-making and for merely passing the time. In England as elsewhere, this open-air life, not by any means confined to the "people," but cultivated by the bewigged and silk-stockinged gentility, found its echoes in the music of Handel and his contemporaries, and its most popular expression in those open-air gardens of which Vauxhall and Ranelagh were the types.

New York, an inveterate imitator of London, had its Vauxhalls and Ranelaghs a-plenty. Favored by the weather or not, they were the fashion for a long time and the centers of the city's musical life during the summer. The first Ranelagh dates back nearly to the middle of the century. It was situated at Broadway and the present Thomas Street, and seems to have had a short but brilliant musical record, being established by one John Jones, who purchased the old Rutgers home and, according to the *Weekly Post Boy* made it into a resort of "very elegant excellence." His first concert announcement, in June 1765, promised music by a "complete band," with Mr. Leonard booked to sing a solo and a Mr. Jackson three songs. In spite of his valiant efforts Mr. Jones' enterprise failed in 1768. Eight years after its opening the garden was demolished to make way for the New York Hospital, but was succeeded by Brannan's Garden, near the present crossing of Spring and Hudson Streets.

¹*New York Mercury*, March 8, 1756.

Moreover, it was soon followed by a namesake. As early as 1798 we read about B. Isherwood's Ranelagh Gardens, "near the Battery and known by the variegated lamps over the door." This "battery" had, however, nothing to do with the open space near the tip of Manhattan Island which is known by that name. It was, rather, the ruin of a real battery erected during the Revolution near Corlear's Hook, on the east side of the island. According to Bayles' "Old Taverns in New York" there was a pleasant walk and prospect on these "smouldering ramparts." The location of the garden, then, was about the present intersection of Grand and Division Streets. Here nightly concerts of vocal and instrumental music were given in 1798 and 1799, and probably earlier.

A year after Jones opened his Ranelagh one Edward Bardin started his "King's Arms Garden" and advertised a "concert of music for the entertainment of ladies and gentlemen" every Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the summer. This stood on Broadway, facing the upper end of the Common, as City Hall Park was known in the olden days. Bardin went out of business in 1769, but there were many successors. One of them was Samuel Francis, or Fraunces, whose name is perpetuated by Fraunces' Tavern. Undaunted by the failure of his predecessors he opened the first Vauxhall Garden in 1769 on the so-called Church Farm, near the present corner of Warren and Greenwich Streets. This particular locality was then known as the Bowling Green and later as Mount Pleasant. Francis announced concerts of vocal and instrumental music twice a week. The first concert was given on June 30th, and the program included "Ye Men of Giza, from Handel," sung by Miss Hallam, and the duet "Fair Aurora" from Arne's "Artaxerxes," sung by Mr. Woods and Miss Hallam. On the whole the quality of these garden concerts was better than one would expect, and they certainly did their share of cultivating New York's musical taste.

A second Vauxhall was established by one Delacroix near the south side of the present Grand Street, a locality formerly known as Bayard's Mount and still earlier as Bunker Hill. Little is known concerning its musical offerings. A far more important place was the third Vauxhall, dating from 1804. This occupied the ground now covered by the buildings just south of Astor Place and bounded by Broadway on the west and the Bowery on the east. The old Astor Library forms the approximate center of this spacious site. This famous old pleasure garden was a garden in fact as well as in name, for here Jacob Sperry, a Swiss

gardener, had cultivated flowers and fruits for something like half a century. It was surrounded by a high board fence and within this enclosure the proprietor built a theatre and a summer house. There were garden walks shaded by trees and surrounded by flower beds and shrubs, and there were flowers and small boxes fitted up to represent mystic bowers. Long a prosperous resort and the favorite place for public meetings, it became in its later days the headquarters for cheap concerts—a sort of forerunner of Cooper Union, near by, in the popularization of music. Still later Negro Minstrelsy held sway for a time and in its last period the garden was famous for its “calico balls.” The cutting through of Lafayette Place in 1827 made an end of this popular paradise. According to Janvier, “’twas as gay a place of recreation as was to be found at that period anywhere in the civilized world.”¹

Contemporary with the first Ranelagh was the Mount Vernon Garden, situated at the hilltop above the present crossing of Broadway and Leonard Street. This was originally the White Conduit House, but at the end of the Revolution became a public garden and pleasure resort. Controlled by William Byram from 1796, it soon came into the possession of William Corré, the enterprising host of Corré’s Hotel and the Columbian Garden in State Street, where he had already made concert-giving a part of his business. Mount Vernon Garden boasted not only of the usual accommodations for summer concerts but of a summer theatre as well.²

Another proprietor of musical gardens who should not be overlooked is John Contoit. His first garden was opposite City Hall Park, not far from Bardin’s (in 1802 its number was 253 Broadway). In 1809 he removed to the block between Leonard and Franklin Streets, facing on Broadway. For forty years this garden was a favorite place for New Yorkers who liked music with their refreshment or *vice versa*.

The last of this quaint tribe of amusement places was Niblo’s Garden, at Broadway and Prince Street. The oldest residents still remember this landmark, reaching back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and its memorable surroundings. Situated on the east side of Broadway it had as its neighbor the home of James Fenimore Cooper and as its *vis-à-vis* the house of John Jacob Astor, in which Washington Irving worked on his “Life of Washington.” When it was first opened, in 1823, as the “Columbia Garden,” it was so far out of town that the enterprising

¹“In Old New York.”

²Sonneck: *Early Concert Life*, p. 214.

William Niblo ran a line of stages to it from Bowling Green—the first regular passenger vehicles on Broadway. From 1828, when the garden became known as Niblo's, regular concerts were given in connection with the coffee house. A description by an old habitu  will serve the reader better than my own:¹

The ground had formerly been occupied as a circus arena, and on the Crosby Street side there was a large low building, known as the Stadium. This was rejuvenated, arranged with ample corridors, and the auditorium was conveniently fitted up with a stage and accessories for concerts . . .

In the rear of the Niblo and Cooper residences (fronting on Broadway), between them and Crosby Street, was a large open space, which was beautifully laid out as a garden. It was ornamented with trees, shrubbery and flowers, and the whole space was conveniently intersected by walks, and dotted with arbors, in which were seats and tables for serving light refreshments. The building was known as "Niblo's Saloon" and the open space as Niblo's Garden, and they at once became favorite places of resort.

The "saloon" was formally opened with a concert styled the "New York Musical Festival," with an orchestra, singers and other soloists—altogether two hundred performers.

The first part of the program consisted of selections from the "Messiah," the second part of "classical" and the third of "miscellaneous" (!) selections. Soon after, there was added a summer theatre, fronting on Broadway, and this became the scene of dramatic and operatic performances. It burned down and was rebuilt in 1849. Concerts were later given both in the "saloon" and the theatre, and we shall have occasion to revert to them later on.

II

THE EARLIEST OPERATIC HAUNTS

The earliest operatic traditions of New York are centered in and about Nassau Street, and they reach back to 1750. It is true that there are earlier beginnings still, but these are lost in the mists of uncertainty. Italian opera ruled the world, as everyone knows, at the beginning of the century, though a reaction against it set in during the first decades. The "Beggars' Opera," the classic of all operatic parodies, was written in 1727, while the Faustina-Cuzzoni rivalry was at its height in London. Troops of English players came to America from 1702 on, and it is not impossible that some kind of musico-dramatic performances in

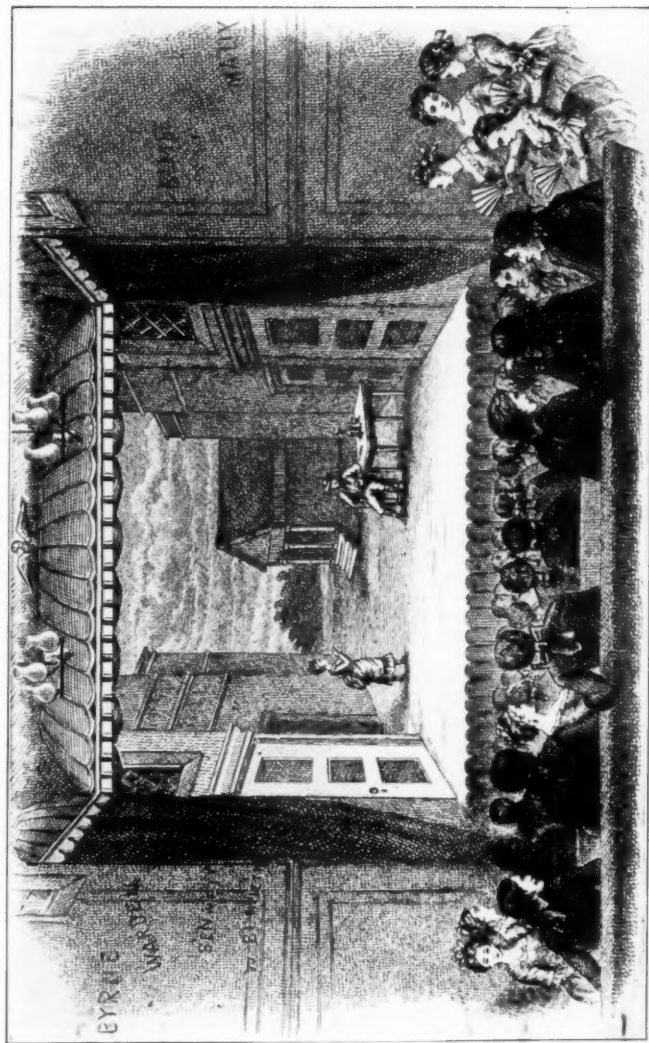
¹R. Osgood Mason: *Sketches and Impressions*, New York, 1887.

English took place very soon after that date. The popularity of the "Beggar's Opera" was so phenomenal that it is not likely that any English company landing in Charleston, Philadelphia or New York did not have a copy of it in its professional kit. However, the earliest reliable record of its performance in New York gives the year 1750 as the date and the Nassau Street Theatre as the place.

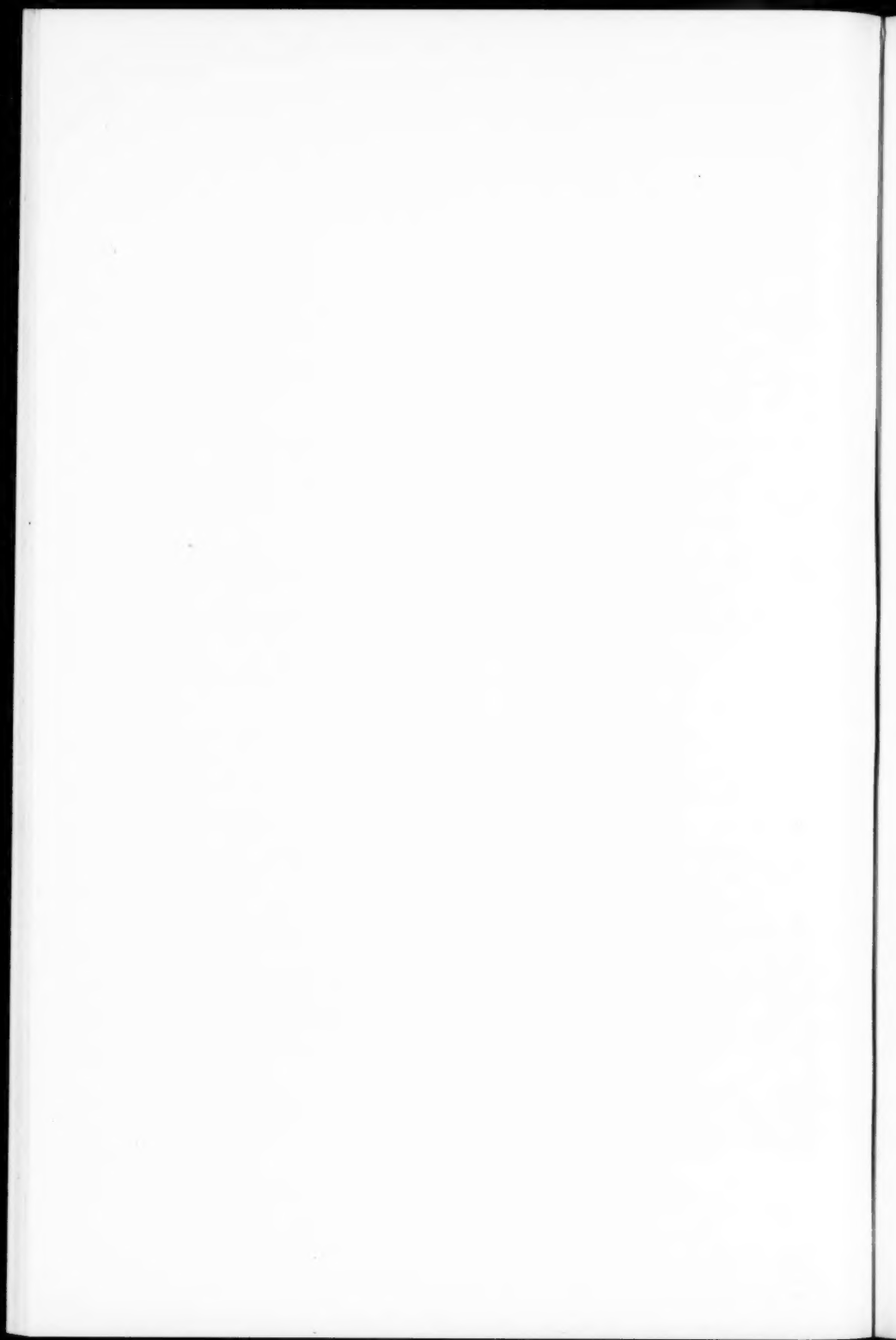
The first Nassau Street Theatre was a two-storied house with high gables, situated on the east side of Nassau Street, between John Street and Maiden Lane, on the lots now occupied by the buildings No. 64-66. It is described in contemporary annals as "the building recently belonging to the Hon. Rip van Dam." The theatre was opened on February 26th, 1750, with a performance of "Richard III," and we get an idea of the magnificence of this festive occasion from a contemporary description which tells us that there were six wax-lights in front of the stage and six more stuck on a barrel-hoop suspended from the center of the ceiling. When Lewis Hallam, the English actor, came to New York in 1753, he had his own opinion of this "very fine playhouse building," for he promptly had it torn down and erected in its place "a very fine, large and commodious" one in the time from June to September, 1753! The very next year it was bought by the German Calvinists and converted into a house of worship. Hallam died in 1755.

Soon after this David Douglass, who had married Hallam's widow, built still another theatre, on Cruger's Wharf, between Coenties Slip and Old Slip, a site easily determined by those who wish to take the trouble. Performances were held here till 1759. For his next venture Douglass went back to Nassau Street, evidently the Great White Way of those days. The new theatre occupied the site of the present Temple Court, at the corner of Beekman (then Chapel) Street, and was opened with a performance of "Hamlet," Nov. 26th, 1761. Ballad opera and perhaps other operas may have been given here, as well as plays. The house was destroyed in the stamp act riots of 1765.

Not far from the old Nassau Street Theatre, on John Street, six doors east on Broadway, is the site of Douglass's John Street Theatre, which succeeded the one on Chapel Street late in 1767. Since it was the only theatre in New York for thirty years it was commonly known as the City Theatre. It was a wooden structure, painted red, and its interior could boast a pit, two rows of boxes and a gallery. Here opera, and music generally, seems to have been cultivated as assiduously as the drama. There were given,



Interior of the John Street Theatre, New York,
In Early Opera (Sonneck)



besides the always popular "Beggars' Opera," Coffey's "The Devil to Pay," Dr. Arne's "Love in a Village," Bickerstaff's "Maid of the Mill," and after the long hiatus occasioned by the Revolution, "Ince and Yarico," an arrangement of Shakespeare's "Tempest" with music by Purcell, "No Song, No Supper," "Macbeth" with Locke's music, an earlier "Robin Hood," by McNally, and in fact virtually all the English operas as soon as they had been heard in London.¹ The leader of the orchestra was one Philip Phile (often misspelled Fyle, File, Files, Phyles, etc.), who wrote the tune of "Hail, Columbia" in its original form—as the "President's March,"—played on the occasion of Washington's visits to the John Street Theatre.

As the direct successor of this historic temple of the muses, another theatre was erected on Park Row and called the Park Theatre. Opened in 1798, it not only continued the musico-dramatic record of its predecessors but became the authentic first home of Italian opera in America. The "Old American Company," having occupied the John Street Theatre for some time, now moved to the Park with their ever-growing repertoire. In 1819 there is a record of an English adaptation of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and later one of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." The theatre burned down in 1820, causing much loss to its owners, including John Jacob Astor, and the new building became the first real "grand opera house" in America.

OPERA IN CITY HALL PARK

The location of the Park Theatre, New York's first opera house, coincides with the present buildings at Nos. 21-25 Park Row, opposite the old General Post-Office. It was regarded as a magnificent playhouse, according to Richard Grant White, who described it in the *Century Magazine* of March 1882. Some of the items of its magnificence were three chandeliers of thirty-five lights each (probably candles, since gas was not introduced in New York till 1823), and "patent oil lamps;" but its boxes are described as being like pens for pigs, the seats consisting of mere boards, with another board, shoulder-high, for a back-rest. Since the price of admission was only fifty cents for the best places, perhaps the public ought to have been satisfied with the accommodations.

¹Mr. Sonneck gives complete lists of the pieces performed in the John Street and old Park Theatre in his admirable "Early Opera in America," (1915), a history of 18th century operatic life in our country.

In this setting, to quote Mr. Krehbiel, "the precious exotic unfolded its petals" on November 29th, 1825, and spread the fragrance of Rossini's melodies, for "The Barber of Seville" was the opera of the opening night. Here the immortal Malibran started forth on her dazzling career of glory, for although she made her actual début (as an understudy) two years before, in London, it was here that her marvelous talent reached its maturity. Her father, the redoubtable Manuel Garcia, was the spirit of the undertaking, having brought the opera troupe from Europe. For the details we shall have to refer the reader to Mr. Krehbiel's account.¹ Suffice it to say here that the "Barber" was performed no less than twenty-five times during the season, and that Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was produced with the cooperation of the author of its libretto, the venerable Lorenzo Da Ponte, who some time before had become a resident of New York.²

After this memorable season of Italian opera the Park Theatre seems to have gone back to the original purpose inherited from its predecessors: drama and opera in English. It remained as the bulwark of the advocates of the vernacular, through their early struggles against the foreign invasion which was at last to be permanently successful. Its end came in 1848, when its material splendor went up in smoke.

But Garcia's adventure was not the last of Italian opera in City Hall Park. Easily within sight of the Park Theatre, diagonally across the old Common, stood, in 1844, Palmo's Opera House. Its site is now occupied by the old building of the American News Company, Nos. 37-41 Chambers Street, a few doors east of Broadway. It was built—or rather reconstructed out of an old bathing palace—by Ferdinand Palmo, the owner of the Café des Mille Colonnes on Broadway above Duane Street. Palmo appears to have been the Hammerstein of his day. He undertook the enterprise single-handed; opened gloriously in a brilliantly decorated house, curiously enough with the same opera as Mr. Hammerstein some sixty years later—"I Puritani;" attempted to "democratize" opera and failed as gloriously as his successor. The opening performance took place on February 3rd, 1844, and the last one failed to come off (for the musicians struck for not being paid) on January 25th, 1845. The interim was one blaze of glory. The singers included Borghese as prima donna and

¹Chapters of Opera, pp. 25 et seq.

²At this time he lived at 342 Broadway and kept a bookstore at No. 366, near the present Catherine Lane. He died at 91 Spring Street, Aug. 17, 1838, and lies buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery in Eleventh Street, between First Avenue and Avenue A.

Antognini as tenor—said to have been the greatest ever heard in America. After Palmo another company tried its luck for a season. This included, as tenor and prima donna, the parents of Adelina Patti, Salvatore Patti and Catarina Barili. In the summer of 1847 the opera house was abandoned and in the following year it became Burton's Theatre, a favorite temple of comedy. For a season or so it was the home of Christy's Minstrels, important in the history of Negro minstrelsy, which has given us some of our most vital popular music.

THE SURVIVING LANDMARKS OF OPERA

New York's operatic vagaries through the nineteenth century are hardly to be dignified by the word history. Opera in this center of commercial strife rather resembled a disease, breaking out now here now there. It has left its scars all over the city, and some of them are visible still. Such are the Thalia Theatre, Castle Garden and the Academy of Music.

Soon after the Park Theatre was built—in fact the very next year—there arose on the west side of the Bowery (then a most fashionable thoroughfare), just south of Canal Street, the "New York Theatre." This formidable rival of the "Park" became almost its equal in prestige. It was the first New York theatre to be lighted by gas, and though destroyed twice by fire it has finally survived well into the era of incandescent lights.

English opera was one of its chief attractions from the outset, and the great Malibran, after her Italian season at the Park, came here to sing such fatuities as "The Devil's Bridge" and "Love in a Village." Necessity alone accounts for this artistic débâcle, for the departure of her father for Mexico had left her alone, with a bankrupt husband to support. After she had got rid of this intolerable burden, in 1827, she returned to Paris and remained a sweet memory so far as the Bowery is concerned.

Between its Malibran period and the year 1879, when it became the Thalia Theatre, the house burned down twice. Under its new name it passed into the possession of a company of German players. Gustav Amberg used it as a proving ground for German opera, and many of the lighter romantic works had their first American performances here. The repertoire included Weber's "Freischütz," Flotow's "Martha," Nicolai's "Lustige Weiber," Lortzing's "Czar und Zimmermann" and Strauss's "Fledermaus." After 1888 Hebrew and Italian players held sway at this venerable house—one of the real monuments to histrionic

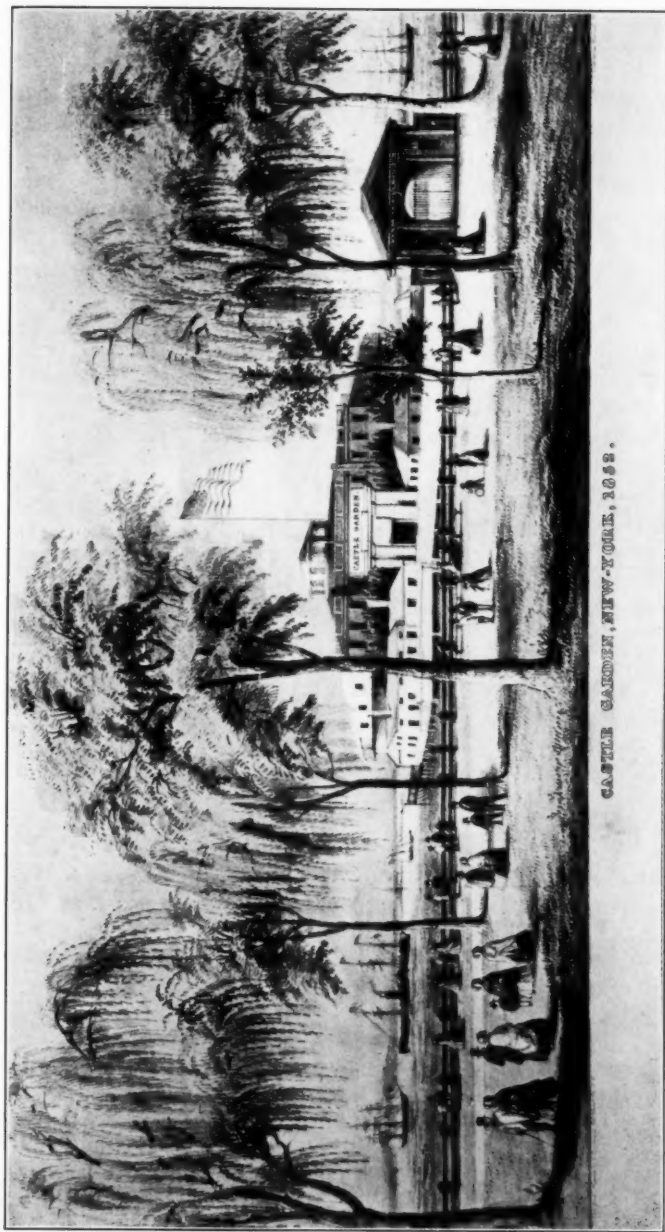
art in America. Now here as elsewhere the "movies" are the thing.

The next surviving landmark, Castle Garden, is hardly less picturesque. Set off by itself at the southern tip of Manhattan Island, washed by the waters of the bay, this old giant turret strikes one with its somewhat awe-inspiring ugliness. Originally it was a fortress, guarding the city from invasion, but, stripped of its armament early in the last century, it became a place of innocent amusement—in 1830 a restaurant where families on Sunday outings took ice cream, lemonade and similarly harmless refreshment. The building was still on an island, and a wooden bridge, flanked by floating bath-houses, connected it with its garden on the land. A little later it was converted into a theatre—in shape and proportions rather a circus—and soon became the scene of one of New York's earliest operatic adventures, undertaken by an Italian company including Signora Pico as prima donna, Sig. Antognini as tenor and Sig. Sanquirica as buffo.¹ This was in 1845. Looking at the gloomy pile to-day it is difficult to imagine scenes of brilliant festivity; so we present as eye-witness no less a person than a mayor of the city: the Hon. Philip Hone, who, seeing a notice in the newspaper to the effect that "the Italian Opera Company was to perform Friday evening" betook himself to the nether regions of the city, attended the performance and recorded his impressions in his diary as follows:

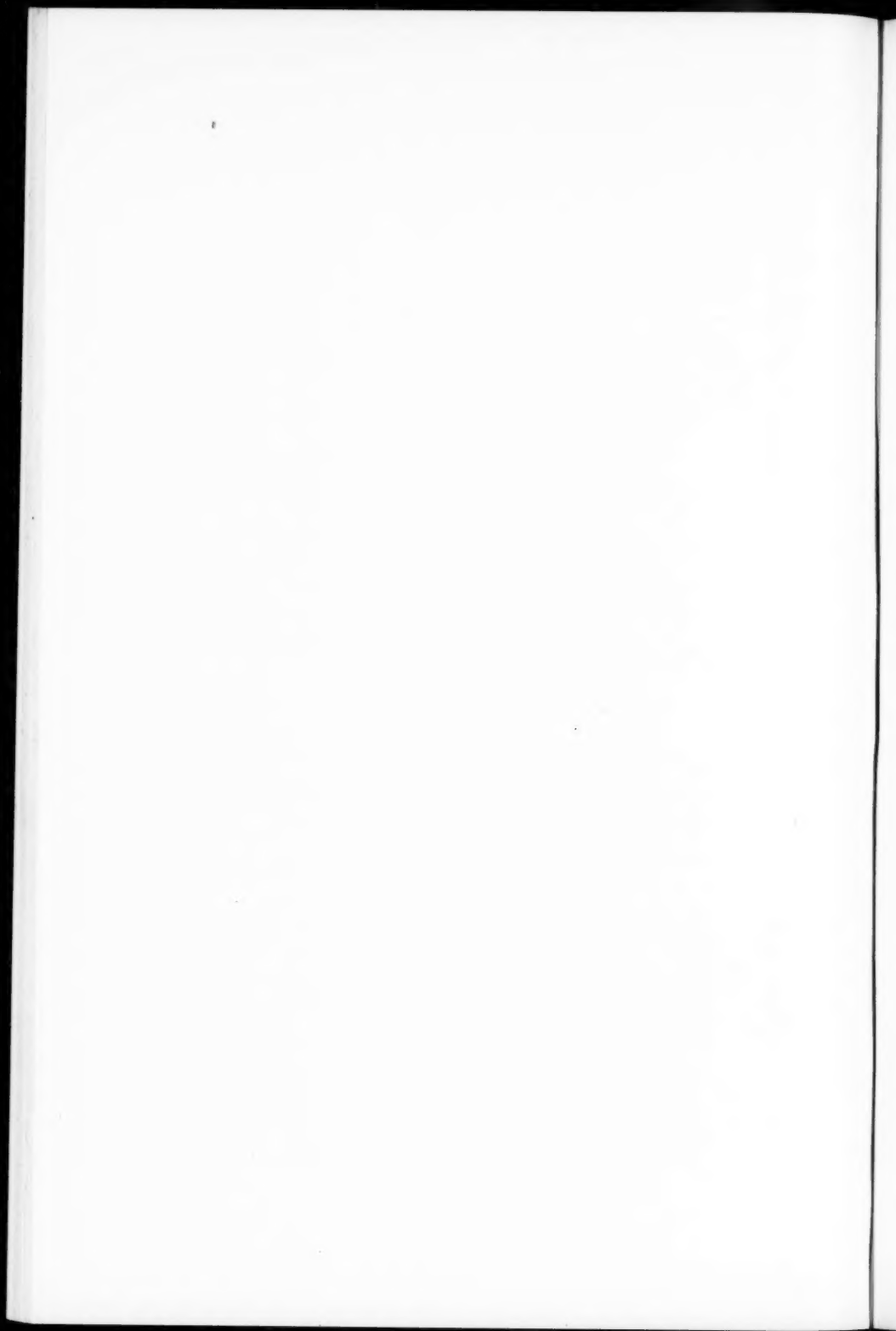
When I entered I found myself on the floor of the most splendid and the largest theatre I ever saw—a place capable of seating comfortably six or eight thousand (!) persons. The pit or pavilion is provided with some hundreds of small white tables and movable chairs, by which people are enabled to congregate in little squads and take their ices between the acts. In front of the stage is a beautiful fountain, which plays when the performers do not. The whole of this large area is surmounted by circular benches above and below, from every point of which the view is enchanting. . . . All this and plenty of fresh air, if the weather should be ever warm enough to require it, for fifty cents.

His Honor says nothing about the quality of the performance, but considering the price of admission we shall hardly expect Carusos in the cast—if they cost \$3000 a night! However that may be, it was only a few years later that Castle Garden saw something in the way of musical sensations that surpassed even those of to-day: the début of Jenny Lind. The event, taking

¹From the advertisement in the *Evening Post* announcing the opera "Semiramide" for May 12th one gathers that the performances were in concert form (without scenery), but the public was assured of an "elegant and novel entertainment."



CASTLE GARDEN, NEW-YORK, 1882.



place on Sept. 10th, 1850, is counted among the most important in the history of our musical life. If we are to believe eye-witnesses, the enthusiasm, fanned to a raging fire by the advertising methods of the immortal Barnum, is not to be described. Richard Hoffman, the pianist and conductor, then in his youth, returned to New York in that year, and records in his "Recollections" that he found "every one in a state of excited expectancy" over the approaching arrival of the diva. When she finally came, crowds were on the docks to witness the landing and see her pass through triumphal arches bearing inscriptions such as "Jenny Lind, Welcome to America;" crowds followed her to her hotel, filling the square in front of it all day,¹ and greater crowds were striving to obtain tickets for her début. The price of these tickets ranged from ten dollars to a hundred, and were sold by auction. One enthusiast, the hatter Genin, paid three hundred for his seat. Of course the audience was "an immense throng," and the "Swedish nightingale" proved more of a gold mine even than Jumbo, the African elephant—Barnum's other triumph. But, aside from its circus-like aspects, the coming of Jenny Lind marks an epoch, since it created a hitherto unknown wave of interest in what after all was a musical matter.

Soon after this Castle Garden became a real opera house, for the company of Don Francesco Marty y Tollens, from Havana, of which Luigi Arditi—the perpetrator of the famous "Kiss Waltz," but otherwise a thoroughly capable musician—was the *maestro*, and the celebrated contrabassist Bottesini the general musical director. Just four years after Lind's début, on Sept. 4, 1854, Mario and Grisi, perhaps the greatest pair of operatic artists the world has ever heard, appeared on the stage of Castle Garden under this management. According to H. E. Krehbiel, all tenors for a generation afterward were measured by Mario's standard. As for Grisi, she was not only one of the world's greatest singers, but one of the most beautiful women of her time.

Soon after these lustrous events the stars of Castle Garden set forever, for in 1855 it became an immigrant station, and finally, as everyone knows, an Aquarium. Before leaving it, however, let us record that in 1846, on May 20th, it witnessed the first performance in America of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The credit for this momentous undertaking falls to the New York Philharmonic Society, under the leadership of U. C. Hill and George Loder.

¹Another eyewitness (C. G. Rosenberg) asserts that there were never less than 10,000 all through the day.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

The Academy of Music, at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, in recent times given over to spectacular melodrama and moving pictures, has by far the most distinguished history of all the preserved operatic landmarks. It was built exclusively for musical purposes—not only for opera, mind you, but for the cultivation of musical taste and ability, with educational features and rewards for creative efforts on the side. All these good intentions were honored only in the breach, and the only man who had the hardihood to aim at their fulfillment was the violin virtuoso Ole Bull, who managed the Academy for a while in 1855, who offered a prize of \$10,000 for an original American opera upon an American subject, and promised to open a conservatory, but suffered shipwreck after two weeks of management. So the institution became an "academy" in the sense of the Paris Opera, which it managed to emulate pretty closely—thus setting the fashion for opera houses in America.

The reader may review the history of the Academy in Mr. Krehbiel's book.¹ Here I shall only set down a few of the great associations that make it so notable a landmark. The house opened on October 2nd, 1854, with Grisi and Mario in "Norma," shortly after the great artist-couple had appeared at Castle Garden. Arditi was the conductor and general musical director. In the next year Rossini's "William Tell" and Verdi's "Trovatore" had their American premières there. During 1856 Arditi produced an opera of his own, based on Cooper's "Spy," which would have been the first opera on an American subject except for Bristow's "Rip van Winkle," which was produced elsewhere a year before. A real American opera, Fry's "Leonora," had its second production—this time in Italian—at the Academy in 1858. A year after this, on November 24th, Adelina Patti made her operatic début at this house. Other distinguished names identified with the old institution include the sopranos Clara Louise Kellogg, Minnie Hauk, Emma Nevada, Etelka Gerster and Lillian Nordica, the contraltos Christine Nilsson, Annie Louise Cary, the tenors Brignoli and Italo Campanini and the baritone Victor Maurel—names which collectively conjure up the vision of a veritable golden age of song. The Academy of Music, more than any other place in America, is a monument to the art of *bel canto* in its broader sense.

But not only singers, instrumentalists of the very first rank also have held audiences spell-bound in this old building. Fiddlers

¹Chapters of Opera, pp. 64 et seq.

like Wieniawski, Wilhelmj, Remenyi and even the acrobatic Ole Bull will not soon be forgotten, nor pianists like Rubinstein and Joseffy. Rubinstein figured as conductor as well, for in April, 1872, he produced his own "Ocean" symphony here. Another composer—and one who made a decided "hit"—conducted his own works at the Academy: Johann Strauss, the "waltz king," who was a guest conductor of the Philharmonic Society here for three concerts in 1870. The list of conductors who have led orchestras here includes such revered names as Carl Bergmann, Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas and Adolf Neuendorff. The Philharmonic Society gave its concerts in the Academy for several isolated seasons, and among the works which were thus introduced to the American people are Beethoven's "Coriolanus," "Leonore" No. 1 and "Fidelio" overtures; Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" Schumann's "Manfred" and Third Symphony; Liszt's "Tasso;" and Wagner's "Lohengrin" and "Tristan" preludes.

Some of the first American productions of operatic masterpieces are events in the Academy's career that one should not neglect to mention. These works include Verdi's "Aida," Gounod's "Faust," Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," and Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Flying Dutchman" and "Rienzi."

It would be impossible to enumerate all the memorable experiences of such a place as this. But enough has been said, perhaps, to inspire the respect which it deserves as a landmark of local, or even national, musical history. In its last operatic years the Academy became the unfortunate battle-ground of competition, and during its rivalry with the rising Metropolitan Opera House its brilliant record of former years was sadly tarnished. But it was long in dying. Till 1897 the redoubtable Colonel Mapleson managed to keep it on the operatic map; then it became—a landmark.

Its victorious rival at Fortieth Street and Broadway is still too active to be classed as such, yet its earlier associations are certainly of the historic quality. The most notable fact about it is that the great works of Wagner received their first American hearings within its walls: "Meistersinger" and "Tristan" in 1886, the "Ring" operas in 1887 to 1889, "Parsifal" in 1903. The leading factor in this accomplishment was Anton Seidl, whose name was—and still is, to some extent—a household word in musical America. Singers whose names will always be remembered in connection with the Metropolitan are Lilli Lehmann, Amalia Materna, Marcella Sembrich, Nellie Melba, Emma Calvé, Lillian Nordica and Milka Termina among the women, the de Reszkés—

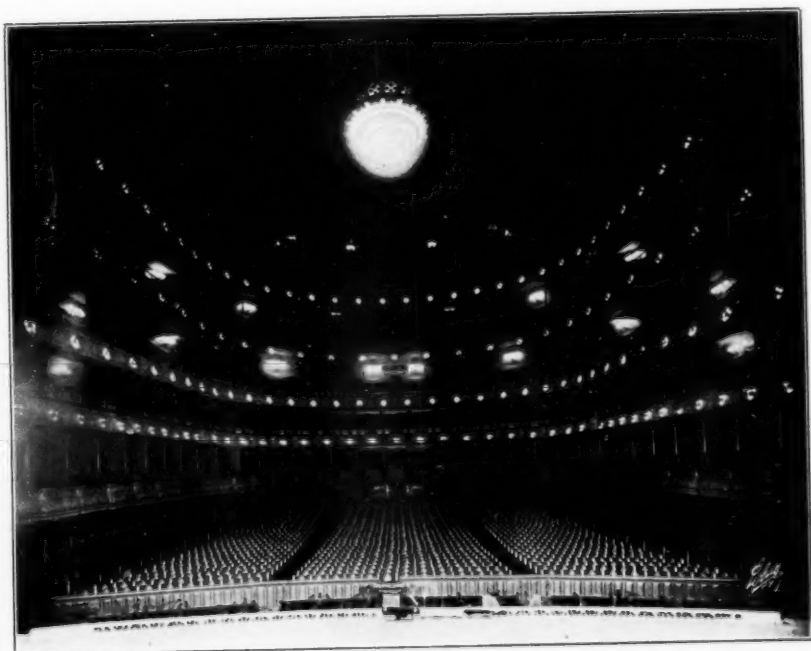
Jean and Édouard—Walter Niemann and Emil Fischer among the men; and to this list no doubt Enrico Caruso and others will be added. Let us not forget, moreover, that Gustav Mahler conducted here in 1908 and later. His American début was made conducting "Tristan," on New Year's day, 1908.

Instrumentalists of great rank and fame have appeared here, too. Sarasate and d'Albert appeared jointly in 1889-90, d'Albert and Bülow in 1890. The playing of a Bach double concerto by such a team is surely an event worth recording. Brahms's Fourth Symphony and Liszt's "Christus" are two of the works that had their first American performances in this house. Humperdinck witnessed the world première of his "Königskinder" here in 1910.

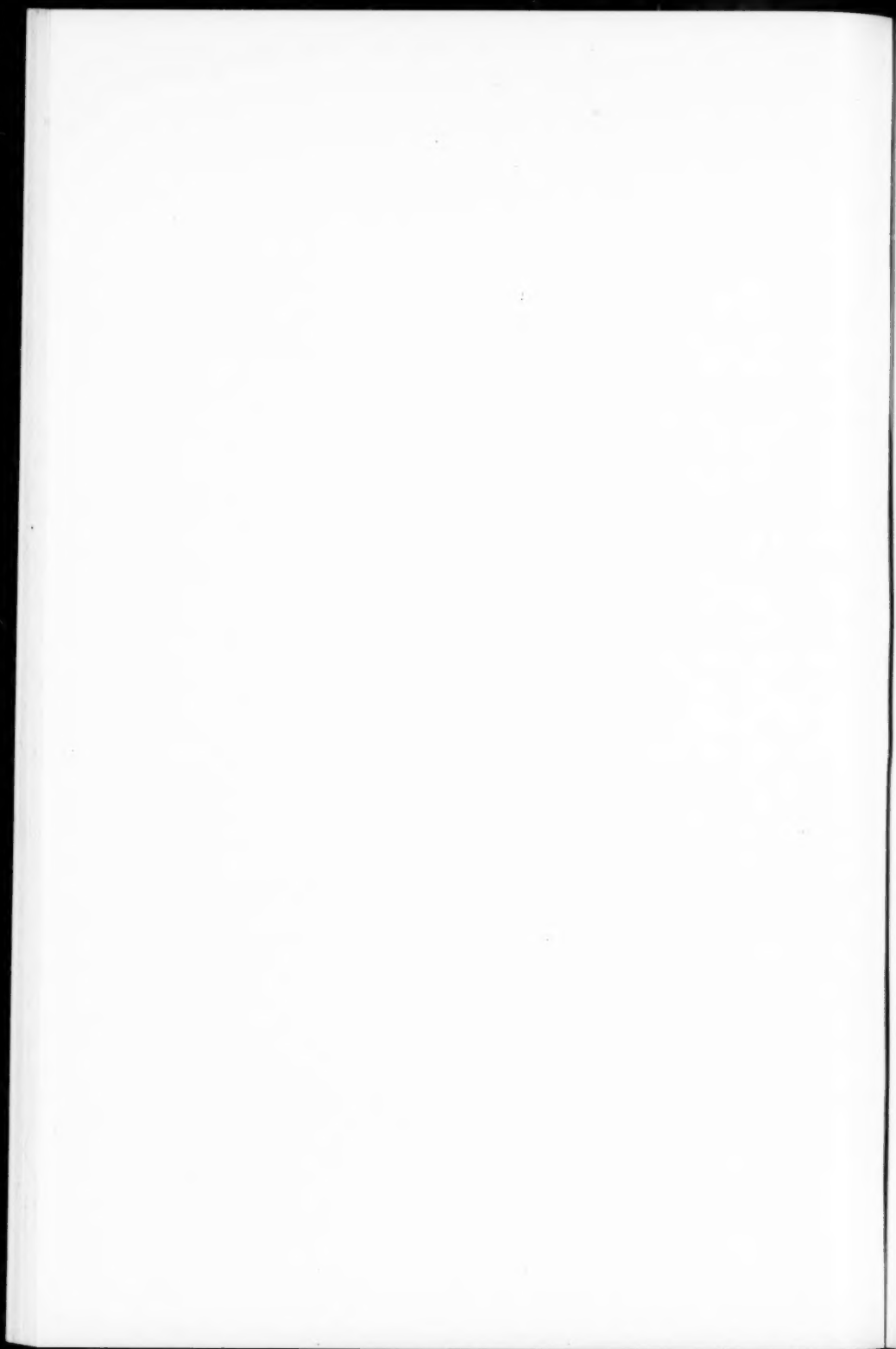
Shall we add, as one of these "landmarks," Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House in Thirty-fourth Street, west of Eighth Avenue? Certainly a braver adventure has never been recorded in our operatic history. Even though there was plenty of clap-trap, in the shape of tight-rope operas for coloratura acrobats, there were some supremely memorable things also. Who knows whether "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Louise" would ever have been heard in New York, but for Hammerstein and his artistic mentor, Cleofonte Campanini? If we do nothing more, let us at least record the dates of these American premières: Debussy's masterpiece on February 19th, Charpentier's on January 3rd, 1907. That Melba and Tetrassini earned vociferous bravos, and Mary Garden made her American début here are things worth mentioning.

SUNKEN PALACES OF SOUND

If all of New York's landmarks of opera were still visible, the city would be richer in opera houses than any other in the world. But most of them are mere memories and not of great significance. Beyond those already mentioned I am going to speak only of a few which fill rather an important gap in the history of opera in New York. Two of them, the Richmond Hill Theatre and the old Italian Opera House, sprang from the ambitions of old Lorenzo Da Ponte and became splinters of his shattered hopes. Poor old Da Ponte, poet, scholar, mountebank, dreamer of foolish dreams of an empire of Italian culture! Having basked in the reflected glory of his early association with Mozart, he had become a pathetic figure in the rôle of a shipwrecked messenger of Apollo, cast up among inhospitable savages. Since his brief experiment with Garcia at the Park Theatre his hope of an Italian opera with



Metropolitan Opera House



himself as the poet never died, and henceforth he haunted every human who crossed his path with his impossible scheme. First he managed to induce a French tenor named Montessor to tempt fate and undertake a season in the converted old colonial mansion on Richmond Hill. The venture lasted through just thirty-five performances. Within the walls that had successively housed Washington, Lord Cornwallis and General Howe during the Revolution, where John Adams had lived, and Aaron Burr had entertained Louis-Phillippe of France and Talleyrand, there resounded during thirty-five glorious days of the year 1832 the voices of Adelaide Pedrotti and Luciano Fornescari, singing the operas of Rossini, Bellini and Mercadante. Then all was darkness and void, within and without, especially within—Monsieur Montessor's pocketbook.

This, by the way, was the last flicker of the one-time glory of this interesting structure. It might have become a relic of colonial days far more interesting than the Jumel Mansion, but in the lives of houses as in those of men circumstance plays a part. Gradually the city grew up around it, and the eminence on which it stood had by degrees to be levelled down to the grade of the new streets; and so, as the mansion descended from its former high estate it also came down in a physical sense, and finally was demolished altogether. All that remains to-day to mark the spot is a modest row of brick houses on Charlton Street, just east of Varick Street.

The second attempt to realize Da Ponte's dream was a much more elaborate undertaking, followed by a correspondingly greater failure. This was the Italian Opera House, built with the financial backing of New York's leading citizens, at the cost of \$150,000.—a gigantic sum in 1833. The building, with its classic façade and broad ranges of steps across the front, stood at the present corner of Church and Leonard Streets. The Chevalier Rivafinoli, an "imprudently daring adventurer" with opera failures in London and Mexico to his credit, was joint manager with Da Ponte. Rossini was the chief deity at this temple of art, and a number of his creations were heard here for the first time in America. Cimarosa's "Matrimonio segreto" was also among the novelties! After Rivafinoli's collapse at the end of one season there was a second season under the management of two members of the company, and then came the end. Thereafter "*abyssus abyssum invocat*," as Da Ponte said, bemoaning the ingratitude of a community which failed to appreciate the efforts of Mozart's librettist. The Italian Opera House became the National Theatre, and had the usual checkered career of theatres lying outside the precincts of fashion.

Another of the old operatic landmarks has been supplanted by the present building of the Mercantile Library, situated on the north side of Astor Place, east of Broadway. Those who have observed its rather unusual interior may have become aware of a lingering sense of romance. Who would suspect, however, that this conservative business structure harbors the ghost of New York's first "society opera?" It is, in fact, the successor of the Astor Place Opera House, the immediate forerunner of the Academy of Music, built in the forties by three New York Cræsus, upon the guarantee of fifty gentlemen of the city's social élite to support Italian opera for five seasons. It was opened in 1847 under the joint management of Adelina Patti's father and a countryman of his named Sanquirico. The venture did not long outlive its guarantee, despite its comparative magnificence and the cardinal virtue, from the social point of view, that every occupant of a seat could not only see but *be seen*. The plans were well enough laid and the principle of the thing has since been proven sufficiently successful. But the backers did not reckon with a sinister combination consisting of one Marty y Tollens, an opera manager from Havana who had to find employment for his singers during the hot season, and the clever William Niblo—already familiar as the proprietor of the famous "garden,"—who had joined forces with James H. Hackett, the actor-manager. Their competition wrecked the hopes of Messrs. Sanquirico and Patti after one season, those of their successor, Mr. E. R. Fry, after the second, and finally those of the shrewd and pugnacious Max Maretzek, who had taken over the management. In 1850 Niblo leased the house in order to eliminate it as a competitor, and engaged one Signor Donetti to exhibit a troupe of trained dogs and monkeys in the erstwhile bower of beauty and elegance, thereby effectually killing its social pretensions. During a law-suit growing out of the affair in which the exhibition was attacked as not "respectable," Niblo called witnesses who testified that the aforesaid dogs and monkeys had in their younger days appeared before kings and princes, and also that they behaved behind the scenes more quietly and more respectably than many Italian singers. Which may have been hard to deny!

Notwithstanding its inglorious end the Astor Place Opera House should be remembered as the first real New York opera house in the modern sense, as the place where the first American opera was produced (W. H. Fry's "Leonora" in 1848), and where a number of masterpieces—by Verdi, Donizetti and others—were introduced to the American people.

As a theatre the Astor Place Opera House surpassed anything that had existed in New York before. Its exterior, forming a triangle with its blunted apex facing Cooper Square, was picturesque, even handsome, with its tall and massive columns. The interior seated 1800 people comfortably, 1100 in the parterre, dress circle and first tier, and about 700 in the gallery. The decorations were most attractive. In 1854 the Mercantile Library remodelled the building as Clinton Hall, and occupied part of it. During the Astor Place riots of the Civil War, bullets riddled its windows. Finally, in 1890, the present building was erected in its place.

One other theatre that is no longer, deserves to be remembered—for just one thing: the first production in America of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," which means the first American production of any Wagner opera whatsoever. This was the New York Stadt-Theater, which stood from 1854 to 1864 at No. 37-39 Bowery. (For another eight years it existed at No. 45). The event took place on August 27th, 1859, fourteen years after the world première at Dresden, under the leadership of Carl Bergmann, then the conductor of the Arion Society. That Society sang the choral parts of the opera.

Niblo's Garden is obviously as much entitled to a place here as among the concert-halls, for year after year some opera company or another, from the Seguins to Marty y Tollens' Havana troupe, held forth in its theatre. As early as 1844 the Seguins produced Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" here for the first time in America.

THE HOMES OF COMIC OPERA

There are certain theatres that have been homes of comic opera so long that they must be looked upon as real landmarks of music. Such are the Fifth Avenue Theatre and the Casino. The first of these, at Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, has a long history in its former incarnation (it was burned and rebuilt in 1871). It was the orthodox home of musical comedy when Gilbert and Sullivan visited this country in 1879. Sullivan conducted "Pinafore" here on December first, 1879, and Gilbert further enlivened the occasion with a curtain speech. On December 31st of the same year they witnessed the world première of "The Pirates of Penzance" in the same house, and in 1885, when Sullivan was again in America, the first "authorized" performance of "The Mikado" took place. (A pirated one was engineered at the Union Square Theatre the previous August). In the interim Fifth Avenue audiences had enjoyed such classics

as "The Mascot," "Chimes of Normandy" and "La Marjolaine," when they still had the fresh bloom of youth (1882), and five years later the McCaull Opera Company produced DeKoven's first success, "The Begum," here. Then the Boston Ideals made the theatre their headquarters and sang "Martha," "Carmen," "The Bohemian Girl," and other operas in English.

As for the Casino, at Thirty-ninth Street, it has a most distinguished record, thanks largely to its founder, the resourceful Aronson. Opened with a gala concert, which according to Mr. Aronson was the "first Sunday concert beginning a regular course of Sunday concerts in the United States," in 1882, it proceeded with the first American production of Strauss's "Queen's Lace Handkerchief." Then came the French Opera Company, with Madame Theo; Victor Capoul appeared in "Romeo et Juliette" and "Paul et Virginie;" and Lillian Russell, Digby Bell and other old favorites gave Gilbert and Sullivan's "Sorcerer." When Offenbach's "Grand Duchess" was given, with the composer present, Hans von Bülow visited the Casino, admired Lillian Russell, drank Sarsaparilla, and liked it. D'Albert, Sarasate, Eduard Strauss and many others frequented the place and performed in it during these grand old days. And the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company held their first meeting in the Casino foyer on May 23rd, 1883, before the new opera house was finished. In 1892 the classic temple of opéra comique was turned into a music hall, much to the disgust of its founder, but it has regained some of its earlier standing of late, and bids fair to remain one of the architectural curiosities of New York for some time to come.

We shall pass over the rest of the homes of comic opera, and in conclusion mention only Daly's Theatre on Broadway, near Twenty-ninth Street—not for its comic opera record, but as the place where Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" was first given (in English) in this country. In spite of Sir Augustus Harris' quaint announcement concerning "the beautiful music composed for the occasion by Mr. Humperdinckel (!)" the piece was a real success and actually had a "run."

(To be continued)

OF DEFECTS IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND THEIR VALUE

By J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND

IT is possible that many who have taken an interest in the material of music have indulged at one time or another in dreams of some perfect instrument that should combine the merits and characters of all existing instruments, while avoiding all their defects. A piano capable of sustaining a tone as long as the player might desire, a horn that should possess all the notes of the chromatic scale without sacrificing its individuality, an organ that should give a faithful imitation of every orchestral instrument without loss of its characteristic "diapason" tone, a violin whose notes could be excited by an endless bow, so that no interval could be detected by the sharpest ear at the change of the bow's direction, —these are some of the ideals that have engaged the attention of so many enthusiasts, that it seems worth while to point out what value there may be in the inherent defects of the various instruments, and in how large a measure their character is due to these very shortcomings.

Music has never been a perfect art; even without reference to man-made instruments, the central problem of intonation is insoluble, as the Greeks knew well. For if a circle of perfect fifths be constructed, and the intervals C-G, G-D, D-A, and so on, be tuned perfectly (or the equivalent obtained by alternately descending a perfect fourth and rising a perfect fifth), the C that will be arrived at is at a different pitch from the starting-point by a small interval known as the Pythagorean comma, amounting to about a quarter of a semitone. The history of music would be a very different thing from what it is if this tiny error could have been done away with by some miraculous agency. As it is, scientific and practical musicians in various ages have tried different expedients in order to conceal its existence, and to obtain the benefits of having all keys perfectly in tune. As every one knows, the violinist must learn to make slight compromises in many places in order to produce the effect of being in tune during changes of key; the older keyboard instruments dealt only with the simpler keys, and made these perfectly in tune, banishing the essential error of the comma into keys with many flats or

sharps in the signature, keys that were virtually never used. The system of equal temperament gave to the world Bach's immortal masterpiece, the "Wohltemperirtes Clavier" which was written to encourage the adoption by clavichord-tuners of the compromise to which we are all so well accustomed in the present day. For in musicians' lives, whatever their medium of expression, the piano has played such a part that there are comparatively few people who really feel its fifths to be too flat and its major thirds too sharp. There are here and there to be found choirs capable of realizing the fact that voices can be tuned without submission to a piano, and perfect intervals can sometimes be heard even now in unaccompanied music. Occasionally string quartet players attain to just intonation, but they, like the choral singers, must yield to the compromise whenever they are associated with the piano. One or two elaborate inventions have been made at various times for obtaining pure intonation from a keyboard. The "quarter-tone" keys on the old organ in the Temple Church, General Perronet-Thompson's organ with its forty pipes to the octave, and Mr. Shohé Tanaka's easily grasped arrangement of divided keys, are specimens of these attempts, but none has ever come into general use, by reason of the complications of the keyboard, and the heavy demands on musicianship entailed in the choice of the true intervals, even supposing sufficient manual dexterity to have been reached.

Coming to the various instruments of music, there is hardly one which can be called absolutely perfect. Characteristic qualities of wind instruments, such as the shrillness of the piccolo, the sweetness of the flute, the poignancy of the oboe, or the snarl of the bassoon, are so unchangeable that the study of one of them must involve a degree of monotony that would be hard to face; even the clarinet, though it has a far greater range of expression, and greater variety of tone-qualities than the rest of the "wood-wind," would clog the ear of most students long before proficiency was attained. But even the clarinet, producing as it does only those "upper partials" or "overtones" that are unevenly numbered in the complete series, cannot be said to be ideally perfect. The horn-tone, when the "natural" or "Waldhorn" is used, is of exquisite beauty, but its available notes are limited to the harmonic series, and every enlargement of its scope, whether by the use of crooks for the various keys, or by other means, brings about a certain deterioration of its individuality. The trumpet, in like manner, loses a good deal of its beauty when keys are applied to it, and it finally degenerates into the cornet-à-pistons which can

perform anything, but is satisfactory in nothing. Perhaps the trombone is the happiest of the brass section of the orchestra, for the quality of its tone is not affected by the slide, which allows all keys to be employed, with slight and very valuable differences of effect in their employment. The kettledrums, again, are as nearly perfect as can be wished, and the only defect here is that the player has only two hands, whereas he should have at least enough to manipulate seven drums.

Continuing the survey down the staves of an orchestral score, we come next to the violin, which holds, as it deserves to hold, the supreme position among the instruments. Its structure has been enormously improved since the distant day when it was first developed from the rebec, the fidel, and the crwth. The alteration in the sound-post is mainly responsible for the greatly increased resonance of tone, and the natural process of the gradual seasoning of the wood, and, perhaps, the influence of the varnish used by the Italian makers, have given the violin its supremacy. And, be it noted, these are all improvements along the natural line of its development, not efforts to make the instrument do something it never set out to do. Some later experiments in other directions have been so miserably ineffectual that they have been practically laughed out of court. They are almost entirely limited to the effort to produce a continuous tone, and disguising the moment at which the player changes the direction of his bow. A rosined wheel was devised in fairly ancient times, and the king of instruments was degraded to the "hurdy-gurdy" or "vielle" which survived long enough to be seen about the streets of London as late as the middle of the XIXth century. At international exhibitions some of the most obstinately recurrent inventions have the same object in view, but even if they could obtain a footing, it would be found that continuity had only been reached by the sacrifice of articulation. A continuous stream of melody without points of climax, and without recognizable phrases distinct from each other, is without life. It is very much the same with certain other inventions, familiar to those who haunt exhibitions, which have for their object the prolongation of the pianoforte tone, whether by slight hammer-strokes rapidly repeated, or by other means.

The lower "strings" of the orchestra come very near the level reached in the violin, and the violoncello might almost have usurped the throne, but for the presence of what is called the "Wolf," a phenomenon common to all stringed instruments, but most noticeable in the violoncello. Every enclosed, or partially-

enclosed space is a "resonating box" for some note or other, and when that note is sounded the framework of the box is set in "sympathetic vibration." The body of the violoncello is such a box, and when the note to which it is in sympathetic resonance is sounded, the whole structure vibrates so strongly that the strings cannot be held quite taut, so that the quality of the tone suffers; it is a curious paradox that the note to which the whole being of the instrument is most sympathetic, is the one note it cannot play perfectly. Whether any efforts have been made to counteract this defect, does not greatly concern us, since none has succeeded.

The keyed instruments are not better off than the others. The modern organ is a perfect chamber of horrors, each of them perpetrated in the name of improvements, and in the search for a greater, if still mechanical, expressiveness. The organ-makers of old, desiring a less pure and more incisive tone than the simple pipes could give, added "mixture-stops," supplying the upper notes of the harmonic series by artificial means; and while stops with that name, or with the title "twelfth" are commonly found in the present day, the curious "sesquialtera" and "cornet" stops have died a natural death. Yet, used with discretion, they are none of them unpleasing, and the "cornet voluntaries" of the English XVIIIth century composers are very dull if none but 8 ft. and 4 ft. stops are used. Wonderfully close imitations of flute, oboe, and clarinet tones, were devised at various times, and all such things were legitimate enough; the "swell pedal," whatever its method of construction, never quite allows the crescendo to continue long enough, but squanders so much of the increase of tone at the beginning, that there is nothing left for the end. But it is an indispensable adjunct to the resources of the organ, and does allow musicians (as well as other people) to suggest an almost emotional phrasing. It is quite another thing with the dreadful family of stops which, under such names as "Unda maris," "Voix célestes," "Vox Angelica," "Vox Humana," "Vox Gregis" or the like, strive to imitate some of the worst faults of popular singers, and only succeed in copying the bleating of an asthmatic sheep. The least offensive form of the appendage is that which produces a tremulous effect by the tuning of two sets of pipes slightly at variance with each other, so that "beats" are produced. The worst is of course that in which the quivering is simulated by a series of regularly recurring flappings of a kind of fan.

There is not much to be said of the other keyed instruments that are fed with wind; none has ever claimed to be a perfect instrument, and the merit they aim at, that of cheapness, is

certainly attained. From the concertina and melodeon up to the harmonium and American organ, the inherently strident tone cannot be got rid of, and although the principle of the "expression stop" on the harmonium is legitimate enough and very ingenious, it is so difficult to master that few players attempt its use.

The history of the stringed instruments with keys, from the virginal to the pianoforte, is marked by many and various attempts to improve them in different ways, and by a few efforts to get rid of the defect they all have in common, that of the evanescent quality of the tone, which, as a compensation, and unlike all other instruments except the harp, sounds on for a short time, though for a short time only, after the process of sounding is over. The simple plucking of a stretched string without modification of any kind, which is typical of the virginal, was improved into the perfected harpsichord, such as was made in London at the close of the XVIIIth century; the processes by which variety of tone and power was given, were, one and all, legitimate, and the instrument has few real defects apart from those arising from its poverty of volume and the curious nasal sound produced by the twanging of the plectra. When the dulcimer was improved into the clavichord by the substitution of keys for the hammers held in the player's hand, as in the Hungarian cimbalom and the still surviving English dulcimer, the first step towards the pianoforte was taken, and despite its tiny amount of tone, the instrument, for which Bach wrote the "Chromatic Fantasia" as well as the "48," remains one of the most purely artistic in the world for its range of expression within the narrow limits of its power. Before the pianoforte could be developed from it, the peculiar beauty of the clavichord must be sacrificed, and the device given up by which the finger acting on the tangent remains in virtual contact with the string, and so makes it possible to execute the "bebung," a tremolo that is quite unmechanical. Down to the time when the first attempt was made to prolong the pianoforte tone at pleasure, as above mentioned, the improvements in its structure were mainly such as were perfectly allowable (I am not now thinking of the "Turkish" or "Janissary" pedal, and some similar contrivances which were only fashionable for a short time): for most of the improvements were based on a recognition of the effects that are natural to the instrument and peculiar to it. Though directed to increasing the volume of tone, they seldom lost sight of the fact that the sound could still be detached, as it were, from the exciting medium, and the beautiful device of the sustaining pedal allowed the sympathetic vibrations of the unstruck strings to be used to add to the sonority of the

whole. It is this precious fact, that strings do sound sympathetically, that has promoted the harp from its old office of a domestic vehicle for the display of a shapely arm, to an honoured place in the orchestra, where the sympathetic resonance of its strings adds to the general sonority, and the instrument seems to gain an amount of power altogether unsuspected by the older composers. Here again attempts have been made to lessen the player's difficulties, and one of the attempts, the double-action pedal of Erard has made an enormous and legitimate difference in the harp's artistic position; another, the ingenious method of stringing employed in the "chromatic harp", only manages to dispense with the elaborate pedals by the sacrifice of the curious glissando effects on arpeggios of the diminished seventh and other strange chords.

It seems fairly certain that in almost all instruments of music there do exist some inherent defects which make for individuality and which are really merits in disguise. In case after case, we have seen how their removal, so far from being an advantage, has had a tendency to reduce the differences of quality to one dead level of colourless tone.

What, then, is the "moral" of all this? Shall we welcome all inherent defects as if they were merits, and sit contented with inferior workmanship, rejecting all suggestions for improvements? Shall we value performers according to their lack of skill in their art, and pay the largest fees to pianists who play the greatest number of wrong notes? Already there are signs that in some quarters faults have been worth money, as when a conscientious contralto singer was rejected by a concert-agent in London with the words, "You see, if you only had a nice break in your voice like Mme. . . . we might do something for you, but as it is, your voice is too even."

We must surely discriminate between the kind of improvement that aims at copying the excellences of some different medium of music, and the kind that proceeds along the line of natural development of the instrument's resources. To reject both classes alike would be to stultify all the improvements that have brought the various instruments to their present state, and the logical conclusion would be we should never allow a child to be taught a scale for fear of its losing its musical innocence. If an increase of piano-forte sonority can only be attained by a sacrifice of tone-quality,—as was the case with the pianos of the latter part of the XIXth century, when defence against the onslaughts of herculean pianists seemed to be necessary, and when the bass strings were made to give out sounds scarcely recognizable as notes,—then let that

increase of volume wait till some material can be found for the bass strings which will let them still be musically beautiful. Let the oboe remain an oboe, the clarinet a clarinet, and above all the organ an organ; for no blending of tone can compensate for loss of the characteristic organ quality, nor can fancy stops atone for inferiority in the texture of organ diapasons.

JACQUES OFFENBACH : HIS CENTENARY

By MARTIAL TENEO

ON June the 20th, 1819, at Cologne, in the Glockengasse (now only a memory), was born Jacques Offenbach, whose renown, forty years later, was to overspread the world.

To rehabilitate such an artist, still held in contempt at the present day by our musical "scientists," to restore him to his rightful place on the occasion of the centennial of his birth, is a task worthy of an unbiassed historian. I undertake this task wholly in the interest of justice and truth;—not merely to demonstrate that art, taken in the generic sense, gives admission to each and every formula, but also to demolish certain wretched fables and to throw light on many hitherto obscure phases in the life of an extraordinarily prolific creator.

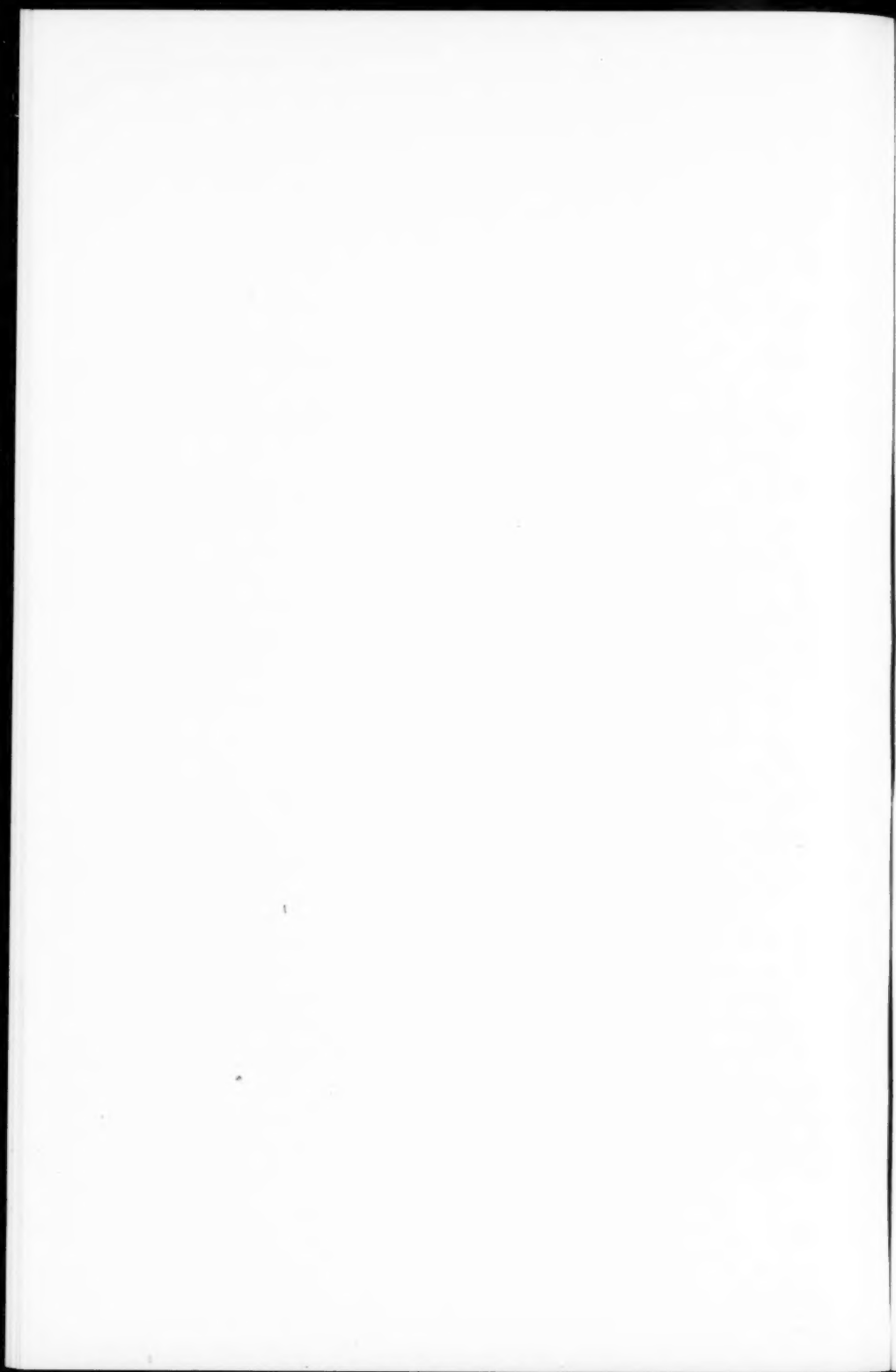
Though it is almost axiomatic that every man bears, throughout his lifetime, the impress of his early education, Offenbach was an exception to the rule. The youngest of a numerous family, son of a member of the Jewish priesthood, reared in a doctrinal atmosphere, there was apparently little likelihood of his becoming the representative of pagan joyance in an era of luxury and in a land of which he was not a native. His father, a devotee of music, a good singer and a player on the violin, was fond of executing quartets with his friends in an easygoing amateurish fashion, by way of pastime. A grave simplicity, part and parcel of his priestly functions, characterized his every action. Logically, although with no special aim in view, he gave his children early instruction on the violin. At the age of seven, Jacques wielded the bow with considerable facility; but, as the violoncello better suited his natural taste, he made rapid progress on that instrument, and having, thanks to the self-sacrificing generosity of his parents, become the pupil of Alexander, he speedily outstripped his master and found himself lionized at numerous concerts both as a virtuoso and as a composer of ventures whose originality consisted chiefly in daring passages and burlesque imitations.

A strange presentiment soon moved him to abandon the peaceful family circle, to leave his native town and take his way to Paris. Bearing a letter of introduction to the poet Méry, he arrived there, barely fourteen years of age, accompanied by his



PHOT. MAYER & PIERSON

Jacques Offenbach



elder brother Jules. This was in 1833, during the full tide of Romanticism. The two boys entered the Conservatoire, where, in defiance of the ordinance which forbade admission to foreigners, Cherubini, the director, placed Jacques in the class of M. Vaslin. Shortly after this, he came into possession of a desk for violoncello at the Opéra-Comique, with a monthly salary of 83 francs.

Here we must pause to remark that either by reason of remote atavism or through an extraordinary facility for assimilation, Jacques very quickly discovered a mental idiosyncrasy *à la française*. Amiable, gay, inclined to negligence withal, this transplanted German played a thousand tricks in his capacity as an executant. Scamping a phrase, catching up a measure on the fly, mutilating a finale, imitating the bass in the lower octave, neglecting his part to write down some musical thought—all this rendered him the object of such frequent fines that the monthly payday was a time to be dreaded.

At the rehearsals of *l'Éclair* he made the acquaintance of Fromenthal Halévy, who took an interest in his attempts at composition and gave him advice. For three years he held his place at his desk, devoting his days to composition and giving soirées from time to time in various salons. All at once, in 1838, he leaves the Opéra-Comique and forsakes his breadwinner, the violoncello. Suffering from hunger and cold, but with courageous obstinacy, he heaps waltzes on concertos, romances on fantasias, following the impulses of a riotous inspiration; furnishing dance-tunes for the Concerts Julien, and songs for Achard, the comic singer of the Société des Frileux—the same Achard who, in the year following, was to assist at Offenbach's theatrical début in the Palais-Royal by interpreting airs of his in *Pascal et Chambord*.

On May 2, 1841, we find him at a matinée in the home of M. de la Corblère, performing the minuet and finale of a Beethoven sonata with Rubinstein, then twelve years old, at the piano. After this he "sang with grace" (according to the reporter for the *Revue et Gazette*), on the violoncello, his *Cor des Alpes* and also a grand fantasia on Russian themes.

In fact, however, his career as a composer was so beset with difficulties that the youthful Jacques, quitting his writing-desk, undertook a concert-tour through his native country, and there-after in England.

Returning to Paris after an absence of several years, he soon married Mlle. Herminie de Alcain, a pretty Spanish maiden, whose widowed mother had become the wife of the Carlist general Mitchell.

Scarcely settled in the Passage Saulnier, the young couple bethink them of the necessities of life. Jacques is tempted more than ever by the theatre. After having obtained a hearing for several of his compositions in concerts (those of Herz, in particular, in which a *Grande scène espagnole* inspired by his wife was performed), he sets to music certain of La Fontaine's fables—*La Cigale et la Fourmi*, *Le Renard et le Corbeau*, *Le Savetier et le Financier*, etc.—and composes six pieces for violoncello and piano in collaboration with Flotow.

Years went by. Seizing every seemingly favorable opportunity, and with a view to attracting the attention of the director of the Opéra-Comique, he brought out little stage-pieces hastily thrown together, such as *l'Alcove*.

The February Revolution of 1848 broke out. Offenbach withdrew to Germany and remained there a year, composing various works, re-reading Mozart, and also (probably) cultivating the violoncello, his favorite instrument.

Coming back to Paris, Jacques had no better success than before in getting a hearing at the theatres. An opéra bouffe produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique lived but a few weeks. Perrin, at the Opéra-Comique, turned a deaf ear to the composer; the political unrest had closed the salons. One day, while in lonely meditation on the hardships of the times, at a table in the Café Cardinal, Offenbach saw Arsène Houssaye approaching him with outstretched hand. Recently chosen director of the Théâtre-Français, owing to the favor of the triumphant Rachel, Houssaye proposed, among many other reforms, to provide his theatre with an orchestra worthy of the House of Molière. He knew the artistic temperament of Jacques, and without further ceremony asked him to become his *chef d'orchestre*. The young musician accepted the offer; the 6000 francs which this post insured him meant, for him, independence and the possibility of awaiting events propitious for the realization of his dream.

For the next five years he played fragments from his own works in the entr'actes; he directed Gounod's *Ulysse*, wrote airs for Mürger's *Bonhomme Jadis*, Dumas' *Romulus*, Plouvier's *Le Songe d'une nuit d'été*; in *Valéria* Rachel sang his music divinely; and entr'actes followed to the pretty compilation from the *Decameron*.

Nevertheless, in spite of the *Chanson de Fortunio* (written in a few minutes in the presence of Musset), in spite of the *Rose fanée*, in spite of the delightful Barcarolle frequently sung by Mme. Cinti-Damoreau, in spite of the favorable reception accorded his

Pepito, a pretty little Spanish farce played on the stage of the Variétés in October, 1853, Offenbach remained, at the Comédie, the chef d'orchestre to whom the doors of the Opéra-Comique would not unclose. Indeed, this theatre belied its name, giving access only to miniature grand operas. Genuinely gay, sprightly music, continuing the traditions of Monsigny, Grétry, Auber, and Adam, was heard there with increasing infrequency.

Oh! to become his own master, to revolt on the one hand against routine and, on the other, to give free scope to all the fantasies that were singing in his brain!—Alas! the young musician pursued his vision, hopeless of attainment; his daily duties embittered him, and his nascent notoriety in no wise satisfied his ambition.

It is necessary to linger over certain particular details of exceptional importance, although neglected by all the biographers. For they are the key to the characteristic style of Offenbach, and to the path which he followed regardless of loftier aims.

In 1847 there lived in Paris a certain Florimond Ronger, a lyric actor at the Théâtre Montmartre without fixed salary. His post as organist at the church of St. Eustache brought in 800 francs annually, and that at the Chapel of Bicêtre 12.50 francs monthly besides board and lodging for his wife and himself. This singular personage, living next door to lunatics and taking delight in applying the cognomen of "crazy composer" to himself, assumed the pseudonym of Hervé as a musician. His brain teeming with fancies, energetic, headstrong, never doubting the ultimate success of his musical career, this lyric bohemian had already lavished his eccentric fancy on a quantity of extravagant songs, when he wrote—for a benefit of his comrade Désiré, a future headliner of Offenbach's theatre—a comic interlude entitled *Don Quichotte et Sancho Pança*, in which Florimond, tall and thin, played the Don, and Désiré, short and stout, took the part of Sancho. This skit made a sensation. Adolphe Adam, after hearing it, complimented the author and engaged him as a tenor buffo for the Opéra National in the Boulevard du Temple, of which he was the director, and where, in March, 1848, he revived *Don Quichotte* with the author and Kelm.

The Operetta was born! Hence, it is incorrect to say of Offenbach that he was the father of this form. Actually he was only its continuator. But another circumstance renders this fact still more apparent. Hervé, having taken over the management of the Folies-Concertantes in 1853, proceeded to turn to account various worklets in his peculiar style, producing

successively *Le Compositeur toqué*, *Un Drame en 1779*, *La Perle de l'Alsace*, *La belle Espagnole*, *Le Duo impossible*, *Agamemnon* (a parody of the antique), *Le Jugement de Paris*, and *Achille à Scyros* (other mythological farces requiring only two personages). At once director, composer, author, actor, prompter, stage-manager, machinist, scene-painter, he wrought with feverish activity, giving free rein to his carnivalistic buffoonery.

Offenbach often took time to attend the production of Hervé's "nonsensicalities," and would return from the Folies in a nervous, restless, even jealous frame of mind. This creature of impulse, whose brain was in continual ebullition and whose nerves lay bare to the touch, this marvellous assimilator, this born satirist, this genial warper and wrester, was penetrated by the feeling that the frequently trivial extravagances of Hervé might, if tempered, become the starting-point of a new style. And so it came that he felt himself seized by an intense longing, first, to imitate, then to equal, and finally to excel—in talent, in imaginativeness, and above all in delicacy—the real creator of the French operetta.

Great turns of destiny are frequently dependent on very small matters. Without the example set by Hervé, Offenbach might perhaps never have become the musician who penned *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La belle Hélène*, and so many other triumphant works. An important point of which no one has hitherto taken sufficient note, is that Offenbach, stung to the quick by the success of a capricious and disorderly innovator, one day resolved to prosecute a renewal of his earlier efforts in Hervé's own theatre.

Early in 1855 he paid a visit to his future rival. After expressing the enthusiasm which Hervé's burlesque creations had aroused in him, he begged him to accept and put on the stage a one-act operetta composed in imitation of his own. Our whimsical Florimond received this new confrère with fraternal alacrity, and soon was playing the leading role in *Oy, aye, aye!*, of which Jules Moineaux, the father of our Courteline, had written the libretto.

Some months later the little theatre abandoned by the physicist Lacaze, in the Champs-Élysées, was offered for rental. Offenbach was one among some two dozen competitors, and, thanks to the protection of powerful friends, was awarded the privilege of producing pieces in one act for two or three players. While this restriction was by no means entirely satisfactory in view of his aims, he raised no objection whatever, reserving a solution of the difficulty for a future time. The main thing was that he, himself, would now have a theatre of his own. Thenceforward

he could measure himself against Hervé, whose career was to be so strangely parallel to Offenbach's.

Having christened his theatre the Bouffes-Parisiens, and recruited a troupe uniting vocal and histrionic elements, Offenbach on July the 3d burst in upon Moineaux:—"Day after to-morrow I must have a piece from you to open my theatre!" he exclaimed. The author of *La Question d'Orient*, a political lampoon which had just set all Paris laughing, proposed a three-act piece, *Les Musiciens ambulants*.—"Three acts!" cried the despairful Jacques, "that's impossible on account of my contract!"—Moineaux asked for twenty-four hours, and next day brought in *Les deux Aveugles*, a condensation of *Les Musiciens ambulants*.

Despite the forebodings of the authors' advisers, this musical travesty assured the success of the opening night, and made the name of Offenbach a leading attraction of Paris, to such a degree that in March, 1859, during the session of the Peace Congress, Napoleon III regaled his guests in the salons of the Tuileries with this little play, whose overwhelming vogue was to continue through more than four hundred representations.

Concurrent with and serving as a foil to *Les deux Aveugles*, other pieces were now and again produced by the fortunate director; such as *Le Rêve d'une nuit d'été*, *Le Violoneux* (a little masterpiece of temperament and art, replete with pointed phrases and "heart-interest," in which Mlle. Schneider, then a rising star, won applause), furthermore, *Mme. Papillon*, *Périnette*, and certain pantomimes which were decidedly silly compared with the vivacious operetta.

Besides Auber and Adam, who were assiduous visitors of the "Bouffes"—this miniature theatre "made with a ladder," as one caricaturist termed it—all personages of note thronged to the Champs-Élysées; count de Castellane was fond of recalling the fact that he had divined Jacques' future when, in his soirées, he presented him beside Nadaud and Augustine Brohan.

However, when winter came, the Champs-Élysées had to be abandoned for a shelter in the City itself. Favored by an unexpected opportunity, Offenbach and his friends were not obliged to prolong their search. Comte was willing to make over the Salle Choiseul, and Jacques installed himself there on Dec. 29; as an opening piece he gave *Ba-Ta-Clan*, with Ludovic Halévy, then attached to the Palais-Bourbon as secretary-editor.

By its madcap dash and its charming grace Offenbach's music was now, from day to day, winning an increasingly enviable position for its author. But while he was thus pouring out an

uninterrupted stream of new works, Jacques acquired Adam's *Les Pantins de Violette*, thereby thwarting the Opéra-Comique; and six months later he opened a competition "intended for the benefit of the author of the best comedy-opera (opéra comique) properly so-called."

The theatre of the Bouffes-Parisiens—he wrote in a veritable plea in defense of the operetta—will attempt to resuscitate the traditional and genuine style. Its very name renders this a duty. Hitherto it has endeavored to keep the faith. But it does not believe that its efforts should be limited to this. Wholly without pretensions, and remaining within the bounds of its modest sphere, it considers itself capable of doing great service to art and artists. It has met with success in the remodeled sketches of the earlier opéra-comique, in farces like the stage-pieces of Cimarosa and the first Italian masters; it aims, not merely to persevere in this path, but to dig deep into the inexhaustible vein of ancient French merriment. It has no other ambition than to give short pieces, and, if we reflect for a moment, this is no mean ambition. In an opera that is over in barely three-quarters of an hour, that deploys only four personages on the stage, and that employs an orchestra of thirty musicians at most, there must be ideas and melody payable on sight. Remember, too, that with so slender an orchestra—with which, none the less, Mozart and Cimarosa contented themselves—it is very difficult to hide those faults of inexperience which are smothered by an orchestra of eighty musicians.

Far be it from us to dream of stemming the tide of art, of belittling science. For us, a return to the past is not the last word of progress; but, while admitting that the genre as exploited by the license of the Bouffes-Parisiens is only the first round on the ladder of the genre, it is necessary that this first round should exist if one would go up higher.

Offenbach's generous offer attracted seventy-eight competitors, among whom six were designated for a definitive trial, this consisted in setting to music a libretto by Battu and Halévy entitled *Le Docteur Miracle*. By the vote of a jury composed of Auber, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Scribe, Saint-Georges, Mélesville, Leborne, Victor Massé, Gounod, Gevaert and Bazin, the prize was equally divided between Georges Bizet and Charles Lecocq, both scores being produced thereafter at the Bouffes. The eclectic Jacques also presented pieces by Delibes, Poise, Duprato, Rossini, even Mozart. In summertime he returned to the Champs-Élysées; the winters were passed in the Salle Choiseul. And, as he occupied himself with the minutest details of the mounting, with the pettiest administrative matters, one may well ask how he found time to write the eight new pieces which he gave in 1857, several of which were sent out "on the road," first to England, then to Lyons, some of these being *Le Mariage aux Lanternes*, of

youthfulness eternal, and *La Demoiselle en Loterie*, played all over the world.

The year 1858 was to mark an epoch in Offenbach's career and in the musical life of Paris. Now, freed from all constraint, having permission to overpass the limits hitherto set for his talents, Jacques proceeded to create the real opéra-bouffe, to sway a vast audience with his uncurbed imagination, and to attract, together with thousands of admirers, a yelping pack of detractors, among whom, I grieve to state, Berlioz and Janin made themselves conspicuous by their unfairness.

With *Mesdames de la Halle* Offenbach inaugurated a new style requiring lavishness in the mounting, followed by that extraordinary *Orphée aux Enfers* which was the delight of the whole world, despite violent detraction. We must add, that its première was received with reserve. Poking fun at the gods and heroes of the Iliad was, in the eyes of many, to be guilty of excessive irreverence.

At that time people were ignorant, as so many are still ignorant, of the dominant reason for such an undertaking. Now it is worth our while to notice it. Years before, Offenbach had confided to his friend Crémieux that, while still *chef d'orchestre* at the Comédie-Française, he had sworn to be avenged for the intolerable ennui he so often experienced while viewing the parade of the personages of antiquity, the gods of Olympus, and the heroes of mythical times. His teeming imagination, his resolute modernism, could not bend themselves to the rules of a rigid classicism. His ardent temperament had suffered with veritable indigestion from mythology served in regular and soporific doses. He broke out in revolt against the plasticity of so many denatured phenomena. All these old arrears of hatred he proposed to pour out in jovial irony some day when, as he maliciously remarked, he should find an "accomplice" worthy to second his vengeance. Crémieux was this accomplice while awaiting the time that Ludovic Halévy and Henri Meilhac should come to his assistance and make his vengeance complete. The violent attacks of Janin in the "*Journal des Débats*" decided the success of *Orphée*. The tempest of maledictions aroused curiosity. Everybody wanted to hear the accursed work, and the Bouffes was soon crowded to capacity. The laughs took the side of the actors, especially when Crémieux revealed, in Figaro, that the tirade let loose by Léonce at his entry upon Olympus had been "lifted" from a feuilleton by Janin—Janinus Maro, Janinus Flaccus, Janinus Naso, as he was dubbed by the librettist. And our good Jacques, harassed by his criticisms, wrote him thus haughtily:

You say my music is an abominable concoction, music in a short petticoat or without a petticoat, music *à la chie-en-lù*? [Shocking Janin!] You think you are still among school-boys! Carnival music! bal-masqué music! music in rags and tatters! For all that, it never begged one line of you!

In rejoinder to the unjust attacks of which Offenbach was the object, the authors and composers whose works were given at the Bouffes, had the idea of offering a banquet to their director and friend. The members of the committee, J. Duflot, E. de Najac, C. du Locle, J. Duprato, H. Caspers, and L. Delibes, solicited support. It poured in from every side, sympathetically and eagerly. This manifestation was not of a nature to impose silence on irreconcilable enemies, but it impelled the musician to persist in his course. And so, in 1859, he ventured to bring out a pendant to *Orphée*, in the form of a travesty on the tragic adventures of Geneviève de Brabant. The semi-success obtained (Nov. 19) discouraged him all the less in that he now finally saw his dearest hopes realized by the receipt of his certificate of full naturalization. For on the 14th of January, 1860, in the "Bulletin of the Laws of the Empire," under No. 9513, there appeared an Imperial Decree (countersigned by the Guardian of the Seals, the Minister of Justice) setting forth that the "sieur Offenbach (Jacques), composer of music, born June 20, 1819, in Cologne (Prussia), resident in Paris, is admitted to enjoy the rights of a French citizen, in conformity with Article 2 of the law of Dec. 3, 1849."

Moreover, one month earlier, as if in reply to those ill-wishers who made pretense of proving that Wagner had influenced Offenbach, and that the latter was a foreign musician with pernicious tendencies, the "Press" of Vienna had devoted a long article to the author of *Orphée*, and acknowledged that he wrote French music. To this the "Figaro" added:

Since the Germans themselves recognize Offenbach as a Frenchman, it is quite natural that we in Paris should consider him out and out French, although born in Cologne.

In celebration, after his own fashion, of his newly acquired status as Frenchman, Jacques produced, on March 27 (1860), *Daphnis et Chloé*, a delightful score whose freshness rivals its tender feeling. However, the popular composer, at once prodigal and charitable, was not growing wealthy. A performance for his benefit was announced in the Théâtre Italien. The Emperor signified his intention of attending it, but required that *Orphée* should be placed on the program, desiring to hear for himself the work from which his military bands so frequently borrowed

fragments during the Italian campaign, besides the quadrille that enlivened the lovely *soirs dansants* at the Tuileries.

Not long after this ever-memorable evening, as if to crown five years of successes, the two foremost lyric stages of Paris issued invitations to the embarrassing Offenbach. That was the last straw! It was called flying in the face of commonsense; the word "indecenty" was spoken, there was a general outburst of rage among the envious, the malcontents, the emulators of the hyperbolical Janin, the paradoxical Roqueplan, the coarse Scudo. On Nov. 26 the ballet *Le Papillon* (scenario by Saint-Georges and Mlle. Taglioni) won a sweeping success on the stage of the Académie Impériale de Musique [the Opéra]. The enemies of Jacques vented stormy protests, like the negro Cochinat, who exclaimed:

It would be difficult to imagine anything more colorless—to speak frankly, anything more futile and more hollow. It is the final limit of an art outworn.

This attitude of the gnashers of teeth appeared the more ridiculous in the light of the complete success of the work, which had forced adversaries like Fiorentino to do justice to the score. In fine, the chorus of praises drowned the racket of invective. "The music of Offenbach," wrote Paul de Saint-Victor in the *Presse*, "is lively, clever, easy to follow and pleasant to listen to. It has melody and rhythm, the spurs of the dance." Eugène Chapus declared that the theme of the *Valse des Rayons* was a veritable treasure-trove of genius; in Offenbach he recognized a musical Messiah whose cult might succeed the cult of Auber and Halévy. Chadeuil, of *Le Siècle*, believed that many pages of the score would not have been disowned by Adam. The *Revue et Gazette* felicitated the composer on having given proof of a remarkable talent in the handling of that formidable and complex instrument, the orchestra. "Most assuredly," so adds the chronicler, "the *Valse des Rayons*, of so alluring and coquettish a mien, will have an immense popular success." This was a true prophecy, for at the present time, despoiled by highwaymen, it is still to be heard on the stage of every music-hall under the appellation of *Valse chaloupée*.—Finally, the best proof that can be adduced for the success of the *Papillon*—in whose cast the leading lady was that poor little Emma Livry who was fated to be burned alive at a rehearsal of *La Muette de Portici*—is, that the ballet was given forty-one times in succession, a rare occurrence in the annals of the Opéra.

On Dec. 24, at the Opéra-Comique, the score of *Barkouf* was overwhelmed in the failure of a puerile libretto. This was greeted

with an explosion of ferocious joy from the vituperators. They asserted that the master's prestige was ruined past repair—thereby showing their scant appreciation of the inexhaustible resources of so fertile a talent. With that fine self-reliance which signalized his character, Jacques constructed within a week the charming piece, *La Chanson de Fortunio*, winning therewith on Jan. 5, 1861, one of the most brilliant triumphs of his career. Public enthusiasm reached its highest pitch, and Meyerbeer went about repeating to all who cared to hear: "I only wish I might have written that ravishing score."

This discomfiture caused the hostile camp to redouble its outrages. Whereupon, Xavier Aubryet entered the lists in defense of Offenbach, and castigated Berlioz (who treated him too loftily), Scudo, Haquet, Commettant, and all the rest. He asserted unreservedly that the *Chanson de Fortunio* was a little masterpiece worthy of a niche between *Les Noces de Jeannette* and *Le Chien du Jardinier*.

Seized by a veritable mania for production, and spurred by his desire to confound the fools and backbiters, Jacques brought out in swift succession *Le Pont des Soupîrs* (an indescribable bit of buffoonery), *Monsieur Choufleurî restera chez lui* (a droll fantasy by the Duc de Morny), *Apothicaire et Perruquier* (an amusing pastiche of eighteenth-century music), and, finally, *Le Roman comique*. On the pinnacle of fame—and the verge of bankruptcy! So the Bouffes passed into the hands of Varney, but retained its established purveyor. Offenbach's Muse lost no time. In *Monsieur et Madame Denis* she is bewitching, and presents us with a Chaconne of instant popularity; in *Les Bavards* she is delicate and keen-witted; in *Lischen et Fritzchen* she proves herself a skillful improvisatrice; finally, in *Les Georgiennes*, she makes bold to surround herself with a scenic exuberance unusual in her case. Ah! this dainty, lightsome Muse, short of skirt, ironical and capricious, who carols a delicate romance after shouting out the *Marseillaise des Femmes* or the *Évolé*, as she is forced to obey the fantastic, arbitrary, ever-vigilant genius of an unrestful master. This master leads her from Paris to Ems, from Ems to Baden, from Baden to Vienna or Berlin, and, when he promises her to rest awhile at Étretat, he is deceiving himself, for, surrounded by his family and friends, he is always possessed by the demon of work.

The time has now arrived when the great humorists Meilhac and Halévy are to reserve their most uniquely fanciful creations for their friend Jacques. These two authors possessed imagination

united with a racy, nervous style, and—the public liked this—they infused rhyme and reason into their parodies. In these the tone rings true, and their satires in action cannot possibly be confounded with the stale buffooneries of their imitators.

In 1864, a week before Christmas, the Théâtre des Variétés brought out *La belle Hélène* with Hortense Schneider (whose name was thenceforward inseparably linked with that of Offenbach), with Dupuis (an inimitable Paris), with Grenier, Coudert, and Kopp. Lily-white, blond and smiling as a Rubens, when she delivered *a piena voce* the famous phrase "Il nous faut de l'amour!" the queen of French operetta aroused frenzied applause.

The chorus of the classic enemies of gayety again spat invectives at the librettists, the musician, the interpreters. Ridiculing Homer! Laying impious hands on ancient Greece! Dragging Helen and Paris into dionysiac buffooneries!

This time Offenbach made light of these vituperations. He was borne aloft on a whirlwind of popularity; for full twenty years he had struggled before tasting the sweets of victory, and now successes impelled him on and on along his course as National Amuser.

Some months later, after having presented *La belle Hélène* to the applause of Vienna and Berlin, and having won a sprig of laurel at Ems with his *Coscoletto*, he composed *Les Bergers*. "In the first act," he wrote, "we are all antiquity; . . . in the second I breathed the very air of Watteau; in the third act I strove to simulate the music of Courbet . . ." But his audience at the Bouffes did not understand him. The libretto was doubtless a trifle complicated for its comprehension and its every-day humor; the music, by turns dramatic, tender, and gay, presented contrasts which disfigured their musical idol in the eyes of his worshippers. But what of that! Scarcely two months had passed, when Jacques once more confounded his foes with *Barbe-Bleue*, at the Variétés (Feb. 5, 1866).

The new temple dedicated to Offenbach had no empty seats; not a stranger but wished to hear Boulotte (Mlle. Schneider) and Barbe-Bleue (M. Dupuis). The more violent the attacks of the high priests, the greater were the triumphs. In the newspapers, on the boulevards, in the retirement of the ateliers and in all the salons, Offenbach is held in honor. The most visionary schemes are proposed for his acceptance; his exits and entrances are spied upon; his last word and deed is passed through the sieve of Parisian newsmongery; he is the god of music, the god of Paris, the idol of

the Empress, and, consequently, the *bête noir* of all antagonists of the imperial régime.

The combined fancy of Meilhac and Halévy had concocted a burlesque intended for the troupe of the Palais-Royal, newly converted to "Offenbachism"; and on Oct. 31 *La Vie Parisienne*, interpreted by Mmes. Zulma Bouffar, Honornie, Thierret and Montalaud, and MM. Hyacinthe, Brasseur, Gil Pérès and Lassouche aroused thunderous applause. However, the success of this madcap score was to be surpassed by far, six months thereafter, by that of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, an extravagant caricature whose unexampled vogue will never be surpassed, and which still stirs the bile of the aristarchs.

This year of 1867, rendered so brilliant by the Universal Exposition, was regarded by some as the noisome symbol of the Régime of December the Second. Certain gloomy moralists took as their theme the public festivals, the balls, the theatres. They reminded us of Sadowa and the Mexican campaign;—and sometime they will declare that Offenbach's music contributed to the defeat of 1870!

Meantime, the sovereigns of all nations were making Paris their rendezvous. One after the other came William I, escorted by Bismarck; Franz Joseph, Tsar Alexander II, Sultan Abdul-Aziz, the king of Greece, the king of Belgium, the brother of the emperor of Japan, the viceroy of Egypt, the king of Portugal, the king of Sweden, the queen of Württemberg. The Exposition opened April the 1st on the Champ de Mars; and the 12th, after some tilts with the censor, the Théâtre des Variétés launched *La Grande Duchesse*. Next day the Song of the Sabre, the "declaration" of Mlle. Schneider, the rondeau of Fritz, the Legend of the Glass, flew from mouth to mouth. In its sobriety, the report of the chronicler Jérôme strikes the true note. He writes:

No one knows how great resourcefulness in the way of melody, of imagination, of variety, is called for by this highly specialized style, in which so few masters have excelled. Methods, formulas, the science of harmony, do not suffice here. One must pay, as the saying goes, cash down; there must be an inexhaustible fund of vivacity, originality, *esprit*, without resort to the outlandish and bizarre; one must be merry without effort, comical without triviality. All this Offenbach can do, and one is astonished, on hearing his new opera, at the potentialities of the seven notes of the scale in the way of charm and wit, of enchantment and laughter.

Jacques, the anointed monarch of Opéra Bouffe, saw with permissible pride this procession of the great ones of earth

before his work, together with his faithful public. Princes, warriors and diplomats came as eagerly as the nobility, the bourgeoisie, and all the rest. Napoleon III, the Tsar (to whom the Empress offered a seat), the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Herr von Bismarck, Grand-duke Constantine, the kings of Bavaria, Portugal and Sweden, supported by the ladies of the court and the sovereign herself, came to applaud Schneider and Dupuis, whose popularity passed all bounds, and who were now known as *la Grande Duchesse* and Fritz on the street as well as in the theatre.

On Nov. 23 *Robinson Crusoe*, at the Opéra-Comique, made up for the failure of *Barkouf*. "Adam is dead! Long live Offenbach!" people said while going out after the première.

Not long afterwards word came from New York that the 150th representation of *La Grande Duchesse* had been celebrated. And in London the St. James Theatre was also preparing to produce this masterpiece of drollery, as well as the *La belle Hélène*.

While the Bouffes were scoring two further successes with *Le Fife enchanté* and that extravaganza in motley, *l'Île de Tulipatan*, Jacques put *La Périhole* in rehearsal at the Variétés. Brought out Oct. 6, 1868, this work scored a complete success. "It is a drumfire of melodies," said "Le Figaro." And "Le Gaulois" added: "The Muse of the maestro is clad in a robe of changeable silk; the robe remains the same, but the reflection is never the same."

In 1869 there was a delightful rôle for Capoul in *Vert-Vert* at the Opéra-Comique; its success was so genuine, so unanimous, that in the hostile camp hardly any one ventured to brandish a thunderbolt; at the Bouffes, Schneider carried all before her in *La Diva*, a veritable musical autobiography, unhappily destined to fade early, like all plays based on current events; at Baden, *La Princesse de Trébizonde* was acclaimed by a select audience, and later at Paris for the débuts of Mme. Chaumont, who declaimed the music marvellously, if she didn't sing it. Finally, three days thereafter, *Les Brigands* came out at the Variétés with Dupuis, Zulma Bouffar, Baron and Cooper.

By way of a rest from such continual activity Jacques visited Vienna and Darmstadt, proceeded to Nice via Paris, returned to Vienna, came back to Paris, where he gave a monster supper to his faithful interpreters, and then shut himself up at St. Germain to finish *Fantasio*. But he had overrated his powers of endurance. His physicians ordered him to stop work for three months. While in his villa at Étretat he was surprised by the war. In

a letter to a friend on Aug. 9, 1870, he expressed the distress he felt at the turn of events. The storm burst. He departed, threatened and mocked by those who, more than ever, liked to regard him as a German hired by the Empire, a corrupter of the public taste, a dangerous individual. Harsh and cruel, month followed month. The siege of Paris came, and famine with it. Some few representations were given for the wounded; in February, 1871, *La Princesse de Trébizonde* reappeared at the Bouffes. The vilest invectives were hurled at the absent author. He himself wrote his collaborators, Nutter and Tréfeu from Milan, March 6, a really fine letter, in which he said:

I know the story of *Trébizonde*; I am sorry for those poor little confederates who hope, because I have great success, to injure me by saying that I am a German, when they know very well that I am French to the marrow of my bones! They will be punished for their perfidies; I hope to return soon, and I also hope, my dear friends, that we shall begin work again, and—although I, alas! was born in Cologne—that you will deign to entrust me once more with a poem.

Madame Offenbach, with the children, had taken refuge in St. Sébastien. In the letters of this model spouse we have another proof that Offenbach was affected by the horrors of war like a true Frenchman. His health was seriously impaired, and his morale had suffered a terrible shock; but the artist was not vanquished. As soon as the theatres were reopened in 1871, *Les Bavards* reappeared on the posters. The resuscitated town welcomed its favorite musician. On Jan. 15, 1872, *Le Roi Carotte* (book by Sardou), a grand spectacular fairy opera, transported the audience at the Gaité, exactly thirty-two days after the victorious première of *Boule-de-Neige* (a revised version of *Barkouf*). Everywhere something or other by Offenbach was revived; so anybody can see that if the operetta killed the Empire, as certain persons had recently affirmed, it did not die, too.

Betrayed by a mediocre libretto, Offenbach witnessed the fall of *Fantasio*; however, he set out for Vienna, where several of his works were now in higher favor than ever, among them being *Le Corsaire noire*, of which he wrote both the book and the music.

At this juncture the maestro made up his mind to obtain the directorship at the Gaité, whose vast stage would permit him to mount grand spectacles—to dazzle and delight at the same time. While maturing his plans he produced *Les Braconniers* at the Variétés on Jan. 29, 1873; he launched the vivacious Théo on his career in *Pomme d'Api*, at the Renaissance theatre, and composed

for her *La jolie Parfumeuse*, in which, on Nov. 29, the new diva shone in full lustre. Once director of the theatre he had coveted, he prepared a revival of *Orphée aux Enfers* with amplifications and a stupendous mounting. The following 7th of February crowds fought at the doors of the Gaité; on May 18 the hundredth representation was celebrated; while *La Périchole*, enriched by a new act, renewed the ovations to Schneider and Dupuis at the Variétés.

Following in swift succession came *Bagatelle* at the Bouffes, with Judic and Mme. Grivot; *Whittington and His Cat* at the Alhambra in London; *Madame l'Archiduc*, whose principal airs were encored and which had over one hundred and fifty consecutive representations. And then, in one and the same month (November, 1875), three creations: *La Boulangère a des Écus*, *Le Voyage à la Lune*, and *La Créole*.

In spite of all this, Offenbach was obliged to give up the directorship of the Gaité. Lavishness in living and giving led to his ruin, for all his decisive successes. He now regretted far less the passing of his fortune into the hands of his creditors, than the evanishment of his dream—the fairy opera-drama. For months he had been constructing with Sardou and Nuitter a *Don Quichotte* adapted from the production at the Gymnase; it was his intention that it should surpass in splendor anything theretofore seen on the stage! To this end, he had entrusted to Fromont the question of decorations; Sardou had proposed windmills with revolving vanes, a rainbow, moonlight effects, and a sunrise, a storm with flying clouds, pigs in goldfoil, a mechanical bull for the circus, a splendid wayside altar with a group of women ranked stepwise among the flowers, an interior in the palace of Barataria, a conflagration of this same Oriental palace, a combat of demons, nightmare visions, a ballet of personages with two faces, and finally a sumptuous Wedding of Gamache as an apotheosis. But matters had gone wrong; two such violent temperaments as Offenbach and Sardou, despite the gentle impassibility of Nuitter, were bound to conflict, the dramaturgist showing himself exigent, and the composer neglecting his score because of disagreements; so that when the theatre passed into the hands of Vicentini, Sardou requested Nuitter to take back the manuscript of *Don Quichotte*. The affair had no sequel.

The following year, impelled by conscientious scruples, Jacques saw only one way to earn enough money to indemnify all his creditors, namely, a tour in America. At New York he received a spectacular welcome. The tricolored banner was flown

in his honor; above the balcony of his hotel an enormous transparency bore, in large letters: "Welcome, Offenbach"; an orchestra gave him a serenade; the populace acclaimed him; he was invited to the clubs. He gave concerts at Gilmore's Garden, and in Philadelphia; he conducted several of his works in different cities; and on the 8th of July the *Canada* took him back to France. He brought with him one hundred thousand francs in net profits, and his "Notes d'un Musicien en Voyage."

Scarcely had he reëstablished himself among his friends, when he produced in rapid sequence *Pierrette et Jacquot*, *La Boîte au Lait*, *Le Docteur Ox*, *Le Foire Saint-Laurent*, and *Maître Peronilla*. During the Exposition of 1878, the master produced nothing. The year preceding, however, he had requested his faithful collaborators Meilhac and Halévy to devise a piece promising a new and striking success. Moreover, the Gaité, under Weinschenk's directorship, revived *Orphée aux Enfers* with lavish decorations, besides reserving a surprise for the public—Hervé in the rôle of Jupiter! Yes, in sober truth, this "moving cause" of the *genre* Offenbach, Hervé, who, side by side with *La Grande Duchesse*, and *Périchole*, and *Barbe-Bleue*, and *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, had brought out *l'Oeil crevé*, *Chilpéric*, *Le Petit Faust*, and *Les Turcs*—Hervé, who had penetrated so profoundly into the popular heart with his chansons as interpreted by Thérèse—Hervé, of all men, is now harnessed to the triumphal chariot of his rival!

Jacques is once more in favor; his *Madame Favart*; a genuine comedy-opera, has a brilliant success at the Renaissance; the Bouffes are playing *La Marocaine*; and *La Fille du Tambour-Major*, the one hundredth score of the fertile musician, wins a glorious triumph.

As in the brightest days of his great vogue, Offenbach fills the columns of the daily press. His *Belle Lurette* is announced at the Renaissance; there is a rumor of a *Cabaret des Lilas* for Théo at the Variétés; *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* are eagerly awaited at the Opéra-Comique. But in the night of October 4-5, 1880, Offenbach passed away, at the age of 61. Death came after an attack of rheumatism of the heart. For ten years he had been the victim of intolerable pains, yet his intrepid and unwearied spirit refused to succumb to suffering and adversity. He sought refuge in work, never ceasing to manifest an admirable stoicism, forcing himself to live, to struggle, and to conquer, without a respite.

The hour had now struck to pay the brilliant tribute due the great artist who had just departed. On October the 8th Jouvin declared:

The manner of writing *bouffe* music, and which one must call the Offenbach style, has been the object of very lively polemical discussions in the press. While criticizing this style, frequently in very bitter fashion, only one aspect has been considered—the frolicsome and audacious tone which bordered on caricature and inclined toward parody. Such criticism makes Offenbach's music exclusively responsible for the peculiarly extravagant turn of the plays of his collaborators. Parody being the scenic element, necessarily became the soul, the flame and the smile of the score. Offenbach was far too sagacious to commit the absurdity of draping his *chanson musicale* like a Muse, making it strike an attitude in the midst of the extravagances of the libretto.

In fact, to judge Offenbach rightly, one must first of all consider that he was a musical humorist who was capable of being something else, had he so desired—witness *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. This point was missed by Berlioz, embittered in his pride as a belated romanticist. This is what the hypocrites and the high priests of bigotry refused to see. For all that, from whatever angle one may choose to view them, it is impossible to ignore the variety, the *esprit*, the good humor and the longevity of his artistic faculties. It is well to recall that Halévy, Auber and Adam encouraged and supported the first essays of the artist who, although German by race, never employed uncouth raillery, but rather light satire; one should also remember that Rossini dubbed Offenbach the Mozart of the Champs-Élysées. Now, it will surely be admitted that the Swan of Pesaro knew what was what in *bouffe* music. Meyerbeer felt himself so strongly attracted by the surprising fecundity of a fabulous imagination, that he never failed to assist at the *second* representation of the pieces of him whom he likewise called “the great minstrel of the nineteenth century.”

And did not Reyer remark: “M. Offenbach may have his faults, but he possesses one precious quality—he is original and drinks out of his own glass”? Saint-Saëns characterized him as having great fertility, the gift of melody, harmony rising at times to distinction, much *esprit* and inventive talent, and great theatrical skill.

Wagner himself—that giant!—professed the most sincere admiration for the composer of so many works replete with whimsical inventions, rhythmic caprices, prosodic oddities, elegiac phrases, and exquisite melodies.

One day when I was speaking of Offenbach in the presence of Charles Lecocq, the author of *Madame Angot* exclaimed: “He is our master—he belongs to all of us!” I could cite the opinions of twenty, of thirty, of fifty authoritative artists. *Cui bono?* The case is settled in the minds of all eclectics.

Miniature music!—so think the amateurs of musical trigonometry even in our day. Call it so, if you will; but it is the music of a great artist, and assuredly more of a moralist than those who scoffed at him in the name of morality, feigning ignorance of the fact that, before the galop of Orphée, our fathers had danced the cancan to the quadrille from *La Tulipe orageuse*!

What a lot of rubbish, of silly prejudice and pompous nonsense, was exposed and riddled by Offenbach! In his assault on insolent prestige, on usurped grandeur, on grotesque love-making and the gauds of vanity, he assailed a thousand absurdities with his irresistible laughter, and with an audacity which, for the host of humble folk, was sweetly revengeful.

This Master of Arts in musical buffoonery has had successors and heirs, but not one among them all has been able to rival him. Those who tried to assume his style have never equalled him. And yet, technically, his processes were simple. A clever prestidigitator, he had an invariable trick consisting in a uniform rhythm in two-four time halting with intentional insistence on the second beat, with the ninth as a point of support, but suspended in the air. And yet he alone could manipulate this same trick, so easy to catch and copy, so as to obtain certain racy and unexpected effects.

Names would flow readily from my pen, did I care to mention the "serious" composers who have turned to their account this "recipe" of Offenbach's. These composers ought to have manifested some gratitude to the memory of Jacques, because, by caricaturing entire finales of grand operas, he gave a rough shock to the superannuated formulas of the Italian school, and became the demolisher of routines, although as a true servant of progress.

Only see how cleverly he brings about a brusque change of tonality when, in the midst of his fun-making, he surrenders himself to a pathetic impulse. Into the whirl of the extremest burlesque he tosses the loveliest flowers of a soul suddenly grown sentimental. "Beneath his gayety there always gleams a divine spark," as Reynaldo Hahn very truly observed.

The great representative artist of an epoch and an environment, Offenbach, in his true inwardness as a man, was a most sympathetic figure. His friends called him "le grand Jacques"; he was small of stature, thin and slender. Fond of applause, intoxicated by the panegyrics of the press, spurred by acrimonious criticism, supported by an admirable spouse who sustained his self-confidence by continually repeating that he was the strongest and handsomest of all, he went through life possessed by a naïve

vanity and never doubting either his talent or his physical attractions. Indeed, the man who, on departing this life, left behind him *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, was singularly Hoffmannesque. With his hair worn *à la* weeping willow, his mischievous mien, his crooked nose, the mocking—at times sneering—twist of his mouth, his corkscrew whiskers, his hands distorted by rheumatism, his aspect as of a skeleton lost in flowing apparel, he really had the air of a phantasmagorical creature, suggestive of a nightmare rather than a reality. Persons unacquainted with him, who had had no opportunity to discover, under that sardonic mask, the soul overflowing with tender delicacy, with boundless sympathy, or to surprise, mirrored in a smile, his simple kindness of heart, felt distinctly uncomfortable in the contemplation of his jubilantly Macaberesque physiognomy. The Offenbach of the boulevards, of the restaurants, of the salons, of the external pose, bore no resemblance whatever to the Offenbach of familiar intercourse.

When we saw women avoid him for dread of the *jettatura*, or noticed men touching iron on his appearance, this laughter at everything, and everybody, and himself, withal, manifested poignant distress. The legend constructed around his name by Fiorentino tormented him, although this keensighted man was steeped in a superstition original in its way, for he insisted when giving a dinner at his house that there should be thirteen at table, and preferred to begin a journey on a Friday.

What remains to be said on this centenary, so propitious for the evocation of such a master of merriment? Only this: that to-morrow, following the convulsions of an atrocious war, the people will hail the coming of some new Offenbach who will appear because the people of France crave the most complete relaxation, just as they did after the outrageous barbarities of the Romantic epoch, of the Revolution of 1848, of the Coup d'État, and of the campaign of 1870.

And in closing, I recall the words of Goethe: "Only those win immortality who were the full expression of the mentality of their epoch."

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE FUTILITY OF THE ANGLICAN CHANT

By CHARLES WILLIAM PEARCE

WORDS which have to be sung, demand special fitness of musical setting from the rhythmical point of view. Not only should there be complete coincidence between musical and verbal accentuation; but the self-evident principle should always be borne in mind that prose, having no regularly recurring accent, can never be set with good effect to strictly metrical music which is only capable of suitable association with metrical poetry. It is the vain attempt to effect such an inartistic *mésalliance* which constitutes the futility of the Anglican chant.

The history of music presents no anomaly more curious than this; so that a brief investigation of the causes which produced it cannot fail to be as interesting to the general music-lover as to the church musician. It may be described as a case in which a certain musical device originally designed for the collective recitation of a number of literary couplets in *distich* form, admirably suited as it was at the time of its invention for the purpose which called it into existence, became after a time not merely unsuitable for that purpose, but actually perverse of good effect. And, more strangely still, this same musical device under its altered conditions—having become popular on its own account—is still largely used, in spite of its unsuitability for its original purpose.

The principle of fitness in a musical setting derives additional force for its practical application, when the words to be sung are of the highest interest and importance to everyone concerned in their recitation. It cannot be denied that of all the "books" of the Old Testament Scriptures, the Psalter stands out preeminently as a collection of sacred songs conveying a message to men "not of an age, but for all time." It has been well said that "the very excellence of the Psalms is their universality. Springing from the deepest fountains of the human heart, they are an everlasting heritage to mankind." The words of the Psalter deserve therefore a sympathetic rendering, in which any attempt at their musical setting must neither fetter the freedom of their rhythm, nor obscure their meaning.

Hebrew poetry, as exemplified in the Jewish Psalter, is in *distich* or couplet form, with a rhythm unfettered by laws of

prosody. An essential feature of this ancient oriental poetry is the regular balancing and adjustment of its ideas and sentiments by the use of parallelism. The latter portion of each distich, couplet, or psalm-verse is, therefore, a more or less amplification, modification, answer, or completion of the former portion; and this essential feature is clearly traceable where the original Hebrew poetry is translated into what may be termed the "poetical prose" of some other language. Thus, in both Latin and English translations of the Psalter, the distich or couplet form of each verse is observable in the two portions separated by the dividing colon. Of these two portions, the latter forms a confirmation or extension of the sentiment conveyed by the former:—

Latus sum in hic, quæ dicta sunt mihi : in domum Domini ibimus.

I was glad when they said unto me : we will go into the house of the Lord.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea : et a peccato meo munda me.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness : and cleanse me from my sin.

Ne projicias me a facie tua : et spiritum sanctum ne auferas a me.

Cast me not away from Thy Presence : and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

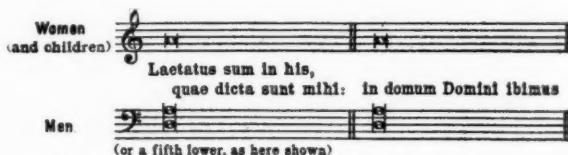
Benigne fac Domine in bona voluntate tua Sion : ut ædificentur muri Jerusalem.

O be favourable and gracious unto Sion : build Thou the walls of Jerusalem.

There is abundant evidence to prove that not only in the Temple at Jerusalem but in the synagogues of the Jewish Dispersion, every care was taken by the "chief musicians" or those in musical authority, that whenever a Psalm was sung in Hebrew public worship—whether to a "cantillation" or elaborate solo-setting by some trained singer, or to a simple massive *chant* voiced by a great congregation—any music so used should be fitted to the words in the manner best suited to their rendering by the vocal means available.

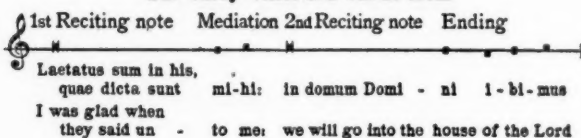
Congregational—rather than solo—recitation of the Psalter was a distinctive feature of early Christian worship. Naturally, the first step in the history of collective Psalter-recitation would be the *saying* of the words by each individual member of the community or congregation in his or her ordinary conversational voice: something entirely different to the *singing* worship of the persecutors whether Jewish or Roman. The next step, as a deliverance from such an inevitable vocal chaos, would be the introduction of a *monotonic recitation* i.e. the adoption of some note

of fixed pitch upon which both men and women could recite collectively, with an octave or some other concordant interval between them:—



The melodic structure of a "Gregorian" Psalm "Tone" of early date conveys the strongest possible suggestion—if not actual *evidence*—of such a system of monotonic recitation having been tried and improved upon, because apparently it did not meet the necessities of community or congregational recitation. Reading between the lines, it can easily be seen that the love of variety, the craving for melody however simple, the desire not to unduly wear out the voice by continually singing upon only one note, led to the "inflection" of the monotonic recitation as a necessary vocal relief. Such inflection was easily obtained by causing the voice at the middle and end of every psalm-verse to wander away from the monotone to some adjacent scale-degree:—

The early Christian Chant-form



Thus arose the Gregorian Tone or Chant, a melodic formula in which the two reciting-notes of the same pitch are apparently the remains of an earlier and invariable monotonic recitation. The Ambrosian Tones or Chants of the fourth century had inflected endings, but monotonic mediations. As a rule, the Gregorian half-verse inflection (mediation) was shorter than the whole-verse inflection (ending). This rule, be it observed, still governs the making of any new Anglican chant at the present day. It may be remarked here, that for practical purposes, inflections were as necessary for an efficient choral ensemble as they were for individual vocal relief. A few experiments with a choir will speedily demonstrate the truth of this. It can also be seen from Figure 2 how rhythmically elastic are both the mediation and ending of a

Gregorian Tone. There are no fixed accents in the music. In the Latin version of Psalm CXXII, verse 1, given in Figure 2, the verbal accents fall thus:—

1st Reciting-note—on the 3rd syllable from the end.

Mediation—on the first syllable thereof.

2nd Reciting-note—on the second syllable from the end.

Ending—on the second syllable thereof.

In the English Version they fall thus:—

1st Reciting-note—on the second syllable from the end.

Mediation—on the second syllable thereof.

2nd Reciting-note—on the 4th syllable from the end.

Ending—on the first and 4th syllables thereof.

Yet, the same smooth and simple melody suits the totally different accentuation of the words of the two versions equally well. Moreover, the melody itself gains constant rhythmical variety by the continual shifting of the accent from one note to another: a variety which is maintained all through even the longest Psalm sung in either version; for in the *free rhythm* of prose the succession of accented and unaccented notes is not as fixed and regular as in the *strict rhythm* of poetry.

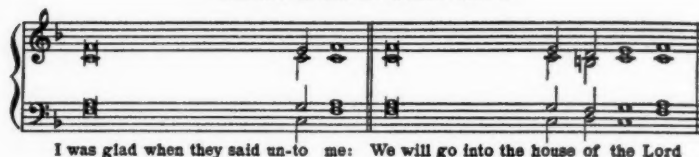
It may be observed also that in the English Version of the Psalter generally, the accent by no means falls on the final syllable of either mediation or ending as it does in the English words of Figure 2. Mr. John Heywood in his *Art of Chanting* (1893) states that a complete tabulation of the verse-endings of the Prayer-book Version of the English Psalter—made by him on the simple basis of good reading—shows 86 verses with the last accent on the *fourth* syllable from the end, 35 verses on the *fifth*, 7 on the *sixth*, and in one verse as far back as the *seventh* syllable from the end. Very nearly as many verses have the accent on the penultimate as upon the ultimate syllable; and about a quarter of that number have the ante-penultimate syllable accented.

This tabulation is quite sufficient to show that the continual shifting of accent from one syllable to another in the endings of Psalm-verses needs great rhythmical freedom and elasticity in any musical setting to which it is intended to sing every verse of a Psalm. The melodic structure of the Gregorian Tone fully meets the rhythmical needs of every Psalm verse in a perfectly ideal way.

With the introduction of vocal harmony into the worship of the Church, the Chant underwent great changes. It was first discovered that the inflected monotone—the *Canto fermo* or “fixed

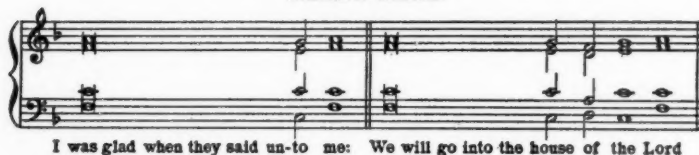
song" of the Chant—gained enormously in its ensemble effect by being accompanied by some other melody (or melodies) sung simultaneously with it. If the previous use of merely unaccompanied melody afforded relief to voices wearied by monotone, the introduction of harmony yielded contrast and delight not only to the singers, but to those who took their part in Divine Service by meditative listening only. With the gradual introduction of choral harmony came the following degradation of the chant from its first and high estate. Originally the *Canto fermo* was sung by the tenors, while other "inflected monotones" were sung by the other voices according to the rules of Strict Counterpoint:—

Christ-Church Tune (1664)



But, finding that the *Canto fermo* did not attract sufficient attention when sung by the tenors, and that congregations—especially the female portions thereof—regarded and sang the added treble part as though it were the principal melody of the chant [exactly as they do now-a-days, and always will do, with Tallis's "Festal Responses"] the next step was to transfer the *Canto fermo* from the tenor to the top-part:—

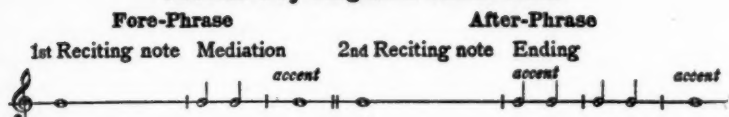
Tallis's Chant



With the invention of the "perfect cadence" came the realization of the rhythmical fact that the final tonic chord which concluded any composition carried with it the final strong accent of the music. It was the practical application of this principle which completed the evolution of the Anglican chant as we know it, by the insertion of *bars*. These were introduced in order not only to mark the accent, but to facilitate the keeping together of the four parts of the choral harmony. The Anglican chant then began

to settle down into its present crystallized form of an eight-bar sentence, of which the first bar is missing:—

Present Day Anglican Chant-form




The strong accent on the final semibreve of the after-phrase—that representing the tonic chord of the perfect cadence—soon became a convenient vehicle for carrying strongly accented syllables which fall some distance away from the end of the psalm-verse. This system of “pointing”—as it is called—brought about such rhythmical subdivisions of the final bar as:—

Anapest	Dactyl	Trochee	Tribrach	Compound
right-ous-ness co - ve - nant wild - er - ness	bond ser - vant thanks giv - ing grace - hon - or	tes - ti - mo - nies sano - ti - a - ry ad - ver - sa - ries	Is - ra - el en - em - ies des - ti - tute	re - com - pens - e me ac - cat - ter - ing them plen - ti - cug - ness

This rather frequent rhythmical subdivision of the final semibreve of the Anglican Chant has—not unjustly—been severely dubbed by various writers as “clatter, jingle, postman’s double-knock, unmelodious huddling, thump, sledge-hammer accentuation.” One reason why such a pointing system should be considered bad, lies in the fact that it produces a mongrel chant-form with *three* reciting notes; one at the beginning, another at the middle, and a third at the end! This third “reciting-note” by abolishing the chant-like prolongation of the final verbal “foot,” brings about loss of dignity as well as the lack of a sense of finality and repose. But, worst of all, it closes a psalm-verse with a series of rhythmical jabberings unknown in any other phase of musical art. What would be said of a song-composer who ended a sentence thus:—

He loved the Bailiff's
daughter dear



that lived — at Is-ling-ton.

We all know the explanation of Beethoven's jabbering ending of the *Allegretto scherzando* movement in his Eighth Symphony:—

(Final bar)

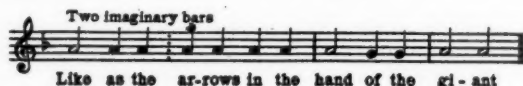
It is only fair to say, however, that the comparatively modern introduction of this final jabbering recitation at the end of so many Psalm-verses caused a split in the camp of Anglican Psalter-editors. One side—of which Monk and Ouseley were the chiefs—made the initial recitations of each half-verse as *long* as possible, by securing as much purely syllabic pointing as they could for the mediation and ending. The other side—represented by the “Cathedral Psalter” Editors—made the initial recitations as *short* as possible. This shortening process was effected not only by crowding as many syllables as possible into the last bar of each chant-phrase, but by separating—by what they termed an “imaginary bar”—the initial semibreve of each phrase (or its rhythmical subdivision) from the beginning of the recitation, thus:—



This “imaginary bar” shown between the dotted lines in Figure 8, is in pointed psalters of the “Cathedral” type indicated either by a short bar-line, or by printing in distinctive type the first syllable contained within its limits:—

I was GLAD when they | said unto | me:
We will GO into the | house— | of the | Lord.

Dr. E. J. Hopkins in his *Temple Psalter* pursued this idea to its utmost limits by practically “barring” out the entire recitation:



Rhythmical subdivision of the minims in the mediation and ending of a chant—which were fairly general in the 18th century—are even now to be met with. Here is the first portion of a well-known double-chant which appears in Sir George C. Martin’s *New Cathedral Psalter Chants* (1909):—

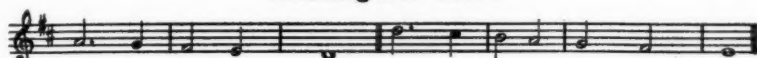
J. Battishill



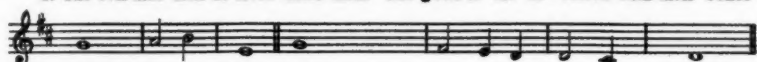
Thus, by degrees, the Anglican Chant, from being originally nothing but a mere *faux bourdon* harmonization of a Gregorian Tone set as a *Canto fermo* in the tenor part, became a complete self-contained musical sentence of one invariable "cut-and-dried" shape, with a fixed unbending rhythm only capable of being fitted with any degree of musical propriety to poetry with regularly recurring binary feet. Its melody became jerky and unecclesiastical in character, often proceeding by wide leaps, and not infrequently by other unvocal intervals; its harmony became chromatic and increasingly dissonant, even upon the semibreves assigned to the recitations. And, by such means the chant became more and more unsuitable for constant and mechanical repetition to a long succession of psalm-verses containing frequent changes of rhythm and sentiment, and widely different phases of religious thought and feeling.

It is difficult to realize how such an anomalous incongruity as that of singing English prose with a perfectly free rhythm to a constantly repeated musical sentence in strict and unvaried metre could ever have arisen, and have been persisted in for more than two centuries. The strongest advocates of this system would scarcely tolerate the *mésalliance* of Shakespearian blank-verse with an Anglican chant:—

Mornington's Chant



1. Friends, Romans, Countrymen lend me your ears
2. The evil that men do lives after them The good is oft in-terred with their bones



1. I came to bur-y Caesar not to praise him.
2. So let it be with Caesar The noble Brutus
has told you Cae - sar was am - bitious.

Such a *mésalliance* can only suggest possibilities of a comic-opera or a music-hall "turn"; indeed it is a marvel that it has escaped this ridicule for so long. When the time comes for such an exposure, if it ever does, church musicians will realize how much they have been blinded by tradition. But, up till the present time, the preface to every pointed Psalter makes it clear that the Anglican Chant is so popular on its own account, and may be considered to be so perfect a little art-creation in itself, and so unalterable in its fixed rhythm, that the only way of getting the Psalms sung to it, is to make the sacred words fit the stiff

unbending metrical music as neatly as possible—regardless of the inevitable consequences of so illogical a proceeding.

Why is the Anglican Chant *mésalliance* still so widely accepted? is a question sometimes asked, but very seldom answered. The only possible explanation of such a paradox is the well-known fact that familiarity with a system often leads to unquestioned adherence to its principles, however wrong these may be.⁴ The apparently unaccountable toleration of Anglican pointing and chanting by clergy and organists may be accounted for when it is remembered that such people have lived under these conditions all their lives. They have assumed them to be correct, but they have never deemed it necessary to search for any grounds for such an extraordinary belief. It has been humorously said that anything can be popularized from a frill to a psalter-pointing; but extensive usage, by even a big majority, by no means predicates the intrinsic value of the thing used. It is only when organists and clergy vacate their places in the choir, and become ordinary members of the congregation in the nave and aisles, that they begin to realize the enormous incongruity, stupidity, and even wickedness of employing the Anglican Chant as a musical setting of the English prose Psalter. Then, the question arises:—how can we sing so strange a song in the Lord's land? And to such a question there ought properly to be only one answer, and that a decisive one in the direction of the complete abolition of an abuse which has disfigured the choral service of the Anglican Church for two centuries and more.

SOME MUSICAL ANALOGIES IN MODERN POETRY

By AMY LOWELL

IF there are two things that I despise with all my soul, they are the smart ignorance of the newspaper reviewer and the cheerful bombast of those publisher's gentlemen who write the legends on the slip-covers of books; and yet, to these two sources am I indebted for the germ of the analysis which forms the basis of this paper.

I well remember my own first book, which the enterprising legend-writer described as being "real singing poetry." I had made no study of the matter, in those days, but I knew enough to realize that "singing poetry" never had been written, and probably never would be written, by me. And that was singular too, for, if one can ever be said to have learnt to write poetry, certainly my masters had been the musicians rather than the poets, as my brother once told me that he learnt to write prose by studying the old Italian masters of painting. Here was a paradox, but for the moment I let it lie, and had it not been for the constant charge of unmusicalness laid at the door of all the modern poets in the current press, I might never have been moved to investigate the matter farther. I was annoyed, but scarcely furious, one cannot quarrel with pure ignorance; it needed the spur of intelligent misunderstanding to rouse the combative, and thereby the analytical and deductive, energy in me to action. A friend sent me Dr. William Morrison Patterson's "Rhythms of Prose." It was the first edition, for the second contains material changes and a more comprehending attitude. The chapter on *vers libre* was enough to excite the vindictive ire of any practitioner of the form. I met Dr. Patterson and, throwing caution to the winds, gave him what our up-country cousins call "a piece of my mind." It was a generous piece, but to my astonishment he swallowed it with the utmost goodwill; and, after tilting at an enemy, I found myself shaking hands with a friend. I arranged with Dr. Patterson to read some modern poetry into a sound-photographing machine at his laboratory at Columbia, so that he could measure the time-intervals of the rhythms. The result of these experiments has taught us much, and I shall give an account of a few of them later,

but still the work is only begun. Before the reading, I submitted to a course of psychological investigations to determine my physical fitness to make such a test as we were proposing, with the result that Dr. Patterson pronounced me to be "aggressively rhythmic."

My work with Dr. Patterson was concerned only with rhythms; but the more I studied the matter, the more I became convinced that it was not only in rhythms that this modern poetry resembled music, the whole attitude of approach was the same. Of course the medium differed, that goes without saying, but the medium is far from being the greatest factor in artistic development. It is perhaps significant that one of the best known of the younger poets debated long as to whether he should adopt music or poetry as his profession, and another, at the very threshold of both arts, still attempts a simultaneous practice.

If, then, many of the poets strove, consciously or otherwise, for a distinctly musical effect in their work, why did so many of the laity deny to them this very quality?

The question is easily answered. The term, "musical," as the critics employed it, referred to only one attribute of music proper, and one which is tending gradually to disappear, or to become greatly modified, in the practice of present-day composers. This attribute is "lilt," the regular and constantly repeated rhythm most easily apprehended by the masses. "Unmusical" poetry meant poetry without an obviously banging lilt.

"Singing" poetry, however, meant this and something more, and to express this something adequately it should have been called, not "singing poetry," but "to be sung poetry." It was not sufficient unto itself, but cried aloud for another art to complete its effect. Now a properly constructed musical piece should not require another orchestra to round out its performance. The idea is ludicrous. Unmusical poetry may very well turn to music to enhance its potentialities; musical poetry, on the other hand, must contain all its effects within its own structure.

The true definition of lyric poetry is, "poetry which calls for the accompaniment of strings." The "strings" is illuminating. It meant poetry to be sung to a lute, in other words—a song. Now I ask the reader to ponder whether, in a song, it is the words or the tune which count most. I think he will agree that it is the tune, and I shall consider "tune," for the moment, to mean accompaniment, orchestration, and anything else that may go to the distinct part played by music in the combined composition. A song, therefore, can be but half finished when the words are written. That this is constantly felt to be so, the number of

different settings to well known song words is sufficient evidence. The composer, working in his own medium, reads something which demands this very medium; it acts as a touchstone to his creative faculty. Here is a spark for him to blow to fire; he receives, but he also abundantly gives. To set much of this new poetry to music would be an act of supererogation.

Some of the best known songs in English, those which have attracted generations of composers, are of small account if we divorce them from the music to which we are accustomed. For instance, Burns' "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose," or Ben Johnson's "Drink to me only with thine Eyes." Had they not been seized upon and set to music, would they have been as familiar to us as they are now?

The great master of song words is undoubtedly Verlaine. Few musicians can resist him, and certainly lines like

Le ciel au-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme

or

Les soupirs longs
Des violons
Monotones

have an extraordinary appeal. But even where this appeal comes to us apparently direct from the words, is it not principally because our imagination conceives them "with an accompaniment of strings?"

Neither Lessing nor Professor Babbitt can frighten me with the horrible bogey of the confusion of the arts. Indeed, the arts are far more confused in a song set to music than they are in this modern musical poetry. Let us lay this bogey once for all by the wholesome realization that, no matter how hard we try, the arts never can be confused. It is quite true that both music and poetry are arts in time; but music is chiefly an art of tone, poetry an art of idea, or, to be more minutely exact, of speech, and if both also have emotion, why that is merely a *sine qua non* of all and every art whatsoever.

When music endeavors to do away with tone and substitute the actualities of noise, as in the productions of some of the Italian futurists, for instance, I think it is not too conservative a statement to say that its perpetrators overstep the boundaries of their particular art. Where poetry seeks to suppress thought and substitute sound, as in many of Mallarmé's poems or Verlaine's, as, too, in the modern work of Gertrude Stein, the same

sharp defeat occurs, except in so far as that defeat can be nullified by a plunge into the natural art of tone through musical setting.

So, the reader may say, you contradict yourself; Lessing and Professor Babbitt are right, you have just proved that the arts can be confused, and shown the evil results. Not so, I have simply shown that an art can be abandoned. A sculptor works in form. Should he forsake this medium and merely sketch his statues on paper, would he be confusing his art with that of painting, or would he be merely throwing one aside for the other? In his case, the substitution might be considered exact, but in the case of poetry ignoring ideas for the expression of simple sound, the substitution has not even the merit of exactitude, it is negative like the between-gears of a motor-car. To be exact, the poems must be chanted, in which case they become music.

An art, no more than a motor-car, can run between gears. Neutrality inhibits. If anything goes, it is in some ratchet, and it is our business to find out what.

It is obviously impossible to go back to the beginnings of any art. That rhythm was the starting place of all, seems, however, practically indisputable. It would appear as though the more simple rhythms should have developed first, but that is lost in the mists of time. And it is a strange fact that now the savage or semi-civilized races employ exceedingly subtle rhythmic effects.

I remember, twenty years ago, when I was on the Nile, being greatly intrigued and delighted by the strange and difficult rhythms of the songs sung by the crew of our dahabieh as they rowed. And the complicated syncopation of the American negro has captivated the world under the vulgar and misleading name of rag-time. That he never learnt this from us is plain, nothing could be more regularly jiggling than our national anthem "Yankee Doodle" (and here let me say that I, for one, refuse to give up this completely native expression, this real folk-song of ours, for the hybrid "Star Spangled Banner." A friend of mine, a professor, one of those detestable beings who is always spoiling the happiest conceptions of the artist, has pointed out to me that "Yankee Doodle" is probably as English a tune as the "Star Spangled Banner." Well, after all, we too are, or were, English; but surely of a kind to which "Yankee Doodle" indubitably belonged. We took it, we loved it, and I am forced to find it most unmistakably "us.") Rag-time must be instinct in the Negro race, a memory of the Congo, probably. Professor Boas, in his report on the Kwakiutl Indians, proves that the American Indian exhibits extreme facility in the execution of syncopating rhythms.

At what period did civilized man lose this power of retaining psychological beats in his head without necessarily expressing them?

I do not know if anybody knows, but it is quite certain that I do not. It seems, however, that there are particular stages to be gone through in the evolution of an art which are very similar to those in the evolution of life. At first, consciousness tends to standardization, what we call in its later manifestations: classicism. Then gradually, through the very continuance of consciousness, the subtler instincts return, although no longer quite as instincts, rather as the natural growth out of an understood simplicity.

The Gregorian Plain Chant followed the rhythm of the words sung, with no mathematical order. But, as music was studied, a strict mathematical progression supervened on the old practice. Dr. Patterson, quoting the saga of "Beowulf," says:

What is this 'verse'? . . . This 'unmetrical' chant of our ancestors? . . . How strange, too, that we find it emerging as one form of *vers libre* in the hands of our imagist contemporaries! Is this a *genre*, then, really native to the genius of our language—since it lorded over all known primeval efforts—which we have mistakenly neglected, but which now springs up from its forgotten dust with the dramatic irony of Caesar's ghost?

From "Beowulf" to Alexander Pope! The mathematical progression, be it observed. Indeed, the poetry of Pope and his school was to the ear more precise and unvarying than ever the music of the period could have been. For the system of rests employed in music gave some variations of effect within the pattern, whereas the verses sounded monotonously on every beat with never an omission. What could be more painful as a continuous diet than a long series of lines such as:

O Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content! Whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in flaming mine?

What tortures us in Pope is not his eighteenth century matter-of-factness and artificiality—for with these same qualities Gluck and Mozart have remarkable charm—it is the hard pound on

expected syllables. Our ears are tuned to subtler measures, and how much more subtle remains to be seen.

If Haydn employed five and seven bar phrases, Blake was already attempting *vers libre*. The displaced accent within the conventional pattern, so beloved of Beethoven, had its exact counterpart in the blank verse of Keats' "Endymion."

We have seen the pattern in those lines from Pope. Here is an example of displaced accent from Keats:

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
A shout from the whole multitude arose,
That lingered in the air like dying rolls
Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals
Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
Young companies nimbly began dancing
To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.

In the fourth line, is a case of pure displaced accent: "abrupt thunder." The sixth line contains an even more daring innovation, for one accent is deliberately suppressed and the next boldly displaced, to be followed by only one true accent, and to end on another displacement.

Of course, Keats was not the first poet to do this. He was merely harking back to pre-eighteenth century practice, as possibly Beethoven and Brahms also were in doing the same thing. But one must not push these historical analogies too far, since poetry has been a conscious art far longer than music has.

I have spoken of Brahms who had a true recognition of the susceptibility of rhythms to take on vastly new aspects within seemingly hopeless limits. For instance, his $\frac{3}{8}$ rhythms in which he would combine threes into two, so producing four accents to the measure instead of six or three.

Robert Frost does the same thing exactly in the first two lines of his "Code":

There were three in the meadow by the brook,
Gathering up windrows, piling haycocks up.

That first line scans, although one accent is displaced, but it has only three accents in reading where a blank verse line should have five. D. H. Lawrence makes use of the same trick in this quatrain:

Last night a thief came to me
And struck at me with something dark.
I cried, but no one could hear me,
I lay dumb and stark.

The first line has a displaced accent, but can be made to sound three beats; the third line, however, although it contains one syllable too many for proper scanning, has only two stressed accents.

Brahms was a classicist at heart, and, in spite of his indisputable advances in rhythmical effect, his changes in rhythm frequently seem forced, and as if the result of an intellectual ambition rather than of spontaneous necessity. Mr. Lawrence has no such intellectual equipment, and yet he too leans toward the old structure, not, one feels, because it particularly suits the subject he has in hand, but because of a kink in his nature which makes it impossible for him to do without it. He strives forward, but somewhat heavy-footedly. His emotional power is undoubted, yet one is always conscious of a strange hindering in his form of expression.

One of his finest poems is:

FIREFLIES IN THE CORN

A Woman taunts her lover:

Look at the little darlings in the corn!
The rye is taller than you, who think yourself
So high and mighty: look how its heads are borne
Dark and proud on the sky, like a number of knights
Passing with spears and pennants and manly scorn.

And always likely!—Oh, if I could ride
With my head held high-serene against the sky
Do you think I'd have a creature like you at my side
With your gloom and your doubt that you love me?

O darling rye,
How I adore you for your simple pride!

And those bright fireflies wafting in between
And over the swaying cornstalks, just above
All their dark-feathered helmets, just like little green
Stars come low and wandering here for love
Of this dark earth, and wandering all serene—!

How I adore you, you happy things, you dears,
Riding the air and carrying all the time
Your little lanterns behind you: it cheers
My heart to see you settling and trying to climb
The cornstalks, tipping with fire their spears.

All over the corn's dim motion, against the blue
Dark sky of night, the wandering glitter, the swarm
Of questing brilliant things:—you joy, you true
Spirit of careless joy: ah, how I warm
My poor and perished soul at the joy of you.

The Man answers and she mocks:

You're a fool, woman. I love you, and you know I do!

—Lord take his love away, it makes him whine.

And I give you everything that you want me to.

—Lord, dear Lord, do you think he ever *can* shine?

That is a strange and very beautiful poem. It is not necessary to analyse it rhythmically here; I think its innovations within an exact pattern must be perfectly evident to everyone. But how curiously heavy it is! Teutonic in its serious pound, pound; an apprehended psychological weight rather than a sensuously perceived one. This is the more strange as Mr. Lawrence is an Englishman of French Huguenot extraction. His work, however, is as different from the work of others of the modern poets as is the music of the German composers from that of the French.

The day of the influence of Germany in the arts was gone by, even before the war. Emerson and his coterie, following the lead of Carlyle, were saturated with German literature. Our colleges, taking up the idea some thirty years after as is the manner of colleges, Germanized themselves to the Kaiser's taste. The war has jolted them over to France, but the artists, always of necessity the leaders, had long ago begun to seek their masters there. Our young composers are far more influenced by César Franck, D'Indy, Debussy, or by Borodine, Scriabine, and Stravinsky, than they are by Richard Strauss or Schoenberg. It has been the same with the poets. It is to France that they have gone, and if they have not also looked to Russia, it is because there have not been, possibly cannot be, any adequate translations of Russian poems to study. It is true that the poets have also been much influenced by Chinese and Japanese literature, and I have sometimes wondered whether, in time, musicians may not find the answer to some of their searchings after a new scale in the music of the far East. That we have been wont to smile at it and consider it merely a jargon of impossible intervals and discordant noises, is nothing. In the account of Commodore Perry's voyage to Japan, the author, the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, blithely criticizes Japanese painting as utterly lacking in composition! But, for the moment, this is beside the mark.

What are the great French traits? Clarity, precision, lightness, are they not? To balance Wagner's smoky magnificence, we have D'Indy's sharp ice pinnacles glittering under a white sun; against Schoenberg's interminable laboratory expositions, we have Debussy's soap-bubbles bursting into nothing even while you gaze. And in poetry we have the cult of clearness, of

suggestion rather than explanation, of a rhythmic finesse whose one tenet is that it shall be inevitable, containing within its subject the reason of its rhythmical expression.

Now I do not wish to be understood to say that poetry has borrowed directly from music, or *vice versa*; in a few instances this is so, as the fact that Debussy says he learnt his particular musical idiom from Mallarmé proves, or when, reversely, some poet consciously attempts to paraphrase a musical composition. Rather is it that being extraordinarily sympathetic in their interests, poetry and music have been influenced by almost the same trends. The painters, on the other hand, have gone off on an entirely different tack, so that now music and poetry are sailing the same seas, although each in their own vessels, while painting and sculpture are hull down on the horizon and out of hailing distance entirely.

The sharpest analogies I can think of are Debussy's "Préludes" and various *vers libre* poems. In the first place, take the mere matter of length. Debussy's object is to strike out an impression with the utmost economy of means. He eschews the personal application and gives the thing *per se*, just as it struck on his senses. Utterly foreign this to the German practice which must needs sentimentalize everything, that horrible "schwärmeri" which, thank God, we have learnt at last to rate at its true value. Debussy seems to say: "This is what I heard and saw, what you would have heard and seen had you been there. What you would have felt in consequence may be different from what I felt; but, if I give it to you as it was, you are at liberty to make of it what you please." This does not mean, as many have supposed, that he felt nothing beyond the momentary sensation, but that he reserves such feeling that he may in nowise hamper our particular feeling in us. He has sensitized his mind to take and repeat an impression, and, by so doing, he believes that he gives us more than by intruding his personality between us and a beautiful thing.

Now this is exactly what that school of *vers libristes* called the Imagists believe, and have stated again and again.

But the analogy goes farther, for Debussy abhors the *cliché* to an extent only equalled by his Imagist *confrères*. He desires speed, lightness, and surprise, in his presentation. So do they. The thing must have the appearance of simplicity no matter how carefully worked. The manner carries with it a disability which I shall point out later. For the moment, let me illustrate.

Think of these little piano pieces, of almost any which may come to mind: "La Terrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune,"

"La Cathédrale Engloutie," "Cloches à travers les Feuilles," "Reflets dans l'Eau," "Jardin sous la Plui," "Soirée dans Grenade," "Général Lavine." Remember how they are done, and the kind of things the composer chooses to do. Now here is a group of *vers libre* poems so like this music in texture that it is startling.

ROUND POND

By Richard Aldington

Water ruffled and speckled by galloping wind
Which puffs and spurts it into tiny pashing breakers
Dashed with lemon-yellow afternoon sunlight.
The shining of the sun upon the water
Is like a scattering of gold crocus-petals
In a long wavering irregular flight.

The water is cold to the eye
As the wind to the cheek.

In the budding chestnuts
Whose sticky buds glimmer and are half-burst open
The starlings make their clitter-clatter;
And the blackbirds in the grass
Are getting as fat as the pigeons.

Too-hoo this is brave;
Even the cold wind is seeking a new mistress.

The following is one of a series of poems entitled "Irradiations," by John Gould Fletcher:

The fountain blows its breathless spray
From me to you and back to me.

Whipped, tossed, curdled,
Crashing, quivering:
I hurl kisses like blows upon your lips.
The dance of a bee drunken with sunlight:
Irradiant ecstasies, white and gold,
Sigh and relapse.

The fountain tosses pallid spray
Far in the sorrowful, silent sky.

Notice the delicate difference of the rhythm in those two poems. Another, also by Mr. Fletcher, will give some idea of how various are the effects which can be got in this medium:

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street.

Whirlpools of purple and gold,
 Winds from the mountains of cinnabar,
 Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins swaying and balancing
 Amid the vermilion pavilions, against the jade balustrades.
 Glint of the glittering wings of dragon-flies in the light:
 Silver filaments, golden flakes settling downwards,
 Rippling, quivering flutters, repulse and surrender,
 The sun broidered upon the rain,
 The rain rustling with the sun.

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds:
 Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the street.

This, by Carl Sandburg, is particularly pleasant in its rhythmic contour:

COOL TOMBS

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he
 forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in
 the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall
 Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . .
 in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red
 haw in November or a paw-paw in May, did she
 wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust,
 in the cool tombs.

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries,
 cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing
 tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers
 . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers
 . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Is any other form capable of such flexibility? Indeed, I think not.

Now if the reader will take the trouble to remember Debussy's "Poissons d'Or" and "Reflets dans l'Eau"; he will at once see their connection with the following poem of mine, but he must also understand that I wrote it, not after hearing these pieces, but after many visits to City Point.

THE AQUARIUM

Streaks of green and yellow iridescence,
 Silver shiftings,
 Rings veering out of rings,
 Silver—gold—
 Grey-green opaqueness sliding down,

With sharp white bubbles
Shooting and dancing,
Flinging quickly outward.
Nosing the bubbles,
Swallowing them,
Fish.
Blue shadows against silver-saffron water,
The light rippling over them
In steel-bright tremors.
Outspread translucent fins
Flute, fold, and relapse;
The threaded light prints through them on the pebbles
In scarcely tarnished twinklings.
Curving of spotted spines,
Slow up-shifts,
Lazy convolutions:
Then a sudden swift straightening
And darting below:
Oblique grey shadows
Athwart a pale casement.
Roped and curled,
Green man-eating eels
Slumber in undulate rhythms,
With crests laid horizontal on their backs.
Barred fish,
Striped fish,
Uneven disks of fish,
Slip, slide, whirl, turn,
And never touch.
Metallic blue fish,
With fins wide and yellow and swaying
Like Oriental fans,
Hold the sun in their bellies
And glow with light:
Blue brilliance cut by black bars.
An oblong pane of straw-colored shimmer,
Across it, in a tangent,
A smear of rose, black, silver.
Short twists and upstartings,
Rose-black, in a setting of bubbles:
Sunshine playing between red and black flowers
On a blue and gold lawn.
Shadows and polished surfaces,
Facets of mauve and purple,
A constant modulation of values.
Shaft-shaped,
With green bead eyes;
Thick-nosed,
Heliotrope-colored;
Swift spots of chrysolite and coral;
In the midst of green, pearl, amethyst irradiations.

Outside,
A willow-tree flickers
With little white jerks,
And long blue waves
Rise steadily beyond the outer islands.

The change of movement at the end is something which the older poetry had no means of achieving except by an abrupt jump to another metre. Such a jump would have been far too violent for the effect desired, which was that of the long inflow of an ocean tide in contradistinction to the swift circumscribed darting of the imprisoned fish and the quick continuous rain of air-bubbles descending upon them. These delicate variations of movement, or rhythm, if one prefer that term, have always been possible to music, but poetry had no power of expressing them until the introduction of cadenced verse.

Poe, in one of his essays, says:

Admitting that there is little possibility in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite—and yet, for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing.

And he continues, evidently with no little satisfaction at his ultimate achievement:

Of course I pretend to no originality in either the rhyme or metre of the "Raven."

Then, after a learnedly prosodical analysis of his form, he adds, for the benefit of the general reader:

Less pedantically—the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short; the first line of the stanza consists of eight of these feet—the second of seven and a half—the third of eight—the fourth of seven and a half—the fifth of the same—the sixth three and a half. Now each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before, and what originality the "Raven" has, is in their *combination into stanza*; nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted.

I do not know whether Poe was more accurate in this last statement than in the earlier one, where he says that "for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever thought of doing an original thing." Probably he was quite unaware of the *vers libre* poems of William Blake, and we know, from his essay on "The Rationale of Verse," how completely he misunderstood and undervalued Coleridge's theory of lines scanned by stresses.

Recall for one moment the form of the "Raven":

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

It is marvellous, a *tour de force*. It fits the subject perfectly, and yet—and yet— Is there not a good deal of tinsel mingled with this gold? Have we not a sneaking feeling that this is a mountebank stanza after all? To such lengths was a great master like Poe driven to express the rhythms within him, and it is because he is so constantly striving and so constantly being baffled by his medium that, with all his genius, there is nevertheless something oddly false in even those of his poems which we most profoundly admire.

I could go on multiplying these examples of *vers libre* poems almost *ad libitum*, but I think I have given enough to show how alike is the manner of approach in them and in the "Preludes." That unrelated presentation of something seen or heard which I mentioned a few moments ago is evident in both. There is the same sensuous delight in mere colour, the same sharp sensitiveness to sound. Recollect for an instant the "*Cloches à travers les Feuilles*," and it will be seen how Debussy's acute sense of the sounds of the bells and the rustling leaves throws it up for us in so vivid a picture that it drops back into words. This is not the manner of the older musicians. Compare it with the thunder-storm in Beethoven's "*Pastoral Symphony*," for instance, or even with Wagner's "*Waldweben*." Beethoven implies; Wagner changes and romantically colours; in each is the suggestion of man, and the storm and the wood-whispers interest their authors because of their effect upon him. This is the Teutonic attitude, and has held sway so long with us because we also, alas! are part Teutonic. It is not Debussy's attitude; it is not the attitude of the younger poets. When that aquarium poem of mine first appeared, I was taken severely to task by an otherwise friendly critic for the folly of expecting any one to be interested in an aspect of life from which man was sternly banished, not even being permitted the minor rôle of reflecting mirror. "Behold," said the critic, "how different is the work of Mr. So-and-So; in his poem on an aquarium, the fish are used as metaphor merely, and in such a connection are interesting." Poor fish, of no importance except to point a moral to the life of man, or furnish

him with an unpoetical, if delectable, supper-dish! Perhaps, after all, the critic was right in this case, for I suppose aquariums do not exist primarily for the benefit of the inmates.

In this connection, the composers have an easier time than the poets. Their lapse from the didacticism of their ancestors can scarcely be so obvious to the laity; still, I am well aware that they have troubles of their own.

Let us rest the argument for a moment and consider just what *vers libre* is, and look somewhat closer into Dr. Patterson's and my experiments in regard to it. There are doubtless many people who know all about it, but I have found such a general lack of understanding on the subject that I dare not let it pass unexplained.

The truth is that our English substitute for the French term is thoroughly misleading. I often hear the idiotic sentence: "Has free verse any laws? But I suppose of course it can't have, or it could not be free." Excellent reasoning, which shows the supreme folly of logic based upon false premises! "Free verse" is a term which I, personally, do not like to employ, simply because it means nothing. *Vers libre* did mean something, but, owing to the utterly false translation of the first word, the meaning has been lost. The French word *vers* does not mean "verse," but "line." *Vers libre*, then, meant "free line," or a line which was not obliged to contain a prescribed number of feet. Had we called the form, as the French do, "free line," we should at least have had an accurate, if exceedingly clumsy, title for it. The proper English term is really "cadenced verse"; that is, verse built upon cadence and not upon metre. By "cadence" in poetry, we mean a rhythmic curve, containing one or more stressed accents, and corresponding roughly to the necessity of breathing. This must also correspond to a depression or slight dropping in the tension of the subject at that point. These curves are made up of a number of time-units, which, again, although they do not accord perfectly, still do so with extraordinary approximation. Cadenced verse is non-syllabic, and in that sense resembles music far more than the old metrical verse ever did. As music varies the numbers of notes in a bar by splitting them up into smaller time valuations, so cadenced verse may vary the number of its syllables within the duration of its time-units to any extent desired. Much cadenced verse can be read to a metronome, although the inexorable tick is certainly as annoying to the reader as it is to the musical performer, be he singer or instrumentalist.

We speak of metrical verse because it is a verse based upon metre. The unit of metre is the foot, and a metrical line contains a given number of such feet, what number being determined beforehand by the pattern chosen for the whole poem. There are only five feet proper to English metre: the iambus, the trochee, the anapest, the dactyl, and the spondee. Some metrists even deny the existence of the latter. Any attempt to foist the use of other feet into the analysis defeats itself, since all longer feet are capable of being split up into one or other of the main four I have given, and of course a unit must be the lowest possible element into which anything can be divided. It is surprising what a number of changes the poets have managed to wring out of this seemingly inflexible medium. But, even so, there were many rhythms that they simply could not render. The terrible defect of no rests was an insurmountable handicap. I do not say that a great poet cannot produce finer work in a hampered medium than a poor poet can even though he be as unrestricted as air. But it is true that the rhythmical patterns which once satisfied no longer do, to a great extent. We see the same thing exactly in music, modern composers are no more content with the simpler rhythms of the old classical masters. In Ravel's "Noctuelles" we find a phrase of three measures duplicated psychologically by a phrase of five, or sixteen beats distributed over four measures balanced by seventeen beats. I have shown how music has always been capable of more varied rhythmic effects than poetry, but even it now demands a greater elasticity. Small wonder then that poetry, cultivating also a keener sense of rhythmic flow, should seek some means of realizing this flow in words.

With the time-unit for a base, rising by multiplication into a series of practically innumerable curves, this flow could be, if not actually rendered, certainly approached. The psychological beat held in the head of the writer and the reader, alike, even made the simulation of rests possible, although, of course, they could not be indicated on the printed page. Many people, among others Dr. Patterson, have been greatly troubled by the inadequate typographical facilities under which the poets labour. Certainly, there is at present no way of making a cadenced poem fool-proof. Until someone invents a new system of signs, the poets must, perforce, trust to the rhythmic comprehension of their readers.

My experiments with Dr. Patterson consisted in reading various poems aloud into a sound-photographing machine. I read the poems several times, and then, at Dr. Patterson's desire,

I repeated them to myself, pronouncing the syllable "tah" aloud on the chief accents. The result proved what I had already guessed, that the units conformed closely in time—allowing for the slight acceleration and retardation of the unitary pulse, guided by an artistic instinct—but, of course, not in syllabic quantity. The accents were determined by the sense; and it was evident that in accepting or rejecting words, the poet was, however unconsciously, guided by the necessity of having his beat fall consistently with this sense. It could not come upon connecting words, for instance, like "and" or "the." We also found that some poems, although apparently read as slowly as others, had a much faster beat, determined by the psychological unit in the poet's mind. This corresponds to the time-signature in a musical composition. I have no opportunity, here, to do more than indicate our results. The curious may read detailed accounts of them in an article by Dr. Patterson entitled "New Verse and New Prose" in the "North American Review" for February, 1918; or in one by me called "The Rhythms of Free Verse" in "The Dial" for January 17, 1918.

One of the poems I read for Dr. Patterson was "H.D.'s" "Oread." For the convenience of the reader, I have divided the cadences by an oblique line, and marked the stressed accents.

OREAD

Whirl úp/ séa—/
 Whírl/your pointed pines/
 Splásh/your great pines/on our rócks/
 Húrl/your green óver us/
 Cóver us/with your póols/of fir/

The chief accents fall on these words: *Up. Sea. Whirl. Pines. Splash. Pines. Rocks. Hurl. O* (in over). *Co* (in cover). *Pools. Fir*. On the film, the measurements were made between one chief accent and another, and were given in tenths of a second. They were 13-22-15-24-13-13-19-13-15-13. It will be seen that the greatest variation of time length of unit is 11/10 seconds, or that between a 13/10 second and a 24/10, while the interval 13/10 appears five times in this short poem. But it will be observed that these time-units vary in syllabic content, running all the way from one syllable to a beat to three.

So much for the mechanical side of this exposition; as to the artistic side, the possibilities the form opens for variation of rhythms are almost unending. Finding this aspect of poetry as intriguing as unexplored realms always are, I made some

experiments in movement. Of these, the following poem is an example:

DOLPHINS IN BLUE WATER

Hey! Crackerjack—jump!
 Blue water,
 Pink water,
 Swirl, flick, flitter;
 Snout into a wave-trough,
 Plunge, curl.
 Bow over,
 Under,
 Razor-cut and tumble.
 Roll, turn—
 Straight—and shoot at the sky,
 All rose-flame drippings.
 Down ring,
 Drop,
 Nose under,
 Hoop,
 Tail,
 Dive,
 And gone;
 With smooth over-swirlings of blue water,
 Oil-smooth cobalt,
 Slipping, liquid lapis lazuli,
 Emerald shadings,
 Tintings of pink and ochre.
 Prismatic slidings
 Underneath a windy sky.

If the reader will read the poem aloud, he will notice the change of rhythm at the line "With smooth over-swirlings of blue water." The leaping curves of the dolphins have succeeded to the long, slow glide of an unbroken sea.

I had previously tried something of the same sort in metrical verse. In this next poem, I attempted to reproduce waltz rhythm, a perfectly regular thing and one which it might be supposed quite possible to render in strict metre. Horror of horrors! It was not. The dactylic metre I had proposed to myself gave no swing in words, and I was obliged to fall back on the bastard waltz accent of the anapestic.

AFTER HEARING A WALTZ BY BARTÓK

But why did I kill him? Why? Why?
 In the small, gilded room, near the stair?
 My ears rack and throb with his cry,
 And his eyes goggle under his hair,
 As my fingers sink into the fair
 White skin of his throat. It was I!

I killed him! My God! Don't you hear?

I shook him until his red tongue
Hung flapping out through the black, queer,
Swollen lines of his lips. And I clung
With my nails drawing blood, while I flung
The loose, heavy body in fear.

Fear lest he should still not be dead.

I was drunk with the lust of his life.
The blood-drops oozed slow from his head
And dabbled a chair. And our strife
Lasted one reeling second, his knife
Lay and winked in the lights overhead.

And the waltz from the ballroom I heard,
When I called him a low, sneaking cur.
And the wail of the violins stirred
My brute anger with visions of her.
As I throttled his windpipe, the purr
Of his breath with the waltz became blurred.

I have ridden ten miles through the dark,
With that music, an infernal din,
Pounding rhythmic inside me. Just Hark!
One! Two! Three! And my fingers sink in
To his flesh when the violins, thin
And straining with passion, grow stark.

One! Two! Three! Oh, the horror of sound!
While she danced I was crushing his throat.
He had tasted the joy of her, wound
Round her body, and I heard him gloat
On the favour. That instant I smote.

One! Two! Three! How the dancers swirl round!

He is here in the room, in my arm,
His limp body hangs on the spin
Of the waltz we are dancing, a swarm
Of blood-drops is hemming us in!
Round and round! One! Two! Three! And his sin
Is red like his tongue lolling warm.

One! Two! Three! And the drums are his knell.
He is heavy, his feet beat the floor
As I drag him about in the swell
Of the waltz. With a menacing roar,
The trumpets crash in through the door.
One! Two! Three! clangs his funeral bell.

One! Two! Three! In the chaos of space
Rolls the earth to the hideous glee
Of death! And so cramped is this place,
I stifle and pant. One! Two! Three!
Round and round! God! 'Tis he throttles me!
He has covered my mouth with his face!

And his blood has dripped into my heart!

And my heart beats and labours. One! Two!

Three! His dead limbs have coiled every part

Of my body in tentacles. Through

My ears the waltz jangles. Like glue

His dead body holds me athwart.

One! Two! Three! Give me air! Oh! My God!

One! Two! Three! I am drowning in slime!

One! Two! Three! And his corpse, like a clod,

Beats me into a jelly! The chime,

One! Two! Three! And his dead legs keep time.

Air! Give me air! Air! My God!

Then it occurred to me to combine the two, a perfectly musical proceeding as such examples as D'Indy's "B flat Symphony," Ravel's "Sonatina," and Fauré's "Clair de Lune," prove.

This is one of my "Phantasms of War" and refers to the insect plagues let loose on us from Germany, even before the war, in packages of seeds. Their object: to cut our wheat supply and ruin our forests. Between the long curves of *vers libre*, I have placed an obviously banging march tune, as the reader will see.

MARCHING HESSIANS

I lay on my back in a wheat field,

Lulled and soothed by the waving wheat.

Flat as a golden plate,

The yellow wheat spread out,

Upturned and glistening at the old, golden sun.

It rippled and bent,

And went all one way at a touch of wind;

It rose, flowed up to a crest like a wave,

Breasted the wind,

Arrested itself a moment

Poised,

Then fell again, beaten over,

And I lay looking up at the concave arches,

Listening to the swish and sweep

Of stem impinging upon stem.

Wheatfields,

And forests where rivers breed:

This is America,

Running mile after mile

Between the great seas.

I lay among the smooth wheat

And listened to the drone of insects

Flying above me,

Humming among the tall wheat ears.

Drum,
Drum,
In a long roll.
Bass drums,
Snare drums,
Setting a pace,
A tramping tune
Rapping to the toll
Of wheat bells tapping in the broiling noon.
Tramp, through rippling ranks of wheat,
Up—down—marching—
Feet.
Bearskin shakoes,
White bandoleers,
Bearded faces,
Obscene leers
From narrow pig eyes,
They come—come.
Thick-soled shoes,
Crushing the sweet
Torn-down turrets of the pliant wheat.
Mercenary soldiers
Bought at a price,
Sent to the Colonies,
Rich, ripe Colonies,
Sent to reap Colonial wheat,
Sent to trap Washington,
Paltry Provincial,
Sent by the flourish of a broad quill pen
Thousands of heavy-shoed, bright-coated men
To fall like a sudden pestilential
Scourge on America.
Quintessential spirit of Monarchy
Spoiling the wheat,
Trampling a dust path wide as a street,
Through acres and acres of proud young wheat.
Drum,
Drum,
Hessians!

I rolled over on my side
And brushed a Hessian fly from my forehead.

Magnificent, imperial Germany!
So your army recruits even flies.
A regiment of burnished insects
As brightly coloured as your troops of those days.
Conscripts of gossamer,
Pollen dust of armies.
Spectacled entomologists and wizened professors
Martial corps after corps
And label them "Flowers."

You would shatter our great pines,
 Would you?
 You would press our currant and gooseberry bushes into service,
 And force them to feed your soldiers?
 Pine-rust billeted even in my kitchen-garden.
 When I walk there of an evening,
 The gooseberries hang their heads under their withered leaves
 For shame,
 And the currants have put off their green coats
 And wear black,
 As befits the inhabitants of an occupied territory.

O Brave! Brave!
 Who war upon trees and grain!
 If I could see your old Hessians
 Marching again across our country,
 I would offer my hand.
 They were men against men,
 One as good as another,
 But who can fight the flash of a coloured fly
 In the sun!

So far, so good. But I was not satisfied, I wanted to try something more, something less obvious than mere rhythm, and closer to the essence of musical speech, as it were. Stravinsky's string quartet "Grotesques," gave me my key. Could I reproduce the effect of the music in another medium? Could I? Did I? The reader must determine.

STRAVINSKY'S THREE PIECES 'GROTESQUES,' FOR STRING QUARTET

First Movement

Thin-voiced, nasal pipes
 Drawing sound out and out
 Until it is a screeching thread,
 Sharp and cutting, sharp and cutting,
 It hurts.
 Whee-e-e!
 Bump! Bump! Tong-ti-bump!
 There are drums here,
 Banging,
 And wooden shoes beating the round, grey stones
 Of the market-place.
 Whee-e-e!
 Sabots slapping the worn, old stones,
 And a shaking and cracking of dancing bones;
 Clumsy and hard they are,
 And uneven,
 Losing half a beat
 Because the stones are slippery.

Bump-e-ty tong! Whee-e-e! Tong!
The thin Spring leaves
Shake to the banging of shoes.
Shoes beat, slap,
Shuffle, rap,
And the nasal pipes squeal with their pigs' voices,
Little pigs' voices
Weaving among the dancers,
A fine, white thread
Linking up the dancers.
Bang! Bump! Tong!
Petticoats,
Stockings,
Sabots,
Delirium flapping its thigh-bones;
Red, blue, yellow,
Drunkenness steaming in colours;
Red, yellow, blue,
Colours and flesh weaving together,
In and out, with the dance,
Coarse stuffs and hot flesh weaving together.
Pigs' cries white and tenuous,
White and painful,
White and —
Bump!
Tong!

Second Movement

Pale violin music whiffs across the moon,
A pale smoke of violin music blows over the moon,
Cherry petals fall and flutter,
And the white Pierrot,
Wreathed in the smoke of the violins,
Splashed with cherry petals falling, falling,
Claws a grave for himself in the fresh earth
With his finger-nails.

Third Movement

An organ growls in the heavy roof-groins of a church,
It wheezes and coughs.
The nave is blue with incense,
Writhing, twisting,
Snaking over the heads of the chanting priests.
Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine;
The priests whine their bastard Latin
And the censors swing and click.
The priests walk endlessly
Round and round,
Droning their Latin
Off the key.
The organ crashes out in a flaring chord,
And the priests hitch their chant up half a tone.

*Dies illa, dies ira,
Calamitatis et miseria,
Dies magna et amara valde.*

A wind rattles the leaded windows.
The little pear-shaped candle-flames leap and flutter,

Dies illa, dies ira;

The swaying smoke drifts over the altar,

Calamitatis et miseria;

The shuffling priests sprinkle holy water,

Dies magna et amara valde;

And there is a stark stillness in the midst of them
Stretched upon a bier.

His ears are stone to the organ,

His eyes are flint to the candles,

His body is ice to the water.

Chant, priests,

Whine, shuffle, genuflect,

He will always be as rigid as he is now

Until he crumbles away in a dust heap.

Lacrymosa dies illa,

Qua resurget ex favilla

Judicandus homo reus.

Above the grey pillars, the roof is in darkness.

I have quoted so largely from my own work because I have found myself interested in these things, but other poets offer many examples as well. Here is a genuine bit of rag-time from Vachel Lindsay's "Congo":

THE CONGO

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,

Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,

Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,

Pounded on the table,

Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,

Hard as they were able,

Boom, boom, BOOM,

With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,

Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.

Then I had religion, then I had a vision.

I could not turn from this revel in derision.

Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,

Cutting through the jungle with a golden track.

There along the riverbank

A thousand miles

Tattooed cannibals danced in files:

Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song

And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.

And "BLOOD!" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors,

"BLOOD!" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors;

"Whirl ye deadly voo-doo rattle,

Harry the uplands,
Steal all the cattle,
Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle,
Bing!
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM!"
A roaring, epic, rag-time tune
From the mouth of the Congo
To the mountains of the moon.
Death is an Elephant,
Torch-eyed and horrible,
Foam-flanked and terrible.
BOOM, steal the pygmies,
BOOM, kill the Arabs,
BOOM, kill the white men,
HOO, HOO, HOO.
Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.
Hear how the demons chuckle and yell
Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.
Listen to the creepy proclamation,
Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation,
Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay,
Blown past the marsh where the butterflies play:—
"Be careful what you do,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all the other
Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you."

In the old days, Wagner was as much disliked for his ugliness as for his noise. Critics and public overlooked the fact that the seeming abuse of both these elements was justified by their dramatic effect. I think that Mr. Lindsay's poem is justified by its dramatic effect. Some people do not like these things, they fail to see why Stravinsky should occupy himself in making a couple of clarinets and a bassoon sound like a hand-organ. The truth is that if you have "Pelléas and Mélisande" on one side, you must have "The Congo" on the other, to keep the balance. The wise man knows this. Did not Debussy write "Général Lavine"?

It is curious how devoted both the modern poets and the modern composers are to the dissonance. Not that the use of dissonance is in the least new in music, rather is it that the proportion of dissonance to concord is greater. In poetry, however, the introduction of dissonance has created something like a revolution. And yet this movement was to be expected. For,

as poetry refined its ear, unending successions of sweetnesss were sure to cloy. Our wearier and more exacting taste demanded a foil, it found it in the plentiful sprinkling of discord. It is needless for me to point out cases in either art. Scarcely a musical composition, scarcely a poem, but could serve as illustration. It shocks the ears of older audiences in one case as much as in the other. Why do we younger artists find agreeable what our elders can by no means endure? I am sure it is because of the cultivation of our ear, ear in both senses, as the portal of mere sound, and as the portal of meaning. We hear things which these others did not hear, and what pleases them does not please us.

So long ago as 1771, Dr. Burney wrote:

No one will, I believe, at present, deny the necessity of discord in the composition of music in parts; it seems to be as much the essence of music, as shade is of painting; not only as it improves and meliorates concord by opposition and comparison, but, still further, as it becomes a necessary stimulus to the attention, which would languish over a succession of pure concords. It occasions a momentary distress to the ear, which remains unsatisfied, and even uneasy, till it hears something better; for no musical phrase *can end* upon a discord, the ear must be satisfied at last. Now, as discord is allowable, and even necessarily opposed to concord, why may not *noise*, or a seeming jargon, be opposed to fixed sounds and harmonical proportion? Some of the discords in modern music, unknown 'till this century, are what the ear can but just bear, but have a very good effect as to contrast. The severe laws of preparing and resolving discord, may be too much adhered to for great effects; I am convinced, that provided the ear be at length made amends, there are few dissonances too strong for it.

A prophecy, if ever there was one! But Dr. Burney did not go far enough; for, to-day, not only do composers no longer *prepare* their dissonances, they do not even feel any compulsion to *resolve* them. Clara Schumann, the famous pianist, confided to her diary in 1879:

I have been glancing through a number of new musical productions lately, and feel quite depressed. The influence of Wagner is dreadfully far-reaching and injurious. . . . No one cares any more for melody; the way people fling harmonies about is something horrible, resolutions are considered quite unnecessary.

What would the poor lady have thought of this new music, where discord follows upon discord, some pieces even ending on one. The "queer noises" (as the uninitiated call them) of the modern composer, the "down-right ugliness" laid to the charge of the modern poet, represent an entirely different ideal of sound and feeling from that of the older practice. This is partly done

for the sake of contrast, as I have pointed out. But I think it is also an effort to express some newly discovered sensation—in the composer's case, a sort of sound between sounds as it were; in the poet's—this—as far as is possible in a toneless medium, and also a new conception of what is desirable and important. The sentimental is taboo, and what it hid reveals itself to us in a starker, more intolerable, beauty.

I have used the word "stark" advisedly, for both arts despise decoration for decoration's sake. Each is pruning itself down to what it finds essential. And yet here, as we look, appears a very real danger. Art, whether music or poetry, cannot be content with a series of lovely cameos as its final word. Music has had its Bach, its Beethoven, its Wagner; poetry counts its Chaucer, its Spencer, its Shakespeare, its Milton. What can the new technique develop which will make it capable of achieving on the scale of the old? As a young poet once said to me, when I praised a delightful little thing which he had written, "But it is not satisfying." What could I answer? For he was right. It is not; and very well I know it.

For years, I had been pondering this difficulty. How get the breadth, the serious scope and grandeur, into the new work that the old had. We could do much with our medium that the older poets could not do; but they could do things with theirs which we could not touch. It was almost like a voice in my own heart speaking when I read this passage in an article by Ernest Newman, quite by accident, one day. He is talking of French music:

So far it has shirked its real problem, that, however, will have to be faced some day—the problem of working on a large scale. Its exploitation of piquant harmonies, piquant colours, and piquant resonances, and its often exquisite transcription of sensations so delicate, so fugitive, that German music has never been conscious of them, are well enough in their way; but all this limits the scale on which the music can successfully work. When it does try to work on a large scale . . . the music becomes little more than a collection of brilliant effects bearing the minimum of intellectual relation to each other.

Personally, I think Mr. Newman is a little severe in this. I think perhaps he does not quite understand the idiom, but he has pointed out a very real danger, all the same. And poetry, no less than music, should take to heart this sentence:

The vital question is whether French music will be able to evolve a system of pattern-weaving as original as its intentions.

It was this very pattern-weaving I was seeking when I hit upon what has most misleadingly come to be called "polyphonic prose." I say "misleading," because this is not a prose form at all, but a poetic form. It is printed as prose merely because the constant changes of rhythm would involve such a confusion of line-lengths. Typographically it is far from perfect, but read aloud I have found that it justifies itself.

Poetry has one bad handicap, it cannot express simultaneity, and obviously, therefore, can show nothing to match the poly-harmony and free dissonant counterpoint of modern music. It loses perforce the fulness of overtone. But I needed this fulness to balance the loss of sonority, which, whatever its defects, blank verse certainly had. The work of the French poet, Paul Fort, gave me my first inkling of a new form. Working from his advance, I gradually evolved a system of verse which should make use of the old as well as the new, and so, employing all the voices proper to poetry, should at once fuse them to its purpose and create a new medium out of the result. I wanted an orchestral effect, and the delicate flute-notes of *vers libre* must be augmented by other instruments, no matter where I got them.

Now, of course, poetry cannot make use of more than one word at a time. But it was possible to leave a photograph of another word on the mind which would be to some extent held while a new word was being accepted. In that way, the mind would seem to have received two words at once. From words, go on to sentences. The old trick of the refrain was to the fore again, but changed, more evanescent, more absorbing. Then, too, I felt that the bell-tinkle of rhyme might be made to add richness of effect if employed in a new way, not as a sharp tag to round a cadence, but as an instrument in a concerted whole. And I had not studied Stravinsky in vain; I knew that the shimmering iridescence of *vers libre* occasionally craves the relief of a rough, masculine, sometimes positively vulgar, tune. Of course, all this cast a great burden of responsibility upon the poet, since each phrase, each cadence, must absolutely fit its sense, there could be no poetic license possible where the *raison d'être* of any passage was simply its fitness for the subject in hand.

But, it may very well be asked, what was the object of all this? The reader has been obliged to follow a very dull technical exposition, what does the result amount to? The object was to find a new form for epic poetry; the result I must leave to the critics. The modern epic, as I conceived it, should be based

rather upon drama than upon narrative. This came partly from the greater speed and vividness demanded to-day of all the arts; and partly from the realization that, without the formality of metre, a sustained narrative of considerable length tends to become prose because of the letting down of the emotional tension which must occur in any long poem. Poe once pertinently pointed out that all long poems are but a series of short ones filled in with arid stretches. The very artificiality of metre held the attention by its ingenuity through these arid stretches. But to us, well aware of the device, the thing is apt to pall. Epic poems on the old pattern did not seem to fit in with the workings of the modern poet's mind—at least it would appear so, since he was not moved to write them. But I was moved; I had conceived some subjects which could come under no other head. I believed that the musicians had got hold of the right idea, and in "polyphonic prose" it seemed to me that I had stumbled upon a form which could sustain the grandeur of a large conception, and treat it at once musically, dramatically, lyrically, and pictorially. I believe so still, and this is indeed working in music as much as one can without the quality of tone, and it is strange how nearly music such as Debussy's "Ibéria," or D'Indy's "Jour d'Été à la Montagne," or Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," or Florent Schmitt's "La Tragédie de Salomé," resembles the polyphonics of Mr. Fletcher, for instance. The closest analogy between present-day music and poetry is just here. The long working-out, the "pattern-weaving," of these poems makes quotation of a single passage difficult, also this is merely the barest outline which I have given, but I have only space for the illustration which I have chosen from my own "Bronze Horses." One sympathetic critic has spoken of the "orchestration" of this poem, "with its modulations, arias, chords, and 'motives'." I can only say that that is just the effect I wanted to produce.

Saint Stephen's Day, and the Carnival! For weeks now Venice will be amused. Folly to think of anything but fun. Toot the fifes! Bang the drums! Did you ever see anything so jolly in all your life before? Keep your elbows to your sides, there isn't room to square them. "My! What a flare! Rockets in broad daylight! I declare they make the old horses of Saint Mark's blush pink when they burst. Thirsty? So am I, what will you have? Wine or oranges? Don't jostle so, old fellow, we can look in the window as well as you. See that apothecary's stall, isn't that a gay festoon? Curse me, if it isn't made of leeches; what will these shop-keepers do next! That mask has a well-turned ankle. Good evening, my charmer. You are as beautiful as a parrot, as white as linen, as light as a rabbit. Ay! O-o-h! The she-camel! She aimed

her *confetti* right at my eye. Come on, Tito, let's go and see them beat the bull. Hold on a minute though, somebody's pulling my cloak. Just one little squeeze, Beauty, you shouldn't tweak a man's cloak if you don't want to be squeezed. You plump little pudding, you little pecking pigeon, I'll get more next time. Wow! Here comes Arlecchino. Push back, push back, the comedians are coming. Stow in your fat belly, *'lustrissimo*, you take up room enough for two."

Somebody beats a gong, and three drummers cleave a path through the crowd. Bang! Bang! BANG! So loud it splits the hearing. Mattachino leaps down the path. He is in white, with red lacings and red shoes. On his arm is a basket of eggs. Right, left, into the crowd, skim the eggs. Duck—jump—it is no use. Plump, on some one's front; pat, against some one's hat. The eggs crack, and scented waters run out of them, filling the air with the sweet smells of musk and bergamot. But here is a wheel of colours rolling down the path. Clown! Clown! It is Arlecchino, in his patched coat. It was green and he has botched it with red, or is it yellow, or possibly blue. It is hard to tell, he turns so fast. Three somersaults, and he comes up standing, and makes a long nose, and sweeps off his hat with the hare's fud, and glares solemnly into the eyes of a gentleman in spectacles. "Sir," says Arlecchino, "have you by chance a toothache? I can tell you how to cure it. Take an apple, cut it into four equal parts, put one of these into your mouth, and thrust your head into an oven until the apple is baked. I swear on my honour you will never have the toothache again." Zip! Sizz! No use in the cane. A pirouette and he is away again. A hand-spring, a double cut-under, and the parti-coloured rags are only a tag bouncing up out of surging black mantles. But there is something more wonderful yet. Set your faces to the Piazzetta, people; push, slam, jam, to keep your places. "A balloon is going up from the Dogana del Mare, a balloon like a moon or something else starry. A meteor, a comet, I don't really know what; it looks, so they say, like a huge apricot, or a pear—yes, that's surely the thing—blushing red, mellow yellow, a fruit on the wing, garlanded with streamers and tails, all a-whirl and a-flutter. Cut the string and she sails, till she lands in the gutter." "How do you know she lands in the gutter, Booby?" "Where else should she land, unless in the sea?" "You're a fool, I suppose you sat up all night writing that doggerel." "Not at all, it is an improvisation." "Here, keep back, you can't push past me with your talk. Oh! Look! Look!"

That is a balloon. It rises slowly—slowly—above the Dogana. It wavers, dips, and poises; it mounts in the silver air, it floats without direction; suspended in movement, it hangs, a clear pear of red and yellow, opposite the melting, opal-tinted city. And the reflection of it also floats, perfect in colour but cooler, perfect in outline but more vague, in the glassy water of the Grand Canal. The blue sky sustains it; the blue water encloses it. Then balloon and reflection swing gently seaward. One ascends, the other descends. Each dwindles to a speck. Ah, the semblance is gone, the water has nothing; but the sky focusses about a point of fire, a formless iridescence sailing higher, become a mere burning, until that too is absorbed in the brilliance of the clouds.

You cheer, people, but you do not know for what. A beautiful toy? Undoubtedly you think so. Shout yourselves hoarse, you who

have conquered the sea, do you underestimate the air? Joke, laugh, purblind populace. You have been vouchsafed an awful vision, and you do nothing but clap your hands.

That is over, and here is Pantalone calling to you. "Going—going—I am selling my furniture. Two dozen chairs of fine holland; fourteen tables of almond paste; six majolica mattresses full of scrapings of hay-cocks; a semolina bedcover; six truffled cushions; two pavilions of spider-web trimmed with tassels made from the moustaches of Swiss door-keepers. Oh! The Moon! The Moon! The Moon! The good little yellow moon, no bigger than an omelet of eight eggs. Come, I will throw in the moon. A quarter-ducat for the moon, good people. Take your opportunity."

Great gold horses, quietly stepping above the little mandarin figures, strong horses above the whirling porcelain figures, are the pigeons the only birds in Venice? Have the swallows told you nothing, flying from the West?

The bells of Saint Mark's Church ring midnight. The carnival is over.

Perhaps it is asking too much of any reader to follow immediately all the changes of movement and feeling throughout that passage, and I am quite aware that much of the "return," the effect of succeeding *leit-motifs*, is lost by its being divorced from its content. But it may not be out of place to indicate a few of the principal variations. For instance, the confusion and speed of the opening Carnival phrase, constantly accelerating and thickening to condense at last into the common, popular lilt of the balloon song. Then the full orchestra brass chord of "Oh! Look! Look!" followed by a slow lyric passage as the balloon rises and wavers off to sea. Were I a musician I should give this part to the unaccompanied violins woven across by a single oboe. The lyricism stiffens and slows to the solemnity of prophecy and is crashed upon by the discords and bizarre colouring of the recurring Carnival music. Then the final passage, where the dominant theme of the whole poem once more asserts itself, the theme of Fate, of loss, of perpetual recrudescence, symbolized by the Horses.

The subject of the analogies between music and poetry deserves a book. I have only endeavored, in this paper, to point out its fruitfulness. But possibly these pages may at least help to make the meaning of both modern poetry and modern music a little more clear, and to explain to both poets and musicians how closely they are allied. Poetry, indeed, needs a new criticism based upon its changed standards, and what these standards are can best be determined by a close observation of the sister art of music.

